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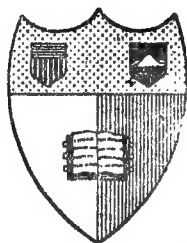
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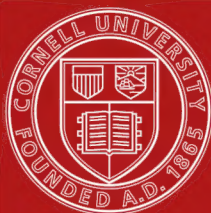
The Rushford centennial, August 16-21, 1



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The Rushford Centennial

August 16--21, 1908

With other Data and Reminiscences

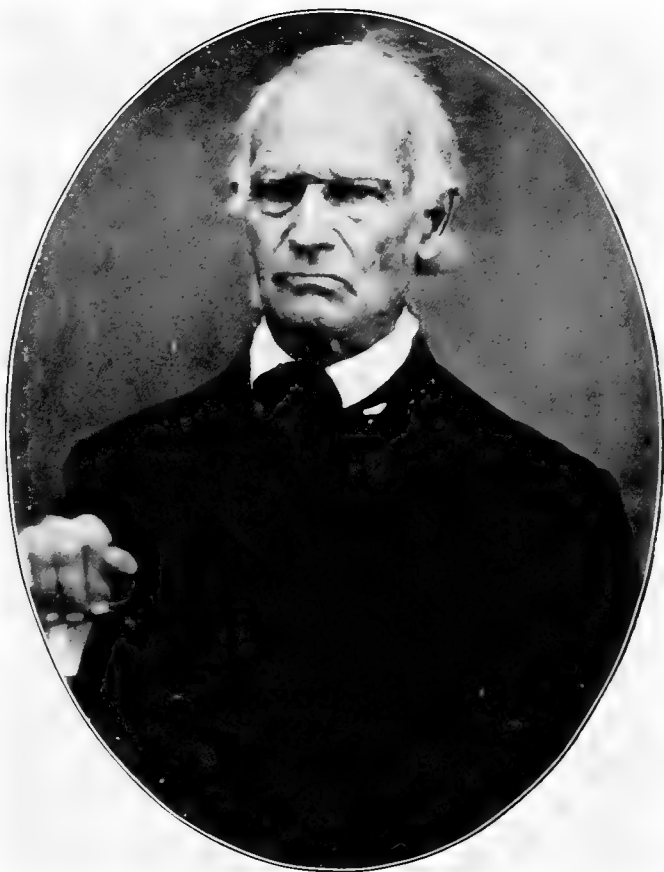


MRS. ELY WOODS
(NANCY GEAREY)

THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN WHO SPENT THE NIGHT IN RUSHFORD SO FAR AS KNOWN.

“ Remembrance is that power of the human spirit by which the past is made present and the dead alive again. Remembrance is that secret charm by which the absent is recalled and the lost found. All great art is full of remembrance. All poetry is the musical expression of powerful emotions, recollections in tranquillity. All true and deep love is saturated and made fragrant with memories too dear for words.”

H. V. D.



JUDGE JAMES McCALL

COMMITTEES APPOINTED
FOR
ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
Founding of Rushford, N. Y.
and Home Coming Week

Members of the following committees are requested to meet with the Executive Committee at Agricultural Hall, Saturday evening, July 11th, at 8 P. M., sharp:

Executive Committee—W. W. Bush, J. G. Benjamin, L. J. Thomas, R. B. Laning, O. T. Wilmot.

General Committee—One from each school district:

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------------------------|
| District No. | 1, E. C. Gilbert and H. B. Ackerly. |
| " | 2, R. M. Wilmarth. |
| " | 3, D. W. Gilbert. |
| " | 4, S. B. Williams. |
| " | 5, J. D. Hill. |
| " | 6, B. F. Babbitt. |
| " | 7, Frank Hogg. |
| " | 8, Newell McCall. |
| " | 9, Grant Smith. |
| " | 10, Albert Warren. |
| " | 11, Roy Taylor. |
| " | 12, Dean Gordon. |
| " | 13, C. C. Proctor. |
| " | 14, Charles Moon. |

Committee for Farmer's Day—Dean Gordon, Roy Taylor, O. T. Wilmot, S. E. Kilmer.

Historical Committee—Mrs. Helen Gilbert.

Committee on Program for Historical Day—Mrs. Helen Gilbert, W. W. Bush, Jas. G. Benjamin.

Committee on School Day—Miss Ellen Lyman,

Mrs. Catherine Tarbell, Miss Katherine Baldwin, Greydon Davis.

Committee Church Day—Miss Ellen Gordon, M. E. Church; Mrs. S. E. Taylor, Baptist Church; Mrs. D. S. Damon and Millie Metcalf, Free Methodist Church.

Committee G. A. R. Day—A. L. Litchard, John R. Heald, W. W. Bush.

Village Improvement Committee—The Executive Committee.

Committee on Streets and Walks—B. D. Kyes, District No. 4; Thomas Atwell, District No. 6; W. S. Mulliken, District No. 6½; Claud Nye, District No. 12; Will Cooper, District No. 32.

Committee on Music—W. W. Thomas, W. F. Benjamin, A. J. Lyon.

Committee on Amusements—Wm. W. Bush, L. E. Hardy, John Benjamin.

Auditing Committee—L. E. Hardy, W. H. Thomas, Charles Weaver.

Committee on Refreshments—W. H. Thomas, F. G. Gordon, E. C. Gilbert.

Committee to see to Collecting Old Papers, Magazines, Books, etc., and to sell same and hand proceeds to the Treasurer—L. J. Thomas, John Benjamin.

Committee to look after Old Relics and to care for them and to appoint or select such assistance as he may need—Frank Board.

Rushford's Centennial and Home Coming Week

***** 1808-1908 *****

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

W. W. BUSH, *Pres.*

J. G. BENJAMIN, *Sec.*

L. J. THOMAS, *Treas.*

R. B. LANING

O. T. WILMOT.

THE Executive Committee of the Rushford Centennial and Home Coming Week, in behalf of the people of Rushford, extend to you a cordial invitation to be present at the anniversary exercises to be held August 16-21, 1908. The undersigned will be pleased to entertain you for the week. Kindly sign and return before July 10th.

To Rev. and Mrs. Henry C. Woods.

Accept with pleasure.

MR. and MRS. H. C. WOODS.

Written for the Rushford Centennial, 1908.

Moriturus, Ave !

G. W. F. BUCK.

From afar to my mountain dwelling
 Come letters my heart that thrill,
 Of gentle speech they are telling
 By friends who remember me still,
 Through the century's half, since together
 We carolled youth's glad refrain
 Through all that changeful weather,
 Its sunshine, its cold, fierce rain.

Love me, love me a little blindly,
 Dear ones who have loved me so long ;
 If ye think of me too kindly
 God will say " 'Tis no terrible wrong."
 Of each other the worth, not weakness,
 We please Him best to learn,
 Very sad must be the bleakness
 Of souls that are swift to spurn.

With tenderness, "How faring?"
 Friends mine, ye would ask, I know ;
 How sure we were once of sharing
 Each day's delight and woe !
 Very old, a trifle weary,
 Not eager to go or to stay,
 Seem never these calm years dreary
 As above me they roll away.

We agree, life and I, much better
 Since 'tis plain that soon we must part,
 Beats now against his fetter
 Not so recklessly, quite, my heart.
 Shine the spheres seven more brightly
 These nights than they shone in the Past,
 They're bending down to me slightly,
 That my route there may seem less vast.

I must tell you the supreme blessing
 That has been to my ownership brought,
 'Tis the home of my possessing;
 None finer by gold can be bought.
 Building slowly, we braced it securely,
 Shrewd builders, my soul and I!
 For this mansion we know full surely
 We'll inhabit it after we die.

Not a stick or a stone that can perish
 Allowed we from basement to peak.
 "We will use what we always can cherish,"
 Thus each to the other would speak.
 This abode, I fancy, is quaintest
 That whirls round with our whirligig ball,
 "Heart's Home"—not a sign of it, faintest,
 Would you notice, if coming to call.

The framer, I term it so, merely
 Vista, cleft through my vanishing days,
 And the reason I dwell there so cheerily
 Is that all the broad space is ablaze
 With memories; here of Beauty and Splendor
 I sighed for, or tried for, or shared,
 And there of a Pathos so tender—
 Fit to chant it, not born yet the bard.

Faults, follies, all those are excluded;
 Not mine only; especially those
 That into my being intruded
 Friends thoughtless, or too thoughtful foes.
 For why should we care to remember
 The Darkness, the Doubt and the Doom,
 When for every dull December
 There are months so many of Bloom!

Oh, the glow, oh, the gleam of my treasures
 As I move through my magical hall;
 But a scene of the Northland o'er-measures,
 Quite o'er-measures the others all.

Not of sea, or of mountain the glory;
 Mid the upland a valley fair
 Too meek for song or for story
 Softly nestles a hamlet there.

Oh, the dear, dear forms that wandered
 Long ago down that quiet street!
 Oh, the mad, mad love we squandered
 That no answer in love would meet!
 I must dream, must dream no longer;
 Regrets long dead arise;
 Forgive that I am not stronger,
 That my world is a wild surmise.

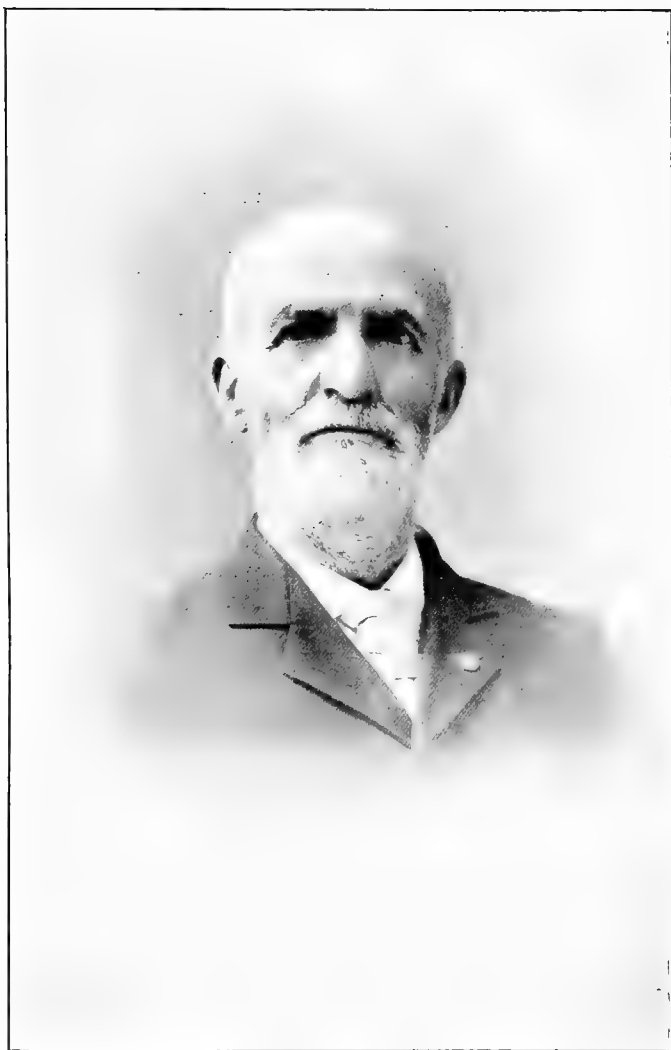
That I need not your Rushford, the real,
 Its autos and trains rushing through;
 That I yearn for a Rushford ideal,
 Knowing well it has faded from view.
 Ye longed for, here they sever
 Us harshly Time and Space,
 But we learn of a fair Forever
 Where friendship will find more grace.

Moriturus, Ave! saying,
 I salute thee, O Rushford the New,
 And while Death still deigns, delaying,
 Receive this fond adieu!

Mt. Lookout, Ga.

The Rushford Centennial.

The Rushford Centennial began with religious services on Sunday, August 16th, 1908. The Committee for the program of the Platform Meeting on that day were Mrs. A. M. Taylor, Miss Ellen Gordon, Mrs. D. S. Damon and Miss Millie Metcalf. Rev. H. C. Woods preached a most interesting sermon to a large congregation in the Methodist Church, and Rev. E. O. Taylor preached the Centennial Sermon, which follows.



WATSON W. BUSH
(CHAIRMAN CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE)

The afternoon exercises were held at the Academy Hall, which was crowded with people. There was a song service, of which mention is made in the article on music. The Revs. Poate and Johnson took part in the service. Rev. N. E. Heald gave a short address, as did Rev. Arthur Warren. Mrs. Minerva Roberts expressed appreciation of the early residents who had been helpful to her, and was followed by Rev. H. C. Woods, who pronounced the benediction. Services were also held in the Free Methodist Church in the morning, the history of the Church being read, and in the evening Rev. H. C. Woods preached a fine sermon.

The Spiritual Builders of Rushford.

Rev. F. E. G. WOODS.

Our fathers builded well. They laid the corner-stones of Rushford's moral and religious life and reared thereon the superstructure that has stood in honor, good name and fame until this day. The chief glory of this township has ever been the elevated tone, the spiritual atmosphere which everyone felt in coming to this locality. Peace, order, friendliness, prevailed.

The founders brought with them from New England the influence of Plymouth Rock that flowed over all these Northern States and produced the highest civilization the world has ever known.

On the Rock, Christ Jesus, they laid the second foundation stone, the doctrine of Christian experience, that is: conversion, assurance and prayerful life. Experience is vital; for to be a Christian the heart must be brought to God to receive his Spirit's renewing influence and remain in communion with Him. Our fathers used to ask: "Have you *experienced* religion?" And the next stone of their foundation was *not* "gain the world

first and then give attention to religion," but it was this: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

Secluded somewhat from the rush of world-wide affairs that crowd the present-day life, their religious gatherings assumed a special interest and prominence.

Preaching services being less frequent, the talent of the laity had free exercise; lay preaching was much in use, and the whole church gave testimony. Their lively and well attended prayer-meetings, their hearty amens, their enthusiasm for earnest preaching of the Gospel, their exhortations to the unconverted, publicly and privately, betokened such a sincerity that we are here this day to commemorate them and long for their spirit. When Recollection fondly turns over those brightly illustrated pages of the past, I see them still, that sainted band; I hear their earnest prayers; before my vision they still stand and testify or sing their spiritual melodies, but their raiment is white and glistening; their faces have a heavenly radiance, and the Vision brightens with the passing years.

Extracts from Centennial Address.

RUSHFORD, N. Y., AUGUST 16, 1908.

Rev. E. O. TAYLOR, D.D.—Boston, Mass.

Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations; ask thy father and he will show thee; thy elders and they will tell thee.

One generation shall praise thy name to another and shall declare thy mighty acts.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following. For this God is our God forever and ever; He will be our God even unto death. Deut. 32, 7; Ps. 145, 4; 48, 12-14.

These words suggest the course of our meditation on this memorable occasion—the centennial of the founding of the town of Rushford.



JAMES G. BENJAMIN
(MEMBER CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE)

To consider properly the years intervening between the *then* and the *now*, imagination must supply what the records lack in giving us a clear perspective of conditions in the dawn of our history. The beginnings were primitive in the absolute sense.

A section of "The Holland Purchase" had been "laid out" to be subdued by the hand of civilization. There was wildness equal to that of the "wild and woolly west" of a later day. Indeed, this was then "the west." Forests were to be felled; log-piles to receive the torch; potash to be made from the ashes; the potash to be transmuted into a little money, or exchanged for its equal; cabins to be built; bachelor kitchens to be established, perchance awaiting brides to be; virgin soil to be tickled with the teeth of the "brush drag," or to receive the wooden ploughshare, and the varied machinery to be started with which to build a Christian town. Hundreds of miles intervened between the homes to be and those left behind; journeying, some on foot, others on horseback, or with ox teams, the hardy pioneers made their way. Mail routes were limited, post offices were many miles away, postage \$1.00 per letter for every 400 miles of carriage, whereas by the fall of this year a letter can go from San Francisco to London, a distance of 6,000 miles, for 2 cents. Facing such conditions our honored forefathers and foremothers came with as brave hearts and holy purposes as ever inspired the Knight Crusaders of old.

It is natural and inevitable that the character of the first work of a town, in the order of its building, should be largely material, commercial, industrial. Everything is in a formative state; but after lands are taken, homes made, schools established, churches built, wheels of commerce well under way, then comes the period of reflection, culture, art, and at last, ancestral pride.

Eyes are turned backward to the great sources of prosperity. Centennials come pressing the questions: Where did all these advantages come from? Who started all this machinery? To whom is the largest credit due? What were the sacrifices made to bring it all to pass? How do I stand related to it? Were my father and mother among those first people? And, withal, what essential agencies were combined in producing the conditions of to-day?

In trying to answer such questions, we, the children of succeeding generations, are glad to journey back to the old homesteads to see for ourselves where our fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, wrought in our behalf, here to weep over their graves, rejoice over their triumphs, kodak the scenes of our childhood, at least upon our memories, receive fresh inspiration for life's duties and learn where to place the *emphasis* necessary to make a human life worth living, and a civilization worth perpetuating. In doing so, we are only paying a debt of honor we owe to ourselves, as well as one of gratitude and loyalty to an honored ancestry. Duty and pleasure, therefore, combine in summoning us here to-day; even common decency requires that we shall not let the names and achievements of our sires perish from the earth.

Patriotism, self-respect and religion unite in demanding a study into the philosophy involved in the processes of those early days, the products of which have been transmitted to us as a glorious heritage. The history of civilization shows that the character of the factors entering into the founding of a town impresses itself upon all its future history.

I desire, therefore, to lay particular stress upon the prominence of the *religious element* in determining the character of the civic life of our town; that we may tell it to the generations following.



OBED T. WILMOT
(MEMBER CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE)

The Baptist Church was organized in December, 1815, seven years after the founding of the town. They by no means claim a monopoly of the responsibility and honor of shaping the religious character of the town. Every denomination which has found a place anywhere, at any time, in the warp and woof of our civil fabric should, and doubtless will, receive its own just meed of praise on this occasion.

It belongs to us here, however, to make a careful study of the human agents and instrumentalities used by Baptists, under God, in founding this Christian community.

The mother of our civilization is the Christian church. The outside critic, non-church-goer and non-supporter of religion may deride the church if he pleases, the impression yet prevails, and always has prevailed, more or less potent, among all classes of men, that among the first things to do in establishing a town is to build a meeting house.

No man wishes to settle in a community where there is no church. Local governments accordingly, have well nigh universally admitted the practical value of the church to a new community by granting concessions of land for building houses of worship. The Baptist Church records show that in 1821 the trustees of the Church were instructed to select 100 acres of land, offered by the Holland Purchase Company to the first church organization applying, and to obtain a deed of the same; the land selected is involved in what is now known as the A. W. Litchard farm. The *Christian pioneer* takes God into account from the start, makes provision for the needs of the spiritual nature, for the blessings of religion, in order to endure suffering and hardships, to comfort the sorrowing and the dying, to promote public morals, public peace, and to secure domestic happiness—which in part, at least, indicates the

purposes of God distinctly recognized in Christian government.

Our fathers were no exception to the rule. From all the evidences at hand, the men whose influence dominated the establishment of the new community were God-fearing, Bible-loving, Sabbath-keeping men.

What transpired religiously between the time of the first comers and the organization of the Baptist Church does not appear in the records, except that missionaries, supposedly from the Baptist State Convention, made occasional visits to the new town. Indeed, it would seem that no sooner was the first cabin built than that the first missionary knocked at its door.

Throughout the history of the world, great commonwealths, as well as great religions, have been built around great personalities. Men project themselves into the product of their own genius.

Rushford, from the time of its founding up to the time, at least, when it was isolated by railroads on every side, was noted as one of the most intelligent, thrifty, moral, religious, law-abiding and influential towns of its class in Western New York. The men who stood in her pulpits embodied in their lives and preaching these characteristics. Honor to whom honor is due, requires at least the mention of their names.

The following is a list of pastors of the Baptist Church in the order of succession from the first to the present incumbent :

Titus Gillet, Eliab Going, Absalom Miner, a graduate of Hamilton College ; Simeon G. Miner, Absalom Miner, second pastorate ; C. Wardner, first pastorate ; E. L. Harris, E. J. Scott, Ira W. Simpson, A. T. Cole, A. V. Eddy, M. Livermore, P. S. Everett, W. L. Munger, C. B. Smith, A. R. Spencer, T. P. Poate.



RALPH B. LANING
(MEMBER CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE)

The following is a list of those whom the Church has either licensed, or ordained, or both:

Peter Freeman	licensed	ordained
Ezra Going	licensed	
James Going	licensed	ordained
Eliab Going	licensed	ordained
Simeon G. Miner		ordained
Elijah W. Freeman		ordained
R. Cherryman	licensed	ordained
Elbert Clark		ordained
C. Wardner	second pastorate	ordained
James McIntyre	licensed	
Ira W. Simpson		ordained
I. H. Foster	licensed	
Peter Mead	licensed	
Charles Wilkinson	licensed	
Elbert O. Taylor	licensed	
A. V. Eddy		ordained
Frank F. Himes	licensed	
Arthur W. Warren	licensed	
Edward James	licensed	

George Gould went out from the Church and was licensed and ordained by some other church.

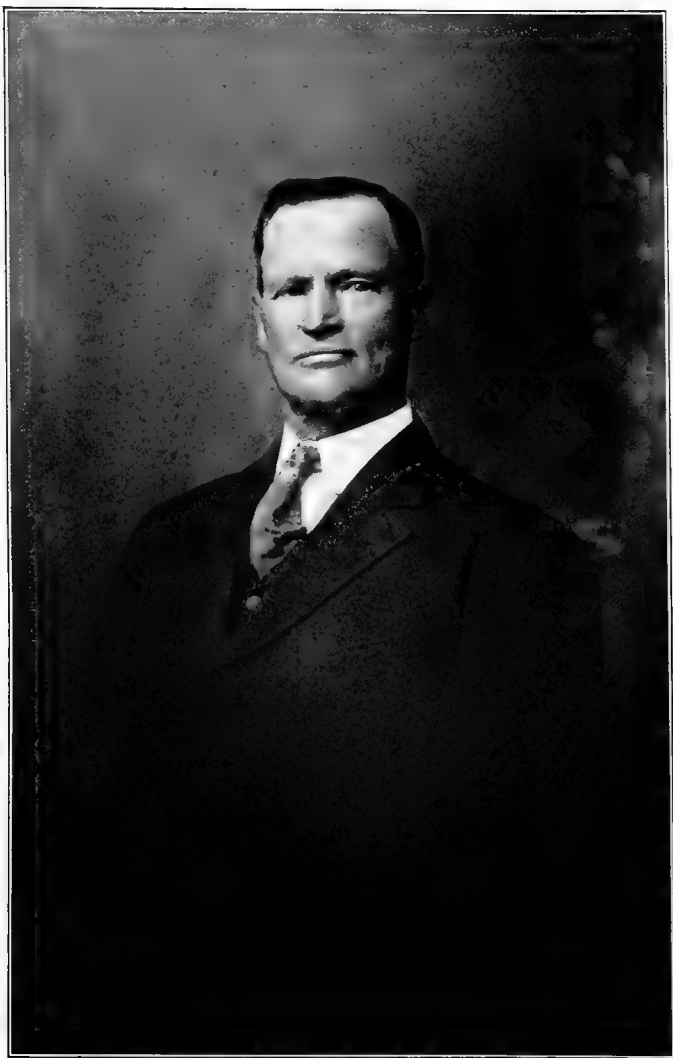
The impression has quite commonly prevailed that Eliab Going was the first pastor of the Church. He was among the first subscribers or founders. The records of the Church clearly show that Titus Gillet was the first pastor chosen in 1818 to preach one half the year. James Going was licensed to preach this year and was Clerk while Jonathan Going was Moderator, Levi Benjamin Deacon. Eliab Going became his successor as Pastor in October, 1821, to preach one half the time. His work bore fruit and he was correspondingly prominent. In September previous eighteen were candidates for baptism and were baptized by two missionaries, Elders Bradley and Morris.

Those who have had opportunity to trace the history of churches other than this, and to study

the characteristics and lives of their respective preachers will not fail to discover at a glance that the line of pastors which this Church presents is far above the average in many respects. Studying these men more closely, there was not a "poor stick" among them to cut down the general average; they were "all-around" men. The preacher and the pastor were happily combined in each. Some were more impulsive than others, but zeal was according to knowledge. Some were more logical and conservative than others, but their reasoning took on a practical, spiritual tone. There were Peters, Pauls, Johns, and Apolloses among them, but all alike gloried most of all in the Cross of Christ. Not all were evangelistic in method, yet none were failures in soul winning, and all were builders of spiritual, moral and civic character. Negatively speaking, it is a fact to enter into the centennial history of the Church that no one of its leaders showed a weak spot in the armor of Christian doctrine. The records give no account of any trial for heresy, no suspicion lurked in any mind of unsoundness in the faith, and no breath of gossip was breathed against the character or private life of any one of this honored list.

No doubt each had his weaknesses peculiar to common humanity. They were not saints. But this centennial is not concerned with the incidental mistakes and failures of men. We of to-day wish to emphasize the qualities they possessed which are worthy of imitation by the generations that are to follow. Nor are we compelled to believe that they were superior to the men of to-day. What the records imply is this: That, for their day and surroundings, they were an unusual group of men.

In order to place this history in more concrete form, let us divide the time period of the Church into two parts, approximately of fifty years each (for the Church has to run its course only seven



LUTHER J. THOMAS
(MEMBER CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE)

years more to celebrate its one hundredth anniversary). We will then place Eliab Going, who was substantially, not really, the first pastor, at the beginning of the first period, which we may properly denominate ancestral history, and Ira W. Simpson at the midway point closing up the old and introducing the modern era.

Parenthetically, I may be allowed a personal statement in this connection. The reason, as I understand it, for imposing upon me the responsibility, with its honor of addressing you on this occasion, was the simple fact that I am the oldest living licentiate of the Church, and therefore would supposedly be more familiar with the remote past. It seems even to me to be a strange yet pleasant coincidence, that as a convert under the preaching of Ira W. Simpson, who also baptized me, and a licentiate through his influence and teaching, I can stand at his side at the dividing of the times, and reaching backward, shake hands in personal acquaintance with Eliab Going, the first clerk of the Church, the first man whom the Church ordained out of its own ranks to be its pastor, and then forward to include in the sacred fellowship the present incumbent—an honored man in an honored line of Gospel Messengers. In fact, I went from the close of Ira W. Simpson's pastorate in 1863, with license in hand, granted at a special session of the Church, on Sunday, at the noon hour, directly to Eliab Going's home in McHenry, McHenry County, Ill., where he was then pastor, and for whom, two weeks thereafter, I preached my first sermon. Stranger still it seems, that in less than a month after my first sermon for Eliab Going he had secured for me a pastorate and installed me over the First Baptist Church of Richmond, Ill. It is also a matter of surprise to discover that I have personally known every pastor in the history of the Church with two exceptions, viz., Titus Gillet and Simeon G. Miner;

and every licentiate who has gone out from the Church with three exceptions, viz.: Ezra and James Goings, and Elbert Clark, whose name I bear.

It is an incident appropriate to recall that during my last visit to Eliab Goings, not long before he passed away, he expressed to me his great interest in having his experiences as a pioneer preacher in Western New York written out and put into form for preservation that generations of younger ministers might profit thereby. Accordingly, an agreement was entered into whereby he was to prepare the sketch as rapidly as failing health would permit, and I was to superintend its publication in case he should not live to oversee the work himself. But God took him almost before the work began, preceded only two or three days by the death of his wife, when I was summoned to assist in laying them side by side in the same grave.

Had he lived to see the fulfillment of his plans this Church would doubtless have in its possession now an invaluable historic record, and we would have to present you to-day facts, incidents and appeals which would alike enkindle gratitude for the men of the past, and inspiration for the men of to-day and of the future.

The Church records show that on the 7th day of November, 1815, Brethren James McCall, Levi Benjamin, Eliab Goings, J. L. Delano and Aaron Capen, together with Elder Beckwith, a missionary, organized themselves into a Conference under the name of the "Caneadea Regular Baptist Conference," James McCall as Moderator and Eliab Goings as Clerk. Elder Beckwith and Eliab Goings were appointed a committee to draft Articles of Faith and Practice, and report at the next meeting. They met the following day, November 8, and accepted the report of the Committee, which consisted of twelve "Articles of Faith" and

twelve "Articles of Practice," the same remaining unchanged to this day.

It is a most happy coincidence that while we are now dealing with Eliab Going and Ira W. Simpson as the two representative ministers of this Church, we should have with us to-day, without prearrangement, the eldest daughter of Eliab Going—Mrs. Harriet Going Colby, of Holland, N. Y., born in Rushford 84 years ago, on what is well known as the Talcott farm, in a house which is still standing on the original site.

There is present also in this audience Miss Alice Simpson, daughter of Ira W. Simpson.

Mrs. Colby contributes an item of important and interesting history, quite distinct in her memory, which we are glad to give in this connection for purposes of permanent record. She locates the original Baptist meeting house on the west side of the Creek and north side of the street, about midway to the foot of the hill, and the original Methodist meeting house on the opposite side of the street, a little nearer the Creek.

Referring again to Eliab Going and Ira W. Simpson as ushering in two distinct periods in the life of the Church, each was peculiarly suited to the period which he represented. Elder Going was strong in intellect and personality, logical, judicial, conservative, impressing himself upon the Church and community in no uncertain way. Educated, but largely in a "self-made" sense, although receiving more or less of special training at Middlebury Academy, N. Y. Faulty in utterance, stammering, he could not be an orator. He was a teacher—a man qualified to lay the foundation of a spiritual and civic structure, and he did it well.

On the other hand, Elder Simpson was the scholar resultant from the modern college and theological school, quick, yet sound in judgment, happily fitted to stir the latent energies of the

Church into greater activity by applying its knowledge of doctrine in practical ways of salvation; an orator of impassioned eloquence, a born indocinator and an adept in soul winning. But once before in the history of the Church was there experienced a more powerful revival than that of 1857-8 under his ministry. The exception occurred under the ministry of Absalom Miner, when the entire community seemed to be moved to lay hold on God for salvation, and people came to the meetings, it was said, from "everywhere."

It may be because of personal contact, experience and affectionate relationship, that Elder Simpson seems to be exalted in my own estimation of him, but no man ever succeeded in getting a stronger hold on my life than did he.

I recall distinctly an incident which illustrates Elder Simpson's power as a preacher in dealing with sin and salvation. It occurred in the old schoolhouse on "Taylor Hill." He was preaching from the text, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." His descriptions of sin and the sinner were so clear, his assurance of God's mercy through Christ was so pronounced, his eloquence was so impassioned, that his audience seemed transfixed and hung in breathless silence upon his words, when in the midst of that awful hour, awaiting decisions for eternity, a woman suddenly arose, broke the stillness and the sermon, and cried in the language of the text, "God be merciful to *me*, a sinner." It is hardly necessary for me to say to those who knew Elder Simpson that such a cry was his opportunity. The sermon broke into a prayer meeting and a soul was saved. Who the woman was by name has long since gone from my memory but my impression is that she was baptized and joined the church.

Another incident has been related to me since coming to this meeting. A young man, not in

the habit of attending the Baptist Church, strayed one Sunday into the old gallery. Elder Simpson was preaching from the text: "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." The sermon was so direct, searching, earnest and pathetic that the young man was deeply moved thereby. Upon returning home he went into his father's barn and there upon the hay-loft committed himself to God. That young man is here to-day—Paul Dow.

Both Going and Simpson were alike at least in two important respects. They were men of one book—the book. They knew the Bible. They laid due emphasis upon civic righteousness, and entered practically into the merits of the civic reforms of those days. Indeed, Simpson finally gave himself up in Christian duty to the cause of moral reform and died from overwork in his assaults against the saloon.

"He stood upon the world's broad threshold; wide

The din of battle and of slaughter rose;

He saw God stand upon the weaker side,

That sank in seeming loss before its foes:

* * * * * *

therefore he went

And humbly joined himself to the weaker part,

Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content

So he could be the nearer to God's heart,

And feel its solemn pulses sending blood

Through all the widespread veins of endless good."

But what these men were as forerunners of their respective periods, their successors have been to a greater or less degree. These were *types* of the men called to be leaders in the religious sphere of the town's history.

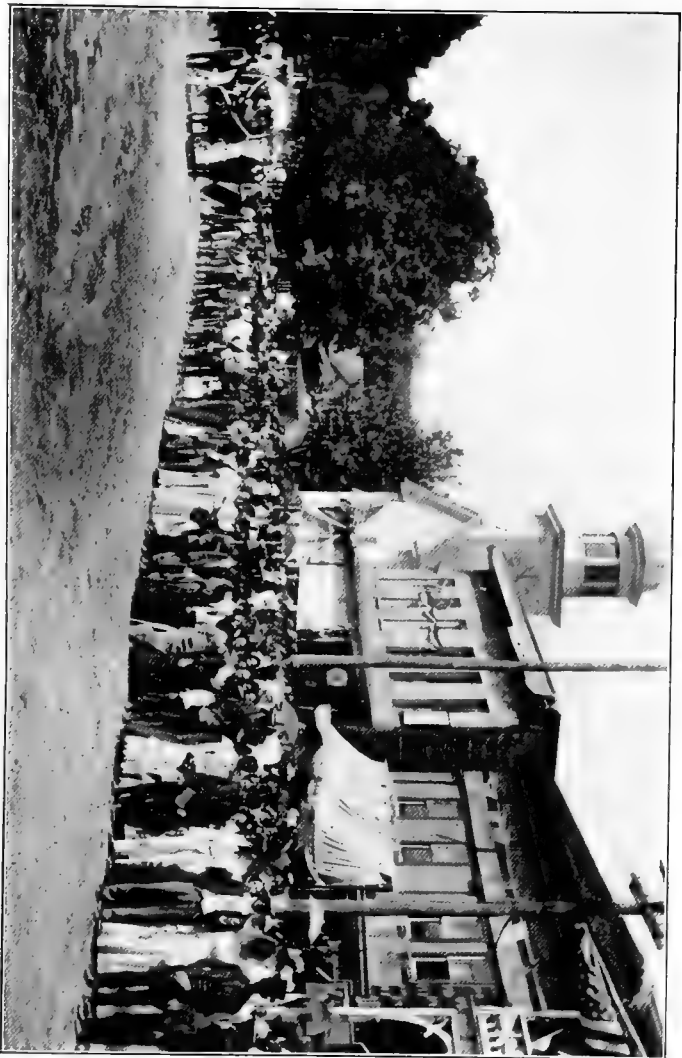
THE MESSAGE.

Such men could but have a message. They could but speak the things they had seen and heard. To silence them was as great an impossi-

bility as it was in the case of Paul and Silas. They came into their pulpits with something to *say*, and they said it earnestly and took time enough to say it all. Sermons in those days were longer than the average sermon of to-day. Instead of the twenty-minute sermon they preached for one hour, every Sunday morning. This was followed by the Sunday School, with a few minutes in which to give the youngsters a chance to munch a doughnut, or eat a cookie; then came another sermon of equal length. Not too much for the fathers and mothers of those days, who were hungry for the bread of life, but rather hard on the little chaps who were not old enough to comprehend the meaning of it all, and out of sheer exhaustion fell asleep in their mothers' laps, for those were days when children were taken to church.

There were two things about Elder Scott which I shall never forget. First, the impression he made in handshaking. The second thing about him, no less impressive, was his sermons. They were written, read, scholarly, very profound, and very long. On one occasion while he was preaching I fell asleep, as usual, when upon being awakened at the end of the sermon, I found myself in as much of a quandary as to time as another youngster did in a similar situation, when he asked, "Mamma, is it this Sunday or is it next Sunday?"

But if the sermons were long, they had a glorious gospel ring in them. The burden of the messages of those men was that of *the personality of God—the reality of and accountability for sin—potency of salvation through the atonement of Jesus Christ, and the fact of immortality*. Other phases might be specified, but these were the mountain peaks of the doctrines they preached. And what a message! In exact proportion that the message of the preacher emphasizes the verities alluded to, in the same proportion will



STREET SCENE NEAR BAPTIST CHURCH, CENTENNIAL WEEK

the complex demands of the individual and of civic life be met.

The Rushford Church in its early membership well illustrates this law. Elder Wardner testified of those people as follows: "It is unusual for a church to start on her career with so much talent, worth, and influence as this possessed. When I came to this Church in my youth, in 1842, my great embarrassment was attempting to preach to so ripe and intelligent a people."

How faithful and consistent was the watchcare of the Church over its members! What exactitude of conduct was required! Here are a few examples taken from the early records: one was excluded for not paying for a cow he had contracted to buy from another member; two for intoxication; another was made to retract publicly concerning some "impudent speeches" she had made at a former meeting; a sister, a member of another church, but living in this vicinity, was found to be "mixed up with the vanities of the world" and was "labored with" for not attending the "Covenant Meeting," and when she failed to improve under the admonition, the Clerk was instructed to report her case to the Church to which she belonged.

Justice was sought in equalizing the financial burdens of the membership. In 1821 a resolution was passed that every male member of lawful age shall pay the sum of \$2.00 as a poll tax towards defraying the expenses of the Church, and the remainder of such sums voted to be raised shall be made out on the property he is actually worth. Then follows the valuation of property:—Land, \$1.00 per acre; improvements, \$1.00 per acre; money at interest, \$4.00 per hundred; oxen, \$6.00; horses, \$10.00; two-year-old colts, \$4.00; one-year-old colts, \$2.00; colts and calves, \$1.00; framed barns, \$25.00."

All this was in keeping with the 8th "Article of

Practice," viz.: "Every church member ought to communicate of his substance according to his ability; and the church has a right to judge of his ability, and ought to deal with those as covetous who neglect this duty."

The practical as well as the spiritual life of the Church was above the average. Nothing strange that the people knew their Bibles. Quite unlike the case of a young man, member of a Bible class, who recently, when his teacher spoke of taking up the study of the Epistles of Paul and Peter, remarked, "Why, I always supposed that the Epistles were wives of the Apostles"; and worse still, the incident of some theological students who were testing one another as to their knowledge of the Bible, when the question was propounded, "What book follows the book of Hezekiah?" After much guesswork, imagine their confusion when told that there was no such book as Hezekiah. I imagine that such ignorance did not prevail in the earlier days of this Church.

Nor is it surprising that the deacons and superintendents of those days present an unbroken line of superior men "able to teach others also."

The present and future generations should hold in special honor the names of Kimball, Hapgood, the Westcotts, Persons, Mason, Sill, Gould, Himes, Taylor, and doubtless others, who served the Church in the office of Deacon; and the names, among others, of Nelson McCall, Elder Harris, Persons, White, Sill and Taylor, who served as Superintendents.

The home life of those early days, patterned after the scriptural order as many in our day are not, deserves special mention. How savory the discipline! What care was taken in training the conscience in all things! How persistent the instruction in the Bible! One verse must be memorized each day, or seven in the week, to be recited, and explained and enforced by the teacher

on the following Sunday. Many here to-day will remember how, under the teaching and inspiration of Elder Simpson, whole chapters and books of the Bible were voluntarily memorized by the younger members of the congregation.

Many of us will never forget how sacredly the Sabbath was kept, how regularly we all went to Church. Rain, snow, hail, wind, drouth, flood, these were no obstacles in the way. Somebody from each home was sure to represent it at the Church, and at prayer meeting as well.

And what mothers God gave to the homes of those days! Their teaching, discipline, sacrifices, love, prayers, patience, faith and hope—what a galaxy of virtues! Such was your mother and mine.

May I not be permitted herein to memorialize the mothers of those early homes in terms of a personal tribute written of my own mother:—

MY MOTHER.

Mother! Mother! Wondrous name!
 No other word is just the same,
 No other ever won such fame,
 And nothing sets the soul aflame
 As does the name—that blessed name—
 The name of sainted Mother.

The name that echoes back her prayer,
 The very words she used, and where
 She knelt, and plead, and wept, and there
 Found grace to live, and help to bear
 The load of life. She had her share.
 No one e'er prayed like Mother.

My Mother's love! And, oh, what love!
 Un-wea-ry-ing, born from above,
 That follows me where e'er I rove,
 A pardon-bearing, white-winged dove,
 Such was, forsooth, my Mother's love.
 No one e'er loved like Mother.

My Mother's song! And what a song!
 In lullaby, 'mid choral throng,
 In sacred hymn on Sabbath dawn,
 To strengthen faith or curb a wrong;
 Enchanting, heavenly was her song.

No one e'er sung like Mother.

My Mother's book! Of books the book!
 Its truth her compass whence she took
 Her course. Through lens of which to look
 Beyond. Then once for all forsook
 The fashion of the world; God's book!

The well-worn book of Mother.

My Mother's life! How full of care!
 Her willing hands how quick to share
 The hardship of each one—to bear
 The galling load. How quick to hear
 The cry at night, in play, on stair,
 To dash through flame, and death, and dare
 To save her child. Oh, wondrous care!

Unfaltering care of Mother!

My Mother's death! Her last farewell!
 No human tongue can ever tell
 Of rising tides that surge and swell,
 Which, summoned from the soul's deep well,
 Can never pass from mem'ry's spell
 Of that good-by—her last farewell.

There is no death like Mother's.

My Mother's home! Her heav'nly rest!
 Mansion prepared for all the bless'd,
 Where never come the care-oppressed.
 Her ministry, henceforth, expressed
 In terms of heaven's own bequest—
 Redemption's legacy—the best.

God give us rest with Mother.

Nor is it strange that under such standards set by the Church a comparatively large percentage of the population became law-abiding, church-going people; that the house of God was revered as a sacred place.

I shall never forget how, when I had grown to be quite a lad, and consent had been given that I should sit one Sunday in the old gallery, while in the act of whispering, Nelson McCall, who was a member of the choir, left his seat during the sermon and, coming down on me from the rear, putting his hand upon my shoulder, said—"Stop it!" and I stopped it. It didn't take a second to do it, and it was done once for all.

And then how natural that righteousness and justice should characterize in large measure the legal affairs of the town. Arbitration has been a prominent method of settling differences through all the history of Rushford. It has been said that for the first fifteen years of that history the town did not develop an indictable offense. Who can tell how far-reaching in such matters was the influence of the Christian jurist, Judge James McCall, whose legal advice and judgment were sought in both local and State matters.

Under such conditions it could not be otherwise than that education should receive its proper emphasis, and adequate provision be made for the same. The records of the town show that Judge McCall was largely instrumental in beginning the public school system. Bates T. Hapgood was a member of the first Board of Academy Trustees. Such men as these were the balance of power that tipped the scale of every great cause in favor of a higher citizenship.

Business integrity and religion walked arm in arm to a marked extent. Bates T. Hapgood and Judge McCall were notable exponents of such a type of life. Think of Deacon Hapgood, in his place of business, which was the rendezvous for the ablest thinkers of the town, advocating on the one hand the claims of Christianity, and on the other the demands of justice and righteousness among men in civic and commercial life. His advocacy and exemplification of Christian in-

tegrity and honor were such that his judicial advice was often sought in arbitration of disputes.

He was not a lone star of this magnitude. Many others of this Church belonged to the same constellation. To speak only the family names of some of those worthies is but to summon before the mind similitudes of sternest honor in business, coupled with deep, intelligent piety; McCall, Benjamin, Hapgood, Freeman, Going, Gordon, Hardy, Kimball, Kendall, Searle, White, Taylor, Lewis, Westcott, Warren, Davis, Ames, Sill, Gould, Claus, Himes, followed by a host of others as brave, capable and honorable as they.

Moreover, if the pulpit, coupled with home life and its teachings concerning rectitude and honor in business and civic life, counts for anything, may we not with especial pride hold before us to-day in concrete form a noteworthy example of their influence finding its way down to the second and third generation, in the person of the grandson of Bates T. Hapgood—our late and lamented fellow-townsmen—Senator, and Governor of New York—Frank Wayland Higgins. Bates T. Hapgood had just been baptized when that giant in logic, Eliab Going, began his ministry, advocating the practice of righteousness alike before God and among men. Who shall say that the stern integrity and high business ideals which were always accorded to Frank Wayland Higgins by all classes of men, exemplified alike in private business and in public trust as the State's chief executive, were not the natural and logical product, in large measure, of the standards held sacredly and rigidly by the Baptist pulpit and Baptist homes in the early church, transmitted through grandsire to grandson?

The political critics of Governor Higgins' administration concede the fact that for businesslike integrity and just enforcement of law, he gave to the State a public service which has not been sur-

passed by any of his predecessors; and here in his native town, whose centennial we are now celebrating, and where he had more or less to do with its public affairs very early in life, we find everywhere prevalent evidences of his influence in the ideal standards which he set up.

When recently in Saratoga attending the World's Temperance Centennial Congress, a resident of that city related to me an incident illustrating Governor Higgins' force of character and determination, under his oath of office, to see that the laws of the State were properly enforced. A notorious gambler of Saratoga built a million-dollar gambling house and defied the gambling laws of the State for many years. Governor Higgins sent word to the sheriff of Saratoga County to close this place in twenty-four hours or he would send a man who would. It is needless to say the establishment closed its doors forthwith and forever. In that particular Governor Higgins was the "John the Baptist" of Governor Hughes, whom the nation delights to honor for the reforms he has inaugurated.

But we must not fail to note that what is important in the building of a town is equally important in perpetuating its institutions. What now of the future? Speaking broadly, the church, which alone can suit eternal verities to the human soul must ever be a necessity to the higher interests of human society. The Christian Church is by no means an incident in civilization. It is not a barnacle on the keel of the good ship of state. It is rather the heart of civilization. It is the sail that catches the breeze of heaven, wafting the vessel onward towards its divine destiny.

The wisdom and knowledge of God is of greater importance than grammar, geography and arithmetic. "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." Note—the beginning, not the end of it. The need of the church is cumulative. The

present needs it more than the past, and the future will need it more than the present.

President Roosevelt has recently said: "Education in things spiritual and moral—even more than education of the hand and head—are necessary to make the highest type of citizen." A man is not educated until his triune nature of body, soul and spirit are drawn out in equal balance. How to develop and care for the body and brain belongs to the physiology and psychology of the schools; but it is left for religion expressed in the corporate life of the church to train the everlasting spirit of man.

Daniel Webster said: "The most important thought I ever had was that of my responsibility to God."

Thousands of parents would consider it barbarous not to use every influence and provide every necessity to put their children through an academic or normal course of study, while with ponderous stupidity and indifference they neglect to use equal influences and make equal provision to place their children under the teaching and atmosphere of the Christian Church.

* President Eliot, of Harvard University, recently gave utterance to the following statement: "There can be no true social reform without education, and there can be no true education except it be deeply rooted in a religious life." That was a great saying by a great man—one of the greatest educators in the history of our country. Here again the necessity of the church is seen, as it deals with the source of power and purity in the spheres of social, educational, and civic life.

Recently a great convention of governors met in the White House at Washington to plan for the conservation of our forests. It has been discovered that the ruthless destruction of timber lands has resulted in drying up streams, consequently closing up factories, parching great

tracts of arable land, ruining markets, spoiling trade, depopulating towns, changing thrift to poverty and bringing homes to want. While those forests stood, their leafy branches reaching out toward heaven, they gathered the dew from the atmosphere and drew the rains from the sky. The streams were kept full of refreshing water, and all the machinery of the towns below was kept busy. Markets were stocked, trade was brisk, farms, homes, schools, churches, all were prosperous. No greater cause could have called together the greatest men of the country. They were there to protect the sources of wealth and power. The wisdom of President Roosevelt in that matter has been commended by wise men—even beyond the limits of our own country.

But what those forests were to the towns below, the churches are to the civilization of to-day. While the trees of yonder mountains stood side by side in large acreages of forests, they were sources of power, wealth and prosperity. But when thinned out so that branch could not touch branch to form shade, condense atmosphere, control winds, bring rain, and fill the streams below, the sources of prosperity were destroyed and desolation took its place. When Christian men stand together in associate church capacity they become sources of power for the spiritual and civic processes of an entire community. As the President and Governors are credited with far-seeing wisdom in conserving the forests of the country, although not till after great damage had been done, so the work of conserving the church must be regarded as of a much higher type of wisdom, notwithstanding its neglect on the part of many otherwise good citizens.

What is needed most of all in conserving the forces of the church is *a better conception of the place the church holds in the building of a Christian community.*

What transformations would at once take place in this old town if every family in the village, and every home on the hillside, should make it its business to be represented at church every Sunday! The sheds would be full of teams; homes full of blessing; trade full of honor; schools full of children with highest and purest ideals, and the whole civic life of the town would be a full tide of influence, carrying the hopes of the people ever upward to their highest fruition.

It is a matter of exceeding pleasure on the part of the home-comers to note the painstaking preparations which have been made by nearly all homes, and citizens generally, to place the town in suitable order for our welcome. Houses have been cleansed within and painted without; furniture dusted and repaired; carpets renovated; cobwebs brushed from the ceilings; larders stocked with extra provisions; lawns mowed; highways repaired; streets cleared of rubbish, and everything put into "spick and span" order for the noteworthy occasion. Rushford would not be true to her time-honored record did she not do just such a beautiful thing. But more truly magnificent would it be for Rushford to make this Centennial the occasion for putting her house in better order on the social, civic, moral, spiritual side of her life; for every household to lift the standards of home life a little higher; for every Christian to mend his broken vows; for every young person to seek the companionship of those who serve the Christ, and for every citizen to take God into his account.

By the record which this Church has made, by the influence for good it has exerted, by the truth it has represented and proclaimed, by the exemplary lives it has produced, by the faith, hope, prayers and sacrifices of the fathers and mothers who worshipped here, long since gone to heaven; by the clouds of witnesses surrounding us now,

and by the cross of Christ, we beseech you all—
 “Be ye reconciled to God.”

In closing, let me remind you that as we thus point to the imperishable monuments, preserve the memories and recount the deeds of those who fought valiantly in the former days, which we proudly do to-day, let us not forget that what would please them most, were they here, would be that we should re-dedicate our lives to the religion they represented, the Church they served, and the civic life they produced.

Ancestral Hymn.

God of our fathers, hear
 The prayer to Thee we bear,
 Thou God above;
 We bring our offering now,
 While we before Thee bow,
 And here renew our vow
 Of faith and love.

Thou didst to them of old
 Give light and might untold
 While here they trod;
 Thou art the same God yet,
 Nothing can turn or let,
 Help us to ne'er forget
 Our fathers' God.

They toiled and prayed and wept,
 Thy laws and ways they kept,
 For us to-day;
 That we might happy be,
 And in Thy truth be free
 To all eternity.

For this we pray.
 Inspire in us new zeal,
 In mercy with us deal,
 While thus we pray;
 Keep us as in Thy sight,
 Protect us by Thy might
 While we pursue the right,
 And serve as they.

Reception and Registration Day.

Monday, August 17th, was Reception and Registration day. Most cordial greetings were exchanged on that day and during the week. The Centennial Register contains the names of hundreds who were present to take part in the various exercises, and many more came whose names do not appear at all in this book. There was a large attendance at the W. C. T. U. medal contest, at the Academy Hall on Monday evening. The program consisted in an entertaining musical service, and there were seven contestants for the medal. Clare Davis, Florence Brady, Newton Hadley, Helen Taylor, Ethel Stearns, Layton Morris and Imogene Lane. The judges awarded the medal to the latter.

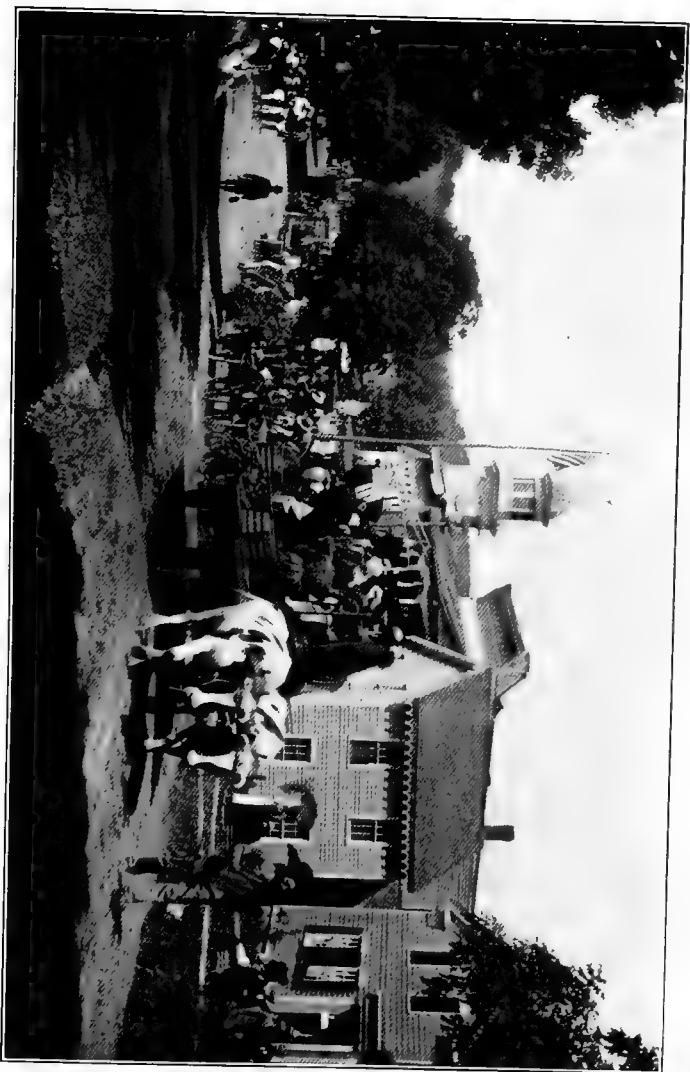
The Farmers' Day Parade, August 18th.

JULIA TARBELL MERRILL.

Old Home Week in Rushford was a succession of pleasant surprises, and in some instances absolute wonder as to how it all came about. Perhaps no one thing excited more wonder and admiration than the beauty and painstaking care which were bestowed upon the planning and arrangement of the floats in the different parades.

Tuesday, August 18, 1908, dawned bright and beautiful, a veritable farmers' day. Rushford looked at her best and just what it is, a country village well kept. With her wealth of shade trees, broad streets and long stretches of cement walks, the appearance was certainly inviting. The business places and many private dwellings were lavishly and tastefully decorated with bunting and Japanese lanterns, while the Stars and Stripes seemed to be floating everywhere.

The different school districts planned and arranged what they should represent. Obed T. Wilmot had general charge of the farmers'



FARMERS' DAY PARADE

parade, and the success was in a large measure due to his careful forethought and management. In some way pioneer life, experiences, social entertainments and the improvements down through the century were portrayed. Romaine W. Benjamin, mounted on a Shetland pony, was marshal of the day, with Fred McElheny, Reuben Lewis and Russell Wilmarth as assistants, while several well-mounted young men dressed in Indian costume composed the marshal's staff. The floats were preceded by the Rushford Cornet Band. We do not recall any floats picturing the future settler as a babe in his eastern home. District No. 2 furnished three floats. The first represented a wedding. On the float a bride and groom attended by groomsmen and bridesmaids, all dressed in costumes of one hundred years ago, were going through the marriage ceremony. The tall, lank parson somewhat resembled the description of one of our early circuit riders. A goodly company of guests similarly attired accompanied them. As the parade covered a long distance the ceremony was of necessity somewhat lengthy.

Following this came a covered immigrant wagon with the wife and several children looking out through the openings in the canvas of what was to be their home during the long journey. Pails and kettles hanging underneath, and within the bare necessities for a home in the wilderness.

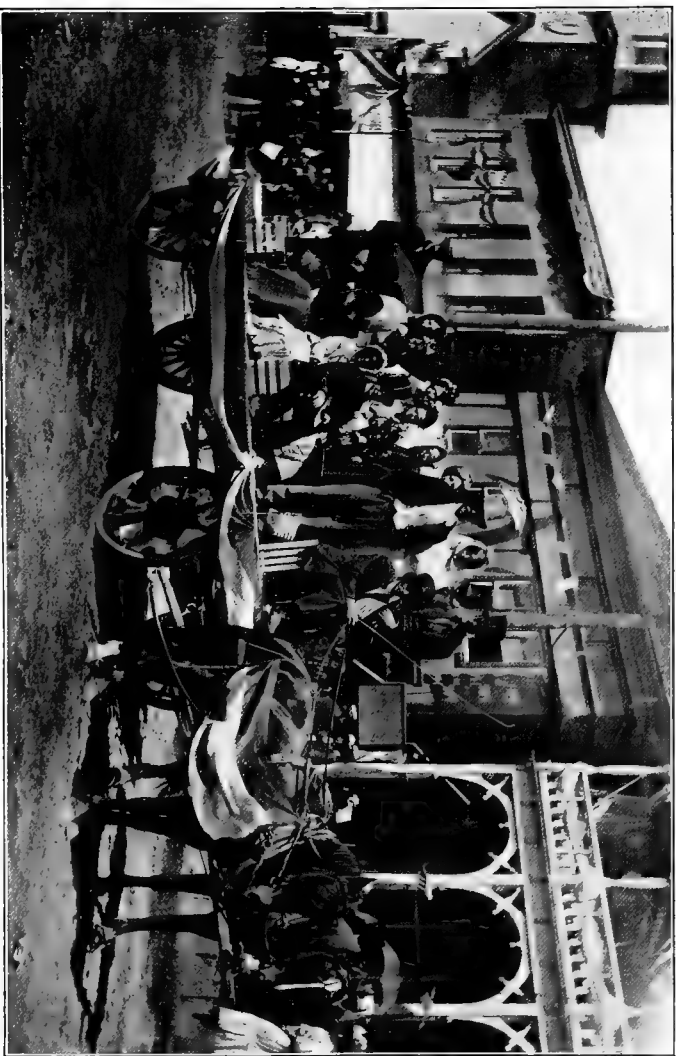
The next living picture was a wagon with trees that had just been cut down and the pioneers busily preparing them for use in the building of a cabin.

District No. 1 represented the improvements. We saw the same settler a few years later in possession of a horse and a very high-wheeled sulky with a seat for two more arranged on the back. In the costume of that time he and his

wife, with two children, were on their way to a "merry-making," eating their lunch from "a calamity box" as they drove along. In striking contrast we had the twentieth century turnout almost covered with artistically arranged flowers, the occupants up-to-date in dress and appearance.

The float from District No. 5 represented butter and cheese making in pioneer days. On the float were an old-fashioned milk heater and a hand cheese press operated by a young man who acted the part of an old-time cheese-maker, while a young lady presided at the tin cheese vat and wielded the hand curd cutter. The butter-making apparatus consisted of four wooden troughs for milk, pans, wooden pails, a small dash churn, the dash of which was vigorously plied by a young girl, who was at the same time rocking with her foot a little wooden cradle. Another young woman with an old-fashioned butter ladle in her hand stood beside a huge butter bowl working over butter; all were clad in extremely plain costumes typical of those early days.

Following directly behind this district, Taylor Hill had a large float illustrating a modern dairy scene; at the front of the platform a centrifugal cream separator was in operation. Little Allen Taylor was busily churning with a revolving barrel churn, while a young matron was using a butter worker and molds for fancy butter prints. As the golden bricks were turned out a little girl wrapped them in oiled paper ready for market. Another was washing pails and milk cans, while a pyramid of cheese boxes of various sizes adorned the back of the float. The ladies in their neat shirtwaist dresses and work-aprons, the men in the costume of the day, emphasized the fact that this was a twentieth century scene. The decorations of bunting and flags were profuse.



FARMERS' DAY PARADE

District No. 8, East Rushford, furnished a float representing an old-time paring-bee. The float was twelve by twenty feet, surrounded by a railing wound with red, white and blue bunting, and decorated with strings of apples. Bunting was draped round the wagon and the big bay horses had each a blanket of the bunting with "East Rushford" in large white letters. Horses and wagon were also decorated with flags. A dozen people, dressed in old-fashioned clothes, were engaged in paring, quartering and coring apples, while some of the younger ones were stringing them; after the apples were finished, pumpkin pie, fried cakes and cider (cold tea) were passed and much enjoyed. Then the platform was cleared and, to the music of a fiddle, the occupants were soon engaged in dancing an old-fashioned cotillion. Some of the bystanders began to comment on good Methodists dancing and taking their parts as though used to it. Rev. Henry Woods said, "Every one is justified in dancing Old Home Week," and that settled it.

District No. 7, Rush Creek, had a float showing the old style of threshing; men with flails were threshing out the grain, while the hand-fan or winnowing board, over one hundred years old, was manipulated by a sturdy farmer with the skill of an old-time settler. An old fanning mill was in evidence and old-style implements. Directly behind this float was modern threshing, the apparatus consisting of a traction steam engine, with tank wagon and separator.

A large float drawn by a yoke of oxen was of much interest. Hardy's Corners, District No. 10, represented a husking bee. Right diligently the young men worked and, like their grandsires of old, claimed as their prerogative a kiss for every

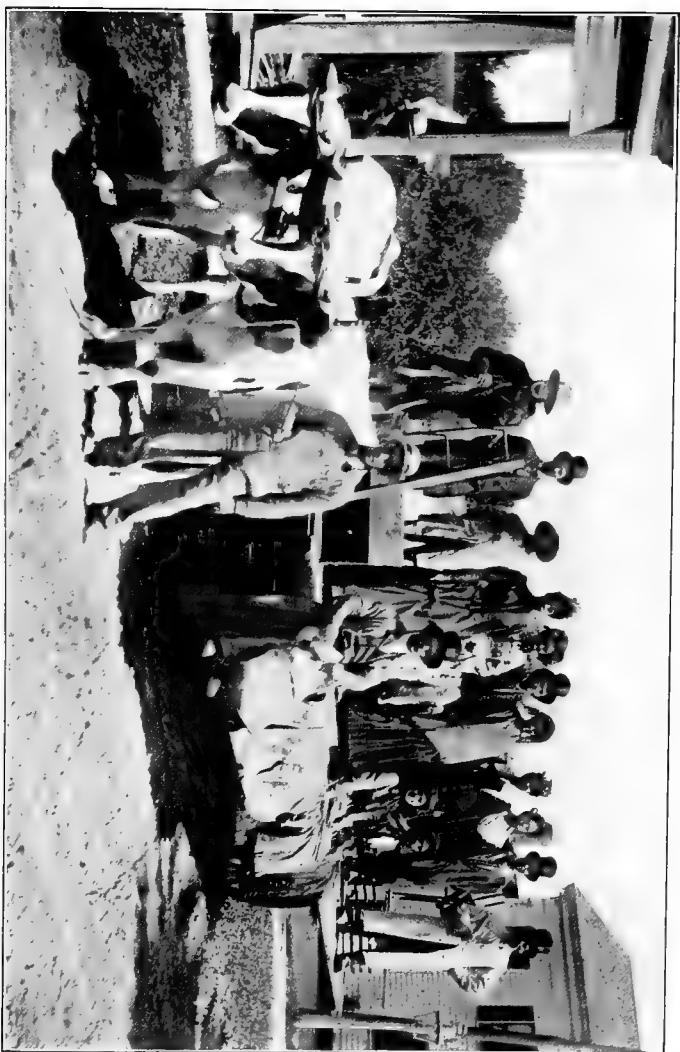
red ear found. A surprisingly large number of red ears were brought to light. The second time they passed the reviewing stand the husking bee was over and, to the music of a violin, the Virginia Reel was danced with a spirit that would have done credit to their ancestors, while the sound of the familiar tune made many of the gray-haired onlookers unconsciously keep time with them. It was very realistic with the old-style clothing and even the cider jug in evidence, the early curse of the country.

In line were a company of about twenty men carrying sickles, scythes, grain cradles, wooden pitchforks, old two- and three-tined steel forks, flails, winnowing scoops and, in fact, all those old utensils for cutting, gathering and threshing the crop in the primitive farmer's style. The guards for this company carried flint-lock muskets and old-time lanterns. After these came a fine display of up-to-date machinery, including sulky plow, disc-harrow, grain drill, mowing machine, reaper and binder, side-delivery rake, hay loader and corn harvester. Following the floats came a long line of carriages, double and single, of the most modern style, carrying farmers and their families.

Farmers' Day Program, August 18, 1908.

AFTERNOON PROGRAM, 1 P. M.

Music.	Band
Prayer	Rev. T. P. Poate
Music.	Orchestra
Address	Surface, Soil and Forests Eugene Hammond, Cuba, N. Y.
Song	Choir
Address.	The Dairying Industry D. B. Sill, Cuba, N. Y.
Recitation	Miss Kate Proctor
Music.	Orchestra



FARMERS' DAY PARADE

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History Rushford Cheese Factory

Dr. H. C. Elmer, Ithaca, N. Y.

Five Minute Speeches by Old Resident Farmers
Music Band

EVENING PROGRAM, 7.30 P. M.

Music Orchestra

Recitation Miss Imogene Lane

Song Quartette

Address Eugene Hammond, Cuba, N. Y.

Recitation Ely Mulliken

Music Orchestra

Address Rev. Arthur Warren, Butler, Pa.

Music Band

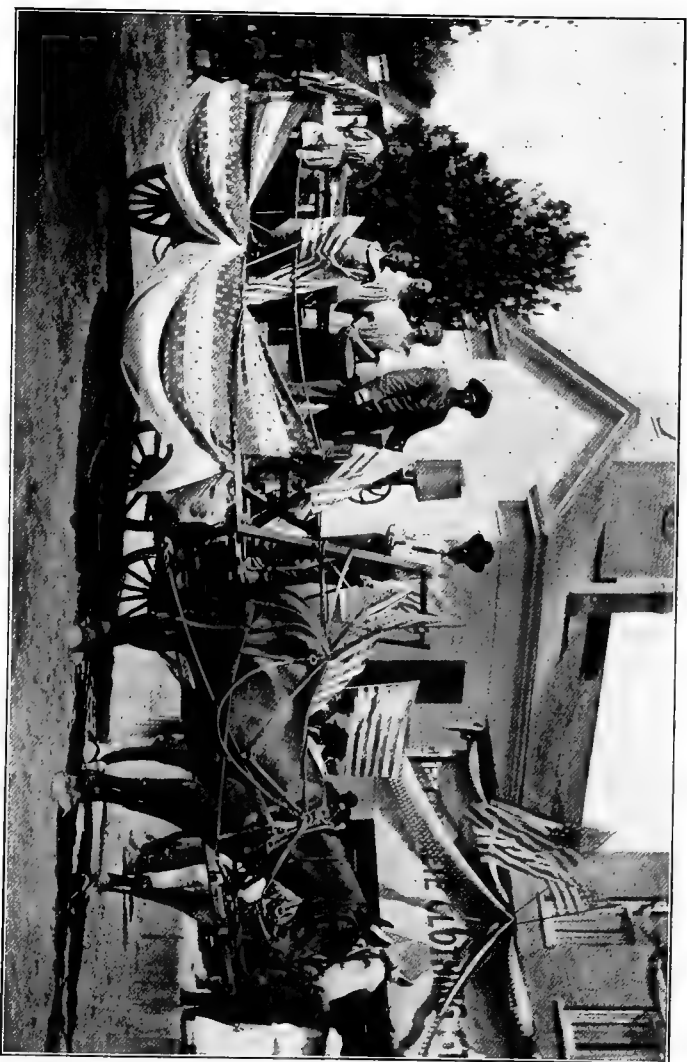
History of the Rushford Cheese Factory.

H. C. ELMER.

When I was invited by your Committee to address you to-day, I was as much surprised as I was flattered. Some of you may know that I am by occupation a teacher of one of the dead languages. How this occupation makes me a proper person to address a gathering of farmers regarding the cheese industry is somewhat of a conundrum. The connection between ancient languages and modern cheese-making is surely not clear. You have every reason to fear that the wrong man has been chosen for the occasion, and that he probably knows nothing about his subject. In self-defense, however, I feel that I ought to say that I am not to blame for the choice. The guilty man is O. T. Wilmot, who invited me to speak. When I get through with my remarks, if you feel that you must swear at somebody, swear at him—not at me.

I think of only one or two facts that may, to some extent, make it seem appropriate for me to say a word on the subject assigned me. The most important of these facts is that my father, C. J. Elmer, has been closely identified with the en-

tire history of the Rushford factory, and I have myself lived, as it were, within smelling distance of it, during a good part of my life. One of the very earliest memories of my childhood is the memory of a wonderful ride I once had up through Main street of Rushford. I had just emerged from babyhood, and was now some four years old. All other memories of the time seem to have faded away, but the memory of that ride even now stands out clear and distinct. It was a ride in the old pineapple cheese factory when it was being moved up the hill. It had previously stood just south of the spot now occupied by the old Academy building. Here Norton and Elmer had been engaged in the manufacture of pineapple cheese in the only factory devoted to that purpose, with one exception, in the United States. But my father had just acquired what has since been known as the Rushford Cheese Factory, situated on the spot it still occupies. As the pineapple cheese business was to be continued, it seemed more convenient to have the two factories together. Hence began the slow process of moving the old pineapple building up through the streets, and annexing it to the new factory. In memory I seem to see it for the first time just as it was passing my old home—the house now occupied by D. C. Woods, directly opposite the school building. With many a creak and groan, it was crawling, inch by inch, up the street and, with my father's permission, I was on board taking it all in and seeing the sights. You may talk all you please about your fast express trains and your mile-a-minute automobiles. I have tried them all. But to me no other ride was ever half so thrilling as that ride of my childhood up through Main street in the old pineapple cheese factory. Verily, such a ride deserves to be chronicled, and as I was the only passenger on board, so far as I can remember, it seems appro-



FARMERS' DAY PARADE

priate for me, above all others, to hand it down to the memory of posterity.

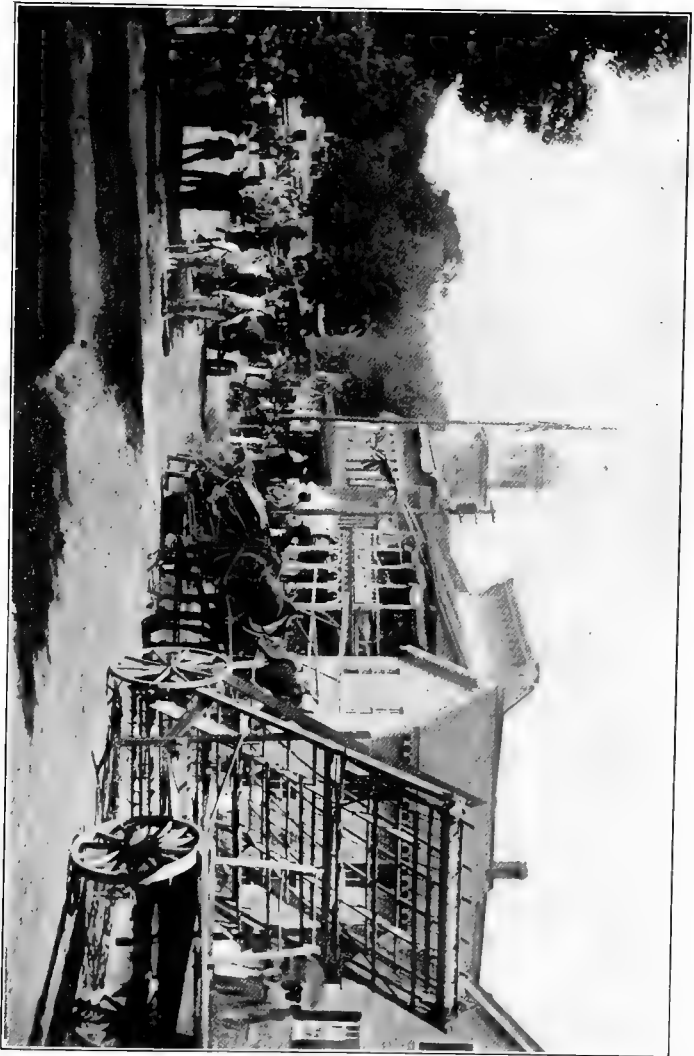
Soon after the pineapple factory was established on its new site, my father took up his residence on the corner where he still lives, just across the street from the factory, where I spent my entire boyhood. I was always near enough to the factory to throw stones at the windows, to help catch the rats and mice, and to steal rides on the milk wagons. I was near enough and rash enough to make frequent raids on the curd sink—sometimes, alas! with disastrous results. But, fortunately, Dr. Bixby happened to be living next door to me, always ready to patch me up. In spite of the curd sink and other temptations on one side of me, the good Doctor on the other side managed to keep me as comfortable as could have been expected of a wide-awake boy in such a dangerous neighborhood.

In those days there was a good-sized pond within a few feet of the factory, and the older boys had constructed a raft with which they navigated its waters. I remember that I took this raft one day, unbeknown to my fond parents, and attempted a lonely sail all by myself. I remember, too, that I soon found myself floundering in the water up to my neck. And I remember best of all the sound spanking that followed soon afterward, during a painful interview with my father.

But I hear you asking the question, "What is the connection between all this and the history of the Rushford Cheese Factory?" On second thought, I fear there is none. Let me, therefore, go back to the beginning, get into closer touch with my subject and give you a brief historical outline of a few of the essential facts.

The old pineapple cheese factory was built by Robert Norton in 1851, and continued to be managed by him until 1857. In that year it was turned over to my father, who continued the busi-

ness on the original site until 1864. In those days no milk was brought to the factory, and no curd was made there. Each farmer made his own curd and sold it to the owners of the factory. The business of the factory, therefore, was merely to receive the curd and make it into cheese. The pineapple cheese business continued to flourish, but its prosperity was temporarily threatened in, 1863. In that year Charles Benjamin, while visiting at Herkimer, became very much interested in a Cheddar cheese factory that had just been started in that place. Upon his return to Rushford, he persuaded Robert Morrow and H. K. Stebbins to join him in the project of building a similar factory in Rushford, and no time was lost in constructing the building. The factory was opened for business in July, 1864, with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin as the cheese makers. Now, for the first time, the farmers, instead of making their own curd, brought their milk to the factory and the curd was all made in the factory itself. This, of course, was a revolution in the methods of conducting the dairying business. The farmers, naturally enough, were pleased with the change. But trouble began to brew at the other end of the business. Mr. Benjamin and Mr. Morrow became dissatisfied and sold out to Mr. Stebbins. Mr. Stebbins, in his turn, began to have trouble with the farmers, which became so serious that he finally sold his factory at cost to my father, who took possession in October, 1864. The old pineapple factory was at once moved up the hill, as I have already stated, and attached to the new building, and from that time on the two kinds of cheese continued to be made side by side for many years. Mr. Robert Norton, however, continued to be half owner of the pineapple cheese part of the business. Mr. Norton was a Presbyterian clergyman, pastor of a church in St. Catherines, Canada. He devoted his entire time and attention to the ministry,



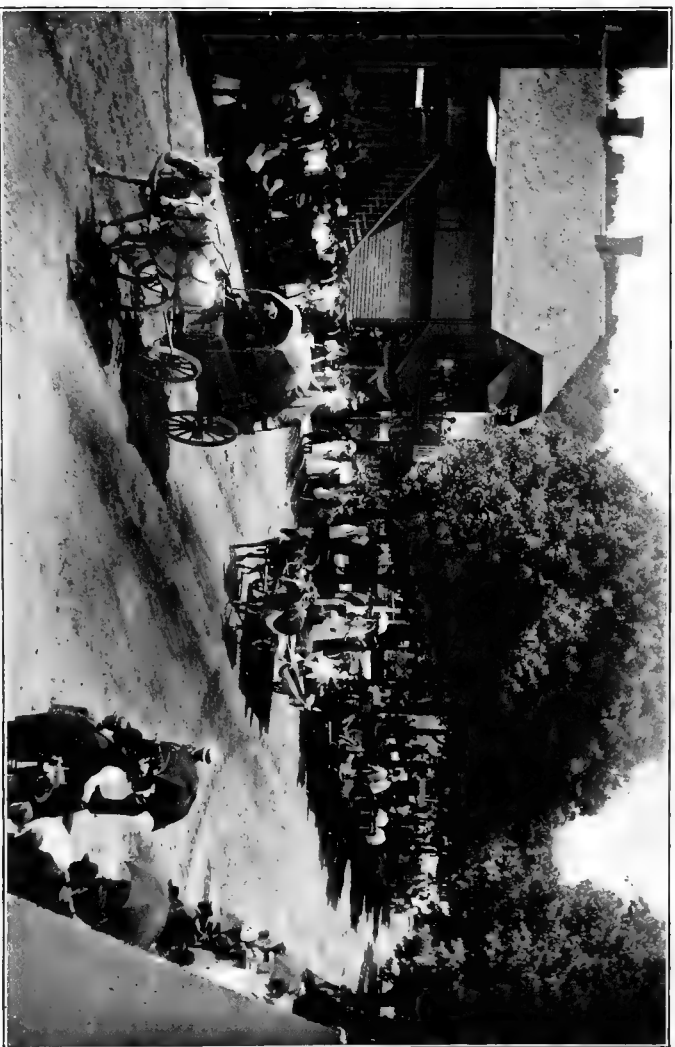
FARMERS' DAY PARADE

and entrusted his interest in the manufacture of cheese entirely to my father. Mr. Norton was a man of sterling worth, whole-souled and large-hearted. He was very generous to the poor, and is said to have devoted most of his salary to charity. The result was that he depended for his support upon the income he received from the cheese factory. It may not be generally known that the Rushford Cheese Factory was for many years run partly in the interests of the Presbyterian Church. Other factories may have contributed as much to the general prosperity of the community they have served, but, as far as I know, the Rushford factory is the only one that ever supported a minister of the gospel. Possibly this may account for the fact that, for many years, the Rushford cheese was the best cheese on the market, and brought the highest price. However that may be, there can be no doubt that the Rushford factory flourished from the start. Milk was brought from many miles around. At first there were only two vats and ten presses, and each cheese was made to weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. The second year the factory had to be enlarged. Five vats and thirty presses were put in, and the size of the cheese was reduced to seventy pounds. The business continued to grow, and during the winter of 1866 sixty presses were put in. Even with sixty presses the facilities were inadequate to take care of the business, and finally it was found necessary to run the factory nights as well as days, and for three or four years the factory was kept running night and day. By this time other factories had been built in the surrounding country, reducing the amount of milk brought to Rushford, and making it unnecessary to continue the night work.

While the Rushford cheese from the first had the reputation of being of good quality, they were, nevertheless, somewhat inferior to the best of

English cheese. My father, therefore, conceived the idea of going to England to investigate English methods of manufacture. This he did in 1873. As a result of this investigation, certain changes were made in the methods of manufacturing Rushford cheese, and the quality was very much improved. Indeed, from this time on the Rushford factory had the reputation of making the best cheese manufactured anywhere in the United States. There was always a strife each week among buyers to see which should get these particular cheese, with the result that they commonly brought a higher price than any other cheese in the country. Men who had worked in the Rushford factory began to be in great demand, and many went out to take charge of similar work elsewhere. Thus the influence of the Rushford factory was felt far and wide, and it has been an important factor in improving the methods of cheese manufacture throughout the country.

One somewhat remarkable thing connected with the history of the Rushford factory is the fact that since it opened in 1864 the cheese-makers in charge of the factory have been changed only five times. Martin Barnes managed the factory for one year (1865); Andrew Kimball for two years (1866 and 1867). Then came John G. James, who remained at his post for twenty years. His remarkable success in this position is a striking example of what can be accomplished by thrift, fair dealing and devotion to work. After John James came Lincoln Olthoff, who ran the factory for two years. Since then J. S. McMurray (Joe, as we all call him) has been in charge. This is Joe's nineteenth year. It looks as though he had set out to beat the record. It would be hard to imagine now what the old factory would do without Joe at the helm. Here is a man who was never known to do a mean or unfair thing in his life, level-headed, large-hearted, faithful and de-



FARMERS' DAY PARADE

voted to his friends, charitable to all. Health and prosperity be his to the end of his days.

Before I close, it may be interesting to say just a word about the influence the factory has exerted upon the prosperity of this particular community. We may safely say that no other local industry has served the community so faithfully, or so well. If we begin our reckoning with the pineapple cheese factory, the Rushford factory has been doing its work for fifty-seven years. During each of these years it has brought into Rushford from the outside world a very large amount of money. One year this amount reached the sum of eighty-six thousand dollars. A rough calculation shows that the total amount of money brought into Rushford from the outside world during the entire fifty-seven years would probably be enough to board at the Tarbell House every man, woman and child in Rushford for about twenty years. Surely an industry that can make such a showing as this deserves at least honorable mention on Farmers' Day of this "Old Home Week."

With this honorable mention I take leave of the old factory. And, as I do so, I express the hope that, while the days of its glory may belong to the past, the days at least of its usefulness may never end.

Extract from letter Rev. R. Norton.

About the Pineapple cheese—My father's patent was issued in 1808, and bears the autograph of President James Madison. As to the long-keeping qualities of the cheese, the incident you allude to was a veritable fact.

My wife was born December 21st, 1822. About the time of her birth, my father, who was indebted to the skill of her mother (Mrs. Harford, the wife of Hon. J. Harford) for the making of the first pineapple cheese net in 1808, sent Mrs.

Harford a present of a pineapple cheese. The cheese was placed on the mantle-piece, and was regularly varnished with the furniture. Nearly twenty-six years afterward on the morning of my wedding day, September 8, 1847, I aided in the cutting of the cheese. It was in perfect preservation, as perfect as any Egyptian mummy. It was hard, but not unpalatable. From its crystalline structure I judged that chemists would have detected a large percentage of ammoniacal salts. But I was content to regard it as an omen of the durability of the love that there asserted its supremacy.

As you infer, my remembrances of old Rushford friends are as pleasant as they are vivid. They were noble, true-hearted men and women, just the ones to rear such sons and daughters as our country needs.

You inquire as to my son. He was born in 1851 in the small house directly in front of the Academy. He graduated from Hamilton College in 1872, and was chosen valedictorian. Making choice of chemistry as his profession, he went to Europe and entered Heidelberg University, where his career in chemical research began. He was there awarded "P. H. D. *summa cum laude*." After several thousand miles of pedestrian travel through central Europe, Greece, Turkey, Palestine, Egypt and Italy, he entered the Berlin University as an assistant. Thence went to Paris and became manager of a large chemical manufactory. In 1882 he returned home, married and was elected to the Chair of Chemistry in the University of Cincinnati. His department has been one of the largest of all chemical departments in the country

* * * * *

Thomas Norton is now Consul at Kiel, Germany.



FARMERS' DAY PARADE

Your Representatives Abroad.

Extracts from Address.

REV. ARTHUR L. WARREN.

It is, indeed, a sincere pleasure, and a great privilege as well, to be able to enter into fellowship with you all, and participate in the celebrating of Rushford's one hundredth anniversary. While it is not ours, to catch the spirit of the song "Going Back to Dixie," we all have drank deeply of the spirit of a grander one—"Home, Sweet Home," and, be the dwellings plain or otherwise, to us, the sons and daughters of Rushford, there is "No place like home."

With our coming back to our native soil, to the inhaling of pure air, the viewing of familiar landscapes—to the hum of the bees and the lowing of the kine, to the cackle of the hens that denotes fresh eggs for breakfast, and the song of the splashing brooks, where the speckled beauties used to dwell, and to the familiar faces we love, we say with Longfellow, "Ah, how good it feels, The hand of an old friend," and we shall go back into the world's arena of activities with new life and renewed zeal, and a more definite purpose, and a stronger determination than ever before to be more worthy of the confidence and love of kindred and friends, and worthier to emulate the godly example of those "hewers of stone and drawers of water" who have passed on before; not dead, but just away. The men and women of yesterday, who blazed out the paths that led to their success, along which we travel to reach a greater usefulness, and who laid deep and secure the foundation upon which our successes shall rest, did their work faithfully and well, and we trust passed on into the rest that remains for the people of God—"Into those everlasting gardens, Where Angels walk, and Seraphs are the wardens"—leaving to

us a richer heritage than silver or gold, with which *we*, their representatives of to-day, are to exemplify their character and magnify their achievements, and attain a greater and more lasting success. And shall not Rushford be pardoned if she boasts a little in the achievements of her children? Are not your boys and girls of yesterday, who are the men and women of to-day, filling the positions and callings of life as successfully (and we trust as profitably to all) as the fathers and mothers did?

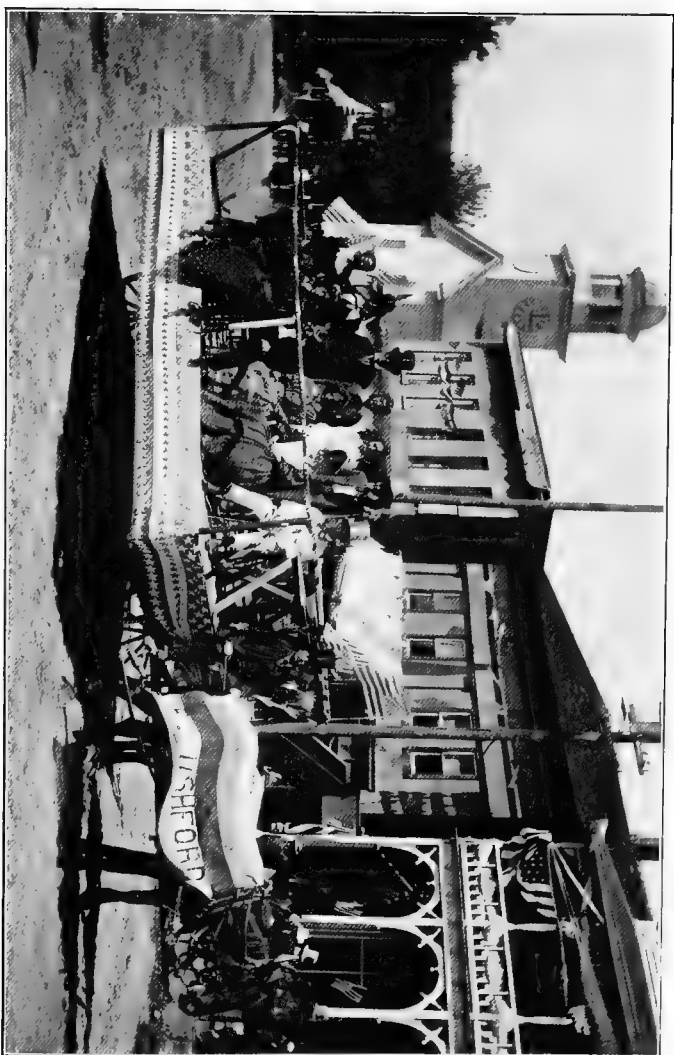
* * *

First, allow me to say, that *Rushford's representatives of to-day* are what we are, largely, because of the *stable* and *exemplary* characters of the men and women of yesterday. * * *

Enterprise marked the life of those of yesterday. They were not satisfied with that which surrounded them, or with their then present attainments, but pressed on to greater achievements in order that others might be benefited through their labor. Their thought was, "I may not enjoy this, but others coming after me will." * * *

Again, we of this generation ought to live a higher and a nobler life, being ambitious to acquire true greatness, and reach lasting success.

Notwithstanding what we are, we, your representatives of to-day, cannot acquire true greatness and lasting success by the heritage bequeathed to us by our forefathers, but by our own individual achievements. True greatness does not spring from worldly power or amassed wealth, but from pure and noble thoughts. Thought, then, is the making of the individual. He who spake as never man spake declared: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Is it, then, saying too much if I say that by thinking pure thoughts one only becomes truly great? Emerson says: "There is no prosperity, trade, art, city or great material wealth of any kind, but if you



FARMERS' DAY PARADE

trace it home, you will find it rooted in a thought of some individual." This being true, the opposite is true also—that avarice, crime, immorality and evil in general, if traced to its source, would be found intrenched in the thought. How well then does one need to guard his thought. Sincere thoughts are the wings of lofty aspiration, with which we mount up to reach a lasting success, Right thinking leads mankind to true greatness. * * *

There are no obstacles great enough to keep one from attaining success if determination possess the heart. * * *

Again, if we, your ambassadors of this generation, are truly to succeed, we must possess the chief characteristic of success, which is love. This grace of all others pre-eminently determines character. That which one loves unmistakably reveals what one is. Love is the touchstone of character. Love for humanity is not only the heart of the Eternal, but it is the soul of individuality and the mainspring of successful living. * * *

And, having thought a little concerning the past and present, shall we not glance a moment into our future? Some one has said: "There is no time like the present, the future is not ours." But I am quite sure that that which the future will have in store for each of us—and those who follow after—of good or ill is contained in the present. In other words, the future will be what we have made the present, in profit or loss, joy or sorrow, bane or blessing. If we have bought up every opportunity for doing good, have cornered every chance to minister to the needy humanity around us by giving them the "bread of life," though it be but the giving of a cup of cold water to a thirsty soul, its influence will not be lost but still live on; and like bread cast upon the waters "return after many days" with hands filled with blessings for us.

Centennial Day, August 19, 1908.**AFTERNOON PROGRAM, 1 P. M.**

Music..... Orchestra
 Address by President..... W. W. Bush
 Response... Rev. H. C. Woods
 Song, Home Sweet Home..... Double Quartet
 Eneas Garey..... Rev. F. E. G. Woods
 The Gordons..... Miss Ellen Gordon
 Reader, Miss Genevieve McCall
 Song, The Old Oaken Bucket... Double Quartet
 The Woods..... Mrs. Ira Calkins
 Song, Away to the Woods..... Double Quartet
 The Pioneers..... Mrs. E. C. Gilbert
 Recitation from Snow Bound. Miss Mary Johnson
 Song, Annie Laurie..... Double Quartet
 The McCalls..... Mrs. A. M. Taylor
 Reminiscences..... J. B. Jewell
 Reader, Allan H. Gilbert
 Song, Cousin Jedediah..... Double Quartet
 Casualties..... J. G. Benjamin
 Music..... Orchestra

EVENING PROGRAM, 7.30 P. M.

Music..... Orchestra
 The Early Settlers..... Mrs. E. C. Gilbert
 The Old Time Customs..... Mrs. W. W. Merrill
 Song, Home Again..... Double Quartet
 Movements..... Miss Ellen Lyman
 Reminiscences and Characteristics
 Mrs. Helen M. Judd
 Reader, Mrs. A. E. White
 Song, Comin' Thro' the Rye..... Double Quartet
 Recitation, The Old Band..... Greydon R. Davis
 Music, Poor Nellie Gray..... Band
 Reminiscences..... Mrs. Cornelia G. Green
 The Semi-Centennial..... Mrs. E. C. Gilbert
 Reader, Allan H. Gilbert
 Poem by Mrs. Cynthia Woodworth
 Mrs. R. T. Brooks
 Song, Auld Lang Syne..... By the Audience
 Our Bells..... Miss Katharine Baldwin

Our Newspapers.....	E. C. Gilbert
Song, Long, Long Ago,.....	Double Quartet
Reminiscences of East Rushford, Kelloggville and Rush Creek.....	H. B. Ackerly
Reader, Mrs. Newman M. Woods	
Music.....	Band

Address of Welcome.

CAPTAIN W. W. BUSH, PRESIDENT OF THE RUSHFORD CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE, 1908.

FELLOW CITIZENS, SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF RUSHFORD, FROM ABROAD:—

The occasion which has called together this assembly is one which will ever be remembered as the brightest period of our earthly existence. To-day Rushford welcomes home her sons and daughters, and as one who still lingers upon this soil, consecrated by the sacred ashes of your fathers, I have been commissioned by the present citizens of Rushford, without distinction of party, creed or location, in their behalf to express their most sincere and cordial greeting, to extend to you who have come hither from every quarter of our great and glorious land, the hospitalities of our town, to assure you that every door in Rushford is thrown wide open to receive you, and that you may feel the same degree of freedom that a child would, upon returning after a long absence to visit the parental roof. Thus are you welcomed; yet the occasion is so fraught with recollections of our early life, and so eminent are the characters of those who have come back to honor the place of their nativity, that I cannot dismiss the subject without briefly expressing a few thoughts that seem to me appropriate. You are welcomed, not as the prodigal son, yet with an equal degree of affection. Unlike him, in poverty you left us, with nothing but your unblemished reputations, which you have kept pure, and your stern purpose and firm resolves to do and conquer upon the

battle-fields of life. Unlike him, you have not spent your substance in riotous living, yet, while plenty has crowned your efforts, in the various appointments which you have been called to fill, and want goes from your door, we have killed the fatted calf, and upon it you will be feasted, in token of our appreciation of your exalted worth; and as you surround the table of reunion with loved and cherished friends and companions of your youthful days, you will find, while joy and gladness shall abound, and mirth and song and dance shall speed on the happy hours of this reunion, that this is not entirely an occasion of unmixed festive enjoyment. Room will be left to drop the tear of affection over the vacant chair, and over the graves of those we loved and honored twenty, forty, sixty years ago. To them is due much of your success in life. Their careful supervision of your early education, the sterling worth of the early settlers of Rushford, their examples of economy, virtue, honesty and strict integrity have left an imperishable impress upon your characters. And so we find that this reunion of Rushford's sons and daughters is composed of an array of talent seldom equalled, and it impresses the mind with the transcendent value of our institutions, which open to the rich and poor alike throughout our vast domain opportunities to acquire fortune and fame. Rushford with her academic halls has furnished members to our State Legislature and to our National Congress and United States Senate, and also a Governor to the Empire State, and many to other positions of trust and honor. She has also furnished her full quota of officers and men for our victorious armies, many of whom now sleep beneath the sod of a southern clime, with nothing but the green and waving grass to mark their resting place. We have heard with pleasure and pride of the promotion of many who have left their Rushford homes, to posts of trust

and honor in other States. In addition to all these, the agriculturists, artisans, commercial men, citizens who represent all the industrial pursuits of life that Rushford has thrown forth upon the world, challenge the respect and admiration of every community from Plymouth Rock to the golden shore on the Pacific. Nor are the learned professions wanting in illustrious examples reared upon this sacred soil. Of them I need not speak, for they will speak for themselves during their stay with us, in strains of native eloquence. And yet again, Rushford's sons and daughters have plucked the fairest roses from the field of science. While all I have said, and more, is true of Rushford's children, I am not left in wonder that in your hearts welled up a yearning desire to visit once more the magic spot that has given to the world so rich a legacy. There is a philosophy closely connecting a people with the land of their birth. God, Nature, divine revelation and humanity in its normal condition are all in harmony. Hence the lovely scenery, beautiful landscapes, healthful, invigorating breezes, enlarged and comprehensive views of nature in her sublimest moods, witnessed and enjoyed by your mothers and yourselves during your early existence, have left an impress upon your minds and assisted to form characters that will continue to exert a salutary influence which will reach ever onward and upward throughout the boundless cycles of eternity. This glorious old town of Rushford, with landscape views extending into several towns, itself but a succession of lofty, luxuriant hills and fertile valleys, with its beautiful rivulets, in its original form, separating the waters upon its summit, to find their meandering way to replenish the exhausted streams under the burning sun of a Southern clime, or to mollify the freezing current of our Northern lakes, is one of the spots upon this green and rolling earth where the true

lover of nature would like to be born; therefore, in conclusion, I repeat, Welcome to these sylvan shades and cool retreats; welcome to these academic halls, where, under the tuition of Sayles, Buck and scores of other learned instructors, you together learned to climb the hill of science; welcome to the holy places where sleep your buried dead; welcome to our mountain homes; welcome, yea, thrice welcome to our hearts; and should we never meet again on earth, be assured that this reunion we to-day are permitted to witness and enjoy is typical of that never ending reunion that God, the Father of our spirits, has reserved for all his children.

Response to Welcome of President W. W. Bush.

REV. H. C. WOODS.

Mr. President:

This is the highest peak of privileged honor in a life time, to be permitted the rare enjoyment of such an eloquent, enthusiastic, whole-hearted and warm-handed welcome to our native town, and then to stand here for all the thousands and voice their acceptance in this great Centennial celebration. I was in this hall fifty years ago a lad. Before forgetting it, let me say we accept this welcome, and with all the eagerness of the girl, Mary, who had been courted for seven years without a definite word from John, when she said to him one Sunday night at 12:45: "John, I've been thinking it over, and have made up my mind that if you want me you can have me." To which he very suddenly said, "Why, yes, Mary, that's just what I do want. Why didn't you say so long ago?" We have been waiting and longing for this invitation, and here we are, and we are yours. It is quite apropos that the Bush should welcome the Woods. Soon after the war this gallant Captain so admired the natural advantages of Rushford that he went out foraging



REV. HENRY C. WOODS

and confiscated one of its loveliest Hills for the culture of an improved variety of Bushes.

You invited us to come back, and here we are, like the new baby, "From out of the Everywhere into the here."

From all the century's increase and scatterings of migration, in the cities of the east and beyond the Mississippi, we put ear to the ground and heard sounds of a stir in Old Rushford. It was as earnest as those familiar lines in the Old Town's 4th Reader:

" 'Come back! Come back!' He cried in grief,
Across the stormy water,
'And I'll forgive your Highland Chief,
My daughter! Oh! my daughter.' "

For one hundred years you have been preparing for the event; and coming back into this valley over the hills that kept out railroads so long, we find the purest air, the sweetest spring water, the most restful religious peace and enthusiastic devotion, the finest singers and players, the best cooks, the prettiest girls, old and young, we have ever found in all our wanderings. We do not forget those earliest sunrises, and most welcome sunsets of farm life, with the sweetest tones of the old tin horn at high noon.

It seems easy to believe here and now in these glad reunions that "The whole round world is every way bound by golden chains about the feet of God." The first comers of a century ago, my own distinguished great grandsire and his daughter, Nancy, my father's mother of sainted memory, came thro' the snows of mid-winter bringing coals of fire in a kettle of ashes. They also brought the fires of patriotism, Grandsire, himself, a veteran of the Revolution from Connecticut, and of devotion to God's Word and Son, whose loyal liege lords they were, a heaven-patented nobility, from New England's rugged hills and with its sterling character. They went out like Abraham

from Chaldea "not knowing," except it was to Range 2, Town 5, of the Holland Purchase, and into the virgin forest to carve out homes. That ancestor, who lived here until eight days after I came myself (he doubtless thought it safe to go then), has been succeeded by a lineage of over two hundred. The largest number, as far as I can learn, being seventy-seven and in the branch of the famous "First White Woman." And she was white, and one of the first and best in the land. The only living grandchild is here, Mrs. Champlin of Cuba.

Again—Here we are, and glad we are to be here. You will say, perhaps: "Glad to see you're back from the front," as to the starved Irish soldier, who replied, "Bedad, I know I'm thin, but didn't think you'd see clear thro' me like that." What books of remembrance are being opened and read here this week. The wireless reports that will go on the Recording Angel's pages for eternity were never so pathetic and sweet as these greetings with tears and kisses this day in one-hundred-years-old Rushford. Like the time of return from the captivity in Jerusalem, the noise of them that wept over the loss of old friends and the old temple and the shouting of joyous youth could not be distinguished. The yarns and folk-lore of a century are reproduced, but of them all the *Rushford Spectator* has gotten the start with the fishiest fish story of all. If I had only known of this way fifty years ago!

"FISH MILK COWS.

"Mr. Atwater, whose pasture is along Canandaigua Lake, found that the flow of milk was rapidly decreasing. He watched his cows as they went into the lake to get rid of the flies on their legs, and discovered that they were being milked by carp."

We think of many who are not here to-day, for they went never to come back to this royal wel-

come. God bless their sacred and precious memories. Over two hundred men of Rushford served in their country's armies, seven in the Revolution (before coming here, of course), ten in the war of 1812, and 187 in the Civil War. Many went into the ministry. People usually feel safe about such, tho' not always. The old mother hen consoled herself about the loss of her best chicken, Billy, after a convention of ministers had been held in the town, saying that Billy had entered the ministry, and he never would have been of much account in the laity, anyhow. In many occupations others have proved themselves worthy and merit our praises. We recall lawyers, teachers, bankers, and especially our own great and distinguished first citizen, who became one of the best and purest Governors this Empire State ever had, Frank Wayland Higgins. I would he were here to-day! For six years I lived near his home and found him a true man, one to be proud of!

We thank you for this welcome, and feel a new birth of love for our dear old Rushford home.

Movements.

ELLEN LYMAN.

MORMONISM.

The Mormon, or Latter Day Saint, movement, under Joseph Smith, the Prophet of the Lord, began in 1830, and when it will end no man can prophesy. The first regular church was instituted at Manchester, New York, in April, 1830, and contained only six members, of which Joseph Smith was the chief. Soon after Sidney Rigdon and a man by the name of Pratt joined the ranks and were made elders. The first of these, Rigdon, was famous throughout this region as a powerful expounder of the faith, and a very successful proselyter. A few years ago there were many living here who could testify to his wonderful power. At the time of Joseph Smith's death, he

claimed the right to the presidency, but was defeated by Brigham Young, and cut off from the church.

For a time Rushford seemed to be a center of their activities. Meetings were held by Rigdon and others in the school houses of the town, and in many private houses. Just at this time fashion decreed that the coats worn by gentlemen should have the sleeves full at the top. The resident minister of the Methodist denomination bought a new coat. As it had the fashionable sleeve, to which many of the members objected, it caused a division in the church. The elders of the Mormon faith were not slow to take advantage of it. Converts were numerous, and many were baptized near the place where the old school house on the Creek Road stood. It was there the cavalcade formed when they started on their journey to Kirtland, O. Most of the converts were strong, robust men and women, determined to make a success of the new doctrine, but the citizens of Kirtland were not well-disposed toward them, and soon they removed to Nauvoo, Ill., where they built a famous temple. Polygamy dates from about this time.

Among the many to whom the new doctrine strongly appealed were Mrs. Eliza Ann Phelps and Fraser Eaton, the first of whom, Mrs. Phelps, went as far as Nauvoo, but, becoming disaffected by the new teaching, polygamy, returned to Ohio, renounced the faith, and later joined the Methodists.

Mr. Eaton was a prosperous farmer, occupying and owning the place now known as the Clark Woods farm, and a prominent member and worker in the Methodist Church. He disposed of his property, which was large for the time, and joined the numbers who gathered for their then long journey. It was said he converted all his means into silver, of which he had a peck. Not many

years after he returned poor in purse and broken in health and spirits, and never seemed to regain his former thrift. There are no members of that belief living here now, though there are some in the County.

TEMPERANCE.

Next in point of time comes the temperance movement, which in origin, rapid spread, influence and enthusiasm, was the wonder of the day. The prohibition laws of 1840 were inseparably connected with the name of Neal Dow. It was during this year that the old Washington Society was formed, and Rushford contained many members. In fact, it has always as a town been allied with all temperance movements, the Sons of Temperance, the Good Templars (during the sixties there was a flourishing lodge in town), and now the W. C. T. U., an organization which has come to stay. The local union was instituted in 1882 by Mrs. Rosina Damon Evans. Mrs. Harvey Alderman of this village was its first president. It has done good work for the temperance cause, and is still laboring for its best interests. The first years of its existence it was instrumental in securing the services of Horace Bemis, a prominent jurist of western New York, and none who heard him will easily forget his brilliant addresses, delivered in the Methodist Church. Later, in 1887, P. A. Burdick of Alfred was here for some time, and during his stay there occurred a great religious as well as temperance revival. The town is without license, and has been for a number of years.

SPIRITUALISM.

To the little village of Hydeville, in Wayne County, New York, belongs the distinction of being the place where originated the most mysterious, wonderful and wide-spread phenomenon since the world began. In less than ten years its avowed adherents were estimated at one and one-half million.

The revelations were introduced into Rochester from Hydeville; they acquired great notoriety, and came to be known as the "Rochester Knockings."

Rushford had much to do in this movement called Spiritualism, though many who gave this matter attention, and listened to the so-called manifestations, were only investigators and some of them quite skeptical. They knew there was much claimed by mediums that was not real, not from those departed, but there were messages, such as automatic writing and table-tipping by alphabet, that seemed to come from the other side of existence.

About the year 1852 or '53 a young girl of about twelve years, by the name of Cora L. U. Scott, whose mother was Lodency, a daughter of Oliver Butterfield, began speaking to small gatherings of so-called Spiritualists in Cuba, Rushford and adjoining towns; a few years later she spoke in the old Rushford Academy on Correlation and Conservation of Force, the subject being given her at the time by Professor Buck, who was then in charge. Those who heard her were greatly interested, and considered the subject handled eloquently and logically. She is now Mrs. Cora L. U. Scott Richmond, of Chicago.

Some of us are accustomed to consider the bloomers worn by some of the women, the long hair of the men and other fads as a part of the spiritualist belief, but it was not. A portion of the members considered the dress more cleanly and convenient, so adopted it.

About fifty years ago, many of the members here and in the adjoining town of Farmersville thought it best to build a hall or temple, in which to hold meetings, and on what was known as the old Hubbard place in Farmersville, a room was built sixteen by thirty feet, and was peculiar in this, that it had no windows and was entered by a trap door. Many of our townspeople attended the meetings held here.

The "*ism*," if we may so call it, has been violently opposed and ridiculed, but notwithstanding all this, there is a large number who believe that the mind, after leaving the body, still knows, and can, under favorable conditions, manifest itself through human mediumship.

REVIVALS.

Revivals of religious feeling and interest, attended with great accessions to the various denominations of Christians, have not been infrequent from the earliest period of the country's settlement, and our town has had a part in most of them.

In 1857-58 occurred what was called the "Great Awakening." It did not depend so much upon any leader or preacher, however eloquent, and was far from being denominational, but seemed to be an outgrowth of need felt in common by the people who had just passed through that financial tornado of 1857, which swept over the land and gave weight to the truth that "the things which are seen are temporal." Old residents have told us that, though our town felt the depression, yet the religious awakening was of incalculable benefit. The meetings held here at that time were mostly in the Baptist Church, and resulted in the organization of religious societies in the near-by towns, as well as large additions to the membership of the local churches. The rite of baptism was administered nearly every month.

About thirty-eight years ago a company of men, old and young, called the Praying Band, came into the County to hold meetings. The people of this town felt the necessity of a more general attention to religious matters, so they were invited to come to Rushford. Warren Damon and W. H. Leavens went to Wiscoy, then Mixville, after them. The band consisted of eight or nine members, of which Bolles, Corey

and Father Hard are distinctly remembered. The meetings were successful, arousing the whole town, and many were the accessions to the churches.

Later, in 1875-6, the waves of the great revival movement under Dwight L. Moody reached even our little town. Since then there have been local revivals under different evangelists, and as an outcome there have been additions to the churches, possibly as many in proportion as in larger communities.

POLITICS.

Politics, as one of our old residents was accustomed to say, are the worst kind of ticks that ever troubled man or beast; but, much as they may annoy, there is a sort of satisfaction in belonging to one of the organizations, especially if it happens to be the one that is popular.

The town has always been enthusiastic over the political issues of the day, and many have been the battles of words between the opposing parties. I remember hearing some of the first settlers discussing the views of the Federalists and Anti-Federalists of the days of our first Presidents; later the Anti-Federalists became the Democrats, and at the time of William Henry Harrison's election the political parties were Whigs and Democrats. That campaign of 1840, the result of which made Harrison President, was a year of great excitement, and differed from previous years in, at least, one respect, the number of political songs that helped arouse the country,—“Tippecanoe and Tyler too—’Tis then we will beat little Van,” being specimens. Some writers claim that Harrison was literally sung into the presidency. Beside the parties mentioned as belonging to that time, we have the Free Soilers, the Know-Nothings or Americans, and numberless parties of later times. In fact, all organizations

of whatever stripe have had their adherents among us.

During some of the campaigns societies of men and boys were formed, going from town to town attending the political gatherings; those of note were the *Barn Burners*, the Silver Greys, the Rail-Splitters, the Wide Awakes, etc. Even the campaigns had names, the Log Cabin and Hard Cider being memorable.

I must not forget the Abolitionists, of whom there were a number in our midst and many were the colored people who found friends, John Holmes being one, to help them by way of the underground railway to Canada and freedom.

Bells of Rushford.

KATHERINE BALDWIN.

For over sixty years there has dwelt in our midst an old pioneer. To-day his voice rings out as full and clear as in the days of our fathers. Faithful indeed has he been to his abiding place!

The sons and daughters of the town have grown from childhood to age and gone their way into the world, yet the old town Bell still rings in the belfry tower. How closely is its history woven into the history of our town! Before the Academy was built, and while the Methodist Church was still a cherished dream, when those whose hair is now white were in their youth, the village Bell became a part of Rushford.

Purchased by public subscription, and placed with our Baptist friends as the most convenient and safe dwelling place, the old Bell holds a place not alone in the town's history, but in the hearts of the people as well. And what interesting bits of legend and history might it not tell us, if only the sounds from its iron tongue were intelligible to us!

In olden times people rose and slept, went to their daily duties, attended church, celebrated their festivities; yea, even passed into the great un-

known at the ringing of the Bell. We are told that at the early hour of five the call came for apprentices to arise; at nine o'clock it was rung for school, at twelve o'clock for noon, and at nine for apprentices to stop work. I doubt not that the youth of to-day are counting themselves fortunate indeed not to have lived in the good old days, when people rose with the lark and retired with the chickens.

And those of you who are more than forty years young can remember with what awesome feelings and deep solemnity you listened to the tolling of the Bell when a friend or neighbor had passed away. Ten rapid strokes, and then the slow and measured tolling, telling one by one the years of the departed. A most solemn reminder of the passing from life to eternity! "Forever and ever," it seemed to say, "Passing away! Passing away!"

After awhile the old Bell had a duty to perform, a grave responsibility; namely, to tell the passing hours for the new Town Clock. Everyone is familiar with the incident which occurred soon after its arrival. It seems a part of the townspeople thought we were more in need of a fire apparatus than a clock, and when, soon after the purchase of the clock, the flames broke out in the Globe Hotel, the anti's yelled, "Bring up your clock and put out the fire!"

The great events of the town have in no way interfered with its performance of duty. Floods, fires, frosts and droughts have come and gone. Its face has thrice been blackened by smoke, but it has never failed to respond in time of need, not excepting the Fourth of July, when its old heart throbs vigorously, and it loudly voices its patriotic sentiments. The peacefully disposed inhabitants, aroused from sweet slumber, are wont to wish then that the old Bell was tongue-tied.

It has almost as many variations of tone and

expression as has the human voice. Who has not felt a thrill of terror at the first rapid stroke of the fire alarm, or caught the spirit of wild enthusiasm at a presidential campaign blow-out, or felt the deep peace and sweet-toned invitation of the Sabbath morning Bells?

Who knows but it has its days of sorrow and its days of mirth, along with the rest of us! It must have its playful moods, for we all remember the time when a wedding was about to take place in the Baptist Church, and promptly on the stroke of twelve the "Wedding March" was to announce the arrival of the wedding party, but alas! the old clock, which up to that moment had ticked faithfully, now failed entirely to strike, thus causing dire confusion. It was whispered that a spirit of mischief had taken hold of one of our village youths that day, and that he was in league with the Town Clock. At any rate, the *Spectator* thought it necessary to remark, the following week: "Seems as tho' the Old Clock would be 'most ashamed to show its face after the caper it cut up last week."

Not far from the Town Bell, and still nearer in the hearts of the people, is the Academy Bell. The Academy, itself, has been altered much, and many improvements have been added since the time it was built. No doubt to the scholars of many years ago, who have returned to visit old scenes, the interior at least will appear new and strange; but one thing remains unchanged—the sound of the School Bell will bring back old memories and old associations that nothing else could call to life. "Do you remember," we all say when we hear the bell, "how we sat in that seat, and the pranks we played on the teacher, the initials we cut on the desk, and the time we were locked up in the belfry?" Oh! those were happy, care-free days, and it is strange that at the mere chiming of the bell so many seemingly forgotten things should flock to our minds.

Of more recent years are the Presbyterian and Methodist Bells, the Presbyterian having come and gone with the rise and fall of its denomination in our village, and now graces a church in Houghton. The Methodist Bell was purchased but a short time ago, and while it is lacking in the time-honored associations of the others, yet it is dedicated to the memory of two men, of whom Rushford has ever been proud: Milton Woods, whose life was a sweet song, the echo of which never dies away, but reaches even to the Glory Land; and Alamanzo Litchard, whose name is a synonym for the virtues that belong to a God-fearing, public-spirited gentleman.

THE BELLS OF RUSHFORD ARE TO US ALL MEMORY
BELLS.

Sweet Memory Bells! Their witching chimes
Have charms as dear as olden rhymes.

We hear them oft at twilight hour,
When sets the sun and shuts the flower.

Oh, happy bells! Oh, chiming bells!
The clear, sweet bells of memory.

When Luna's mystic silver light
Bathes hill and dale at noon of night,
Men's voices ring with magic strain,
Breaking the calm with sweet refrain.

Oh, happy bells! Oh, chiming bells!
The pure, sweet bells of memory.

Telling of childhood's joyous lays,
And hopes and fears of by-gone days,
Of bridal vows and farewells said,
And solemn dirges for the dead.

Oh, mournful bells! Oh, chiming bells!
The sad, sweet bells of memory.

Soon, soon our weary feet shall tread
That land where no sad tears are shed.
Soon we shall clasp the hands of friends,
Where with the song no discord blends.

Oh, happy bells! Oh, chiming bells!
The dear, sweet bells of memory.

Old-Time Customs.

JULIA TARBELL MERRILL.

It seems unfortunate that we are able to obtain only meagre accounts of the old-time customs and conditions, and these were largely gathered by inducing the older inhabitants to drop their fish lines into memory's pond for stories and incidents which were left there long ago. However, it needs no written history to prove that the hardships were great and that there were many amusing as well as perilous experiences. Primitive indeed were the beginnings, scarce and rude the implements with which to work, both indoors and out. This must of necessity have been so, as some, like Oziah Taylor, who began life in the woods with only what he brought on his back and seventy-five cents in money. He spent the money for an axe. Others came here from Vermont, Massachusetts and other Eastern States, bringing their families, all their possessions and provisions to last for months, on a single sled or wagon. On arriving at their destination the first thing was shelter; trees were felled, the logs made ready, and as soon as possible the house was built. Oftentimes the roof was of branches or bark, and blankets supplied the place of doors; holes were sawed through the logs for windows, and in place of glass oiled paper was used, or white cloth if they had it; in some instances a hole in the roof served for a chimney, later chimneys were built on the outside of basswood slats filled in with mud. The floors were of logs split in half and hewed down smooth; these were called puncheon floors. The bedsteads were poles placed on long pegs, with boughs of trees in place of straw for beds—a rude cross leg table was made, and also stools for chairs. At first no ploughs were needed, nor could be used, the settlers simply planted their grain among the roots and stumps; when ready to harvest, it was

cut with a sickle and threshed with a flail on hard ground, which was previously prepared and swept smooth for that purpose; sometimes small quantities were pounded out in wooden troughs. The first plows were rude wooden affairs, the first drags were made by cutting a crotched tree of such shape that two of the branches would lie flat, the body being used for a tongue; across the branches another piece was fastened in which holes were bored and wooden pegs driven through for teeth. The early settlers had at first to go to Batavia to mill, and a little later to East Pike for grinding. As it was so far, they would often pound up some of their rye or corn in wooden troughs or in a hollow stone. It would take a woman all day to pound enough for a loaf of bread. It was a long journey for a man to take a bag of grain on his back and carry it to mill; sometimes a neighbor would lend his oxen and sled, and frequently several neighbors would hire one who had a yoke of oxen to take their grain to mill. The sleds were made by cutting a small tree with limbs peculiarly shaped to form runners, a cross piece put on and the bags of grain piled up; the body of the tree was used for the tongue of the sleds. Being obliged to stay over night they slept on beds extemporized from bags of grain.

The housewife also worked under many difficulties; pancakes were baked in a spider with legs three or four inches long, bread and johnny cake in an iron bake-kettle with legs and cover; coals were placed under and on the top of the kettle; sometimes pancakes and johnny cakes were baked on a plank in front of the fire; a lug pole was fastened up over the fire place with long iron hooks on which meat was hung to cook, with a dish underneath to catch the "drippings." As conditions improved, brick and stone ovens were built, and a crane with its hooks adorned the fire-

place. To bake in these ovens, they would build a fire, and when the stones or brick were hot, rake out the coals, sweep out the oven, then put in their meat, bread or cake, and shut it up. Brooms were made of swamp birch and hickory; the piece of wood cut in splints, turned up and tied, then the splints turned down and tied again, but very often hemlock or pine branches were used for brooms. For a mop, a piece of board was utilized, if they could get it; if not, a stick as long as the mop was to be and about a foot in diameter, hewn down at one end, through which auger holes were bored and rags tied through them, the other end shaped for a handle.

In place of soda or salaratus for use in baking the housewife burned corn cobs, poured hot water over the ashes and used the lye to raise her bread or cake. Money was scarce, and about the only way of obtaining it was in selling black salts. Trees were felled, piled and burned; from the ashes a lye was made, and then boiled down until it crystallized into a hard substance called black salts, or later pearl ash (it would be interesting to know that our salaratus is made from this same "pearl ash" by another process). The making of black salts was a common source of revenue, but the price paid, two dollars and a half or three dollars per hundred pounds, was hardly commensurate with the labor required, and it also had to be taken many miles to market, at first as far as Buffalo; later asheries were built. Black salts, pelts and sugar were the chief articles with which the settlers had to procure the necessities of life, and only the black salts brought money.

Sugar making was difficult; the sap was caught for the most part in wooden troughs with wooden sap spouts; sometimes a deep notch was cut in the tree to form a basin and the sap dipped out. Sap troughs were used as cradles for babies and smaller wood troughs used in place of dishes on

the table. Many times there not being stools enough for all to sit down, the children would stand around the table, take their rye bread or johnny cake and dip into the central dish of venison, or whatever it happened to be.

The first potatoes were brought to Rushford by Holton Colburn in a pair of boots; he came on foot from Rochester with a pair of boots slung over his shoulder, filled with potatoes which a friend gave him; they were blue potatoes, and considered a fine variety for many years. In 1811 or 1812 Wm. Vaughn brought from Vermont some apple seeds in his trousers pocket. From them many of the orchards in the south part of the town sprang; the orchards on the Wilmarth, Bosworth and Vaughn farms especially. The trees years ago used to bear better, for in after years seventy or eighty bushels of apples were gathered from a single tree, and from one tree on the Vaughn farm one hundred bushels were gathered. Mrs. Abigail Bowen Gordon also brought apple seeds from Vermont, raised the trees which form the orchard on the farm where Bowen Gordon now lives; many of these trees are still standing.

Very early, stewed pumpkin was used for sauce and considered a treat. Many times when the larder was nearly empty, a circuit rider stopping for the night at the home of a settler had nothing to eat but stewed pumpkin and milk. When blackberry bushes sprang up the settlers were much pleased, as they enjoyed the fruit. Some had friends back at the old home who would send a few dried apples. Fathers and mothers would go without bread for weeks so the children could have it—the bread was usually made of rye flour or corn meal, there was no bolted flour in those days.

Deer were plentiful, and venison formed the chief article of diet, but some men were not good hunters. David Vaughn was a "mighty hunter" and often neighbors, when hard pressed for meat,

would get him to go hunting for them; all he asked was that they should work on the farm in his place. We are not told what was done in case he failed to obtain any game, the supposition is, he never failed. The deer were so tame they were often seen near the houses, and at the deerlicks sometimes a long line of them could be seen. The skins of deer were used for whip-lashes and for clothes. We are told a young man had a pair of deer skin pants made without tanning the hide; he wore them in the rain and when they dried they shrank all out of shape.

When a settler owned a cow he was well off; the cows were pastured on the common and usually wore a bell so they could be found. To churn, the cream was put in a large bottle or jug and was shaken until they had butter. Sometimes two or three neighbors who owned cows would put the milk together and make cheese; it was pressed in a four-quart or peck measure, according to size, and for a press placed under a log. It was often a long time before a barn was built, and some men would get up nights to chase their cows around so they would not freeze. Near every cabin a small patch of flax was raised; the women spun and wove it into cloth for clothes and general use. Sheep were soon brought and then woolen clothes were also made, but wolves were so numerous that at first it was very difficult to keep sheep. Women spun flax and sold it for five cents a knot; they spun tow, wove it and then made bags for which they received twenty-five cents each. They also braided whip-lashes; David Vaughn bought a horse for sixty dollars and paid it all by selling whip-lashes. They killed the deer, tanned the hides, then cut and braided lashes of six or seven strands each. A settler's daughter braided and sold whip-lashes enough to buy a silk dress. Mrs. Wm. Weaver made a coat for a neighbor, receiving one dollar for it, bought a bushel of

wheat and her husband cleared off enough land to sow the whole of it that year.

The wash-boards of early time were simply a piece of board and with a paddle called a "battle" they pressed out the dirt. The time of day was told by cutting notches on the door sill, if it faced the south or was on the south side of the house; this would answer well when the sun shone so they could keep track of the shadow.

We must not think of the people as being discouraged; they were doubtless as happy as we of to-day are. Their social life combined healthfulness with fun; log-rollings, husking-bees, spelling schools, raisings, besides the evening visits. We are told that after log-rolling, when supper was over they would sing hymns and songs and visit. The nearest neighbor might be three or four miles distant; they had no conveyance but an ox team and sled, no road but blazed trees, yet they would go for the evening; oftentimes there was very little to offer a guest, but they did not worry; they had as good as their neighbors, which was sometimes only potatoes and salt. Mrs. Chapman Brooks often told of the first time she was invited out to tea; it was at Samuel Person's, who then lived where Dr. Bixby's house now stands, Mr. Person's family were considered well-to-do, and had the best things of any one around; they had wooden plates and wooden forks and some pewter dishes. For supper there was johnnycake, sage tea and fried pork. The pork was fried, cut in small pieces and put on the pewter platter in the centre of the table; as there was no butter, each would reach over, take a small piece of pork as a relish for the johnnycake; a lump of sugar was suspended by a string and hung over the table; each in turn would take a bite as it was swung to and fro. Cow cabbage, called poor man's cabbage, was cooked and eaten; and some, at times, had little else. The first hen on record

here was brought by a woman on the Centreville road. Some one gave her a hen and fifteen eggs; she set the hen and raised the first chickens in Rushford. Chas. Swift is said to have had the first horses here.

When the settlers began to build barns and larger houses, it was customary at a "raising" to have a keg of whiskey. Wm. Weaver decided to omit the drink when his barn was raised and have a good supper; the men gathered and began to inquire for a drink; finding there was no whiskey, many said if he was too stingy to furnish drink they would go home, and they went, but enough remained to raise the barn. Usually a bottle of whiskey was broken on one of the plates and the building named; that day the young men broke a bottle of water and named the barn the "Flight of the Drunkard."

After a few years, spelling schools were common and in 1822 the school at Cady-town sent a challenge to several schools and among them to Rushford; Juliana Perry, of Rushford, only 12 years old, spelled the schools down. School houses were made of logs, and in case of spelling schools or preaching were lighted by torches in the evening; there were benches around the sides and no desks. To go with ox sleds, whether the ground was bare or not, was common for there were no roads, only bridle paths, blazed trees and Indian trails, and so many mud holes or stumps and logs, it was safer. When horses were to be had, young men would go to the merry-makings on horseback, taking their best girls up behind them. Wolves and bears were plentiful and occasionally a panther was seen; the wolves were very troublesome and a law was passed giving a bounty for the scalps of wolves and panthers. A young man by the name of Wilson living at Canadea came to Rushford to see a Freeman girl whom he afterwards married; he was a "fiddler"

and often played for dances. Going home one night after a dance the wolves chased him; he took refuge in a deserted old hut and the wolves followed. Wilson began playing, and was obliged to play until daylight when the wolves slunk away. He played first for the boys and girls, then for the wolves.

The settlers were kind to one another. Potatoes were scarce and many had none at all. Chas. Swift, who kept a tavern on the English farm, had a quantity; a stranger offered him a good price for all he had and pay the money down. "No," said Mr. Swift, "my neighbors have none, and they are in need of them and can pay me in work." Postage on a letter was twenty-five cents; the one to whom it was addressed having to pay. Often no money was to be had to pay the postage and sometimes it would be weeks before they could get it. Ozial Taylor hewed out sap troughs and sold them in order to get the money for a letter. Many others went through similar experiences. We are also told that some had arrangements made that a little mark on the letter would mean "All well," and the one to whom it was addressed would look at it and seeing the "All well" sign, would get some satisfaction in case he had no money and could not get the letter.

Although there were no churches, the settlers were for the most part not forgetful of God and the Sabbath day. Saturday afternoon many quit work and prepared for Sunday. The blessing was not only asked at the beginning of the meal in many families, but the head of the house arose and returned thanks at the conclusion.

Many amusing incidents occurred. Rev. Tom Pratt used to tell that a young couple came to him to be married; the young man said, "I have no money, nothing to pay you with but if you will marry us I will bring you a pig." The Rev. Pratt married them and three or four months later the

young man appeared with a blue spotted pig under his arm and gave it to Mr. Pratt.

One day Warren Bannister was dressing a sheep. A neighbor seeing him said, "What, Elder Bannister, meat again?" "You should not say 'meat again,' that implies we were out of meat; you should say 'more meat,' that would imply we had meat," replied Mr. Bannister.

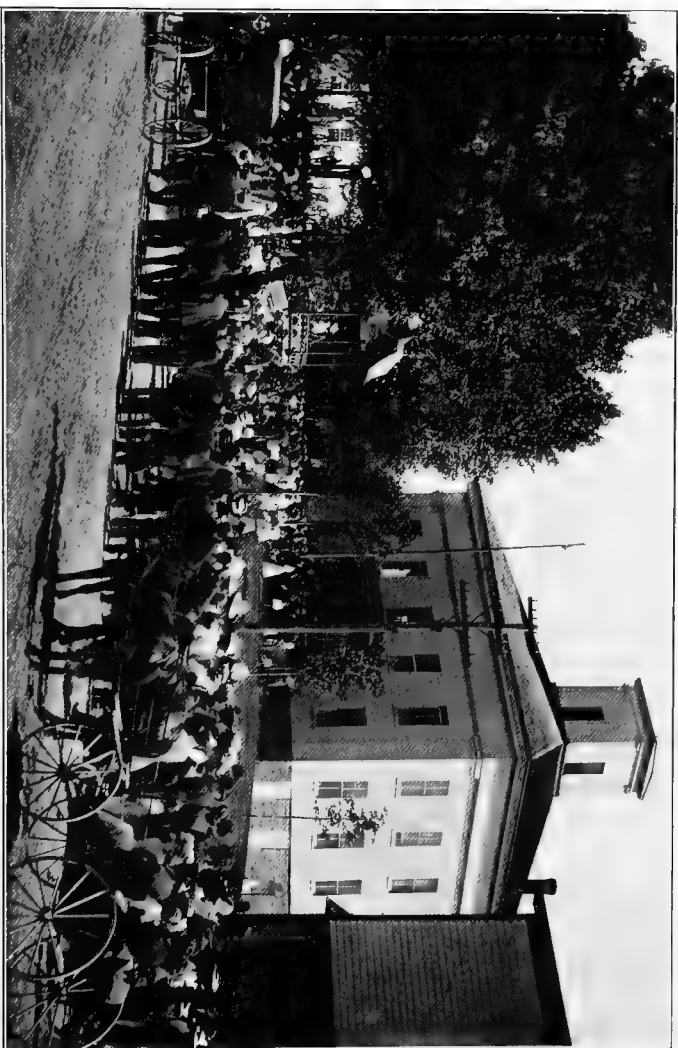
Mr. Gary kept a hotel and used to say he brought the fire from beyond the Genesee river and had never let it go out. The Indians used to buy bread of him, and would sometimes ask for bread, promising to bring venison later; they always brought it. At one time the Indians took sixpence worth and would pay in "two moons"; when the time was up they left two quarters of venison hanging on a post. The Indians were very glad to exchange venison for pork, which was a scarce article. Rev. Tom Pratt used to say that the pork barrel was often nearly empty and as it neared the last the pioneer would reach down, take up a piece, look at it and then drop it back. All he could think of was, "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound."

My grandmother, Hannah Walker Tarbell, used to feed the Indians as they passed her cabin on their way back and forth from the Genesee to the Allegheny rivers, and the Indians thought much of her. The "white woman," Mary Jami-son, and one of her children called there once. Ben Hudson, the chief, with a party of Indians often would stop and the Indians called her the "good squaw," and sometimes she would find a quarter of venison hanging near her door.

Many can remember when the first matches were brought here. Samuel Persons was much interested in the novelty and starting to light one burned up the whole box. At one time tobacco was very scarce; the nearest distributing point where supplies could be obtained was Cuylerville.

A young man wanting to go to a dance had no shoes; he cut off some leather from a saddle and made himself a pair of pumps. When they killed hogs, they would blow up the bladders, tan them in some way and make children's nightcaps of them, fit to the head and bind around with a little slip of cloth. Mrs. C. M. Alley says she has heard her mother, Mrs. Chapman Brooks, tell of going to East Pike on horseback and of buying blue calico for a dress, paying fifty cents per yard; she also bought a half yard of factory cloth to make Mr. Brooks a dickey.

Lonely indeed must have been their lot at times; the wolves howling around their log cabins, their nearest neighbor two or three miles away, and sometimes farther. The comforts and many of the necessities of life were lacking. The first settlers, before they started, obtained information and descriptions of the country from the land office or of some surveyor, and armed with this plunged boldly into the woods, having to make their own roads after leaving the last settlement behind them; one would choose a valley, the next wanted his home on a hill, but the site for the house was usually near a spring. If it was a long distance from any neighbor, a cabin built of poles was made first, simply because a man could not build a log house alone. In case of sickness or of trouble it was customary to blow a horn to call neighbors, providing the neighbor was within hearing distance; also when members of the family or other friends expected, did not arrive on time, a horn was blown to guide them. A young couple going to a wedding, lost their way; knowing that they intended coming and had not arrived, a horn was blown at intervals which the lost ones heard, and, guided by the sound, arrived safely. As it was some time before a physician located, near even, a woman, who happened to be a good nurse in sickness, would be called upon to go miles to care



STREET SCENE, CENTENNIAL WEEK

for the sick. It was so thinly settled that for several years they had to go as far as "Morgan Stand" to get men enough for a raising. Rushford grew beyond all other places around and in a few years many of these difficulties had vanished.

In telling the story we have to take the conditions of the earliest settlers and that of the majority into consideration. Even the few, who came here with means, were obliged to put up with many discomforts; it could not be otherwise when they journeyed to Albany for supplies, three hundred miles away.

I want to go back to Rushford—back to the old home town,
Where the friends I knew were true as blue, and some of great renown;
Where the grasp of a hand was rugged, but the clasp was firm and true;
And the eyes of the man behind them, looked honest and frank at you.

I want to go back to Rushford, back among the hills,
Where one can remember the pleasures and banish the world's ills;
To sit under the spreading elm tree, so tall and stately yet,
Where we romped and played as children—those joys we'll ne'er forget.

Back to dear old Rushford, where a fellow has elbow-room,
Where he's never afraid to cross the street for fear he'll meet his doom.
I want to hear the music of the dear old Rushford Band,
And in the old Academy I long once more to stand.

I want to go back to Rushford and visit the little band,
And help loyally to commemorate the settling of the land;
Back to the dear old home town, and the streets I've often trod—

For that was as near, I reckon, as I've ever been to God.

School Day Parade.

ARRANGED BY CATHERINE HYDE TARBELL.

Line of March.

From Agricultural Hall down the north side of Main Street, crossing in front of the Tarbell House to the south side of Main Street, and to the school grounds.

Marshal Romaine Benjamin,
The Rushford Cornet Band,
The Pupils of each district of Rushford,
The Alumni of the Rushford High School,
The Philomatheans of the Rushford Academy.

The pupils were divided into companies, carrying United States flags, each company headed by one of the High School boys acting as marshal. They marched up the school walk to the reviewing stand—the school building porch—then faced to the left and marched to the center space on the east side of the campus.

The Alumni and Philomatheans marched by classes to the space on the east side of the campus next the street. As each class was called the members marched to the reviewing stand, where they performed their stunts and then returned to the space at the left of the pupils.

CLASS OF 1908. 11 MEMBERS.

Represented by

Edith Poate,	Jennie Wilmot,	Ruth James,
Martha Williams,	Gertrude Crowell,	Estella Crowell.
Ethelyn Woods,	Edith Howard,	

Costume—Dressed as children, in white dresses with crimson sashes.

Stunt—Class Yell

Clickety, Clackety, Rickety, Rate!

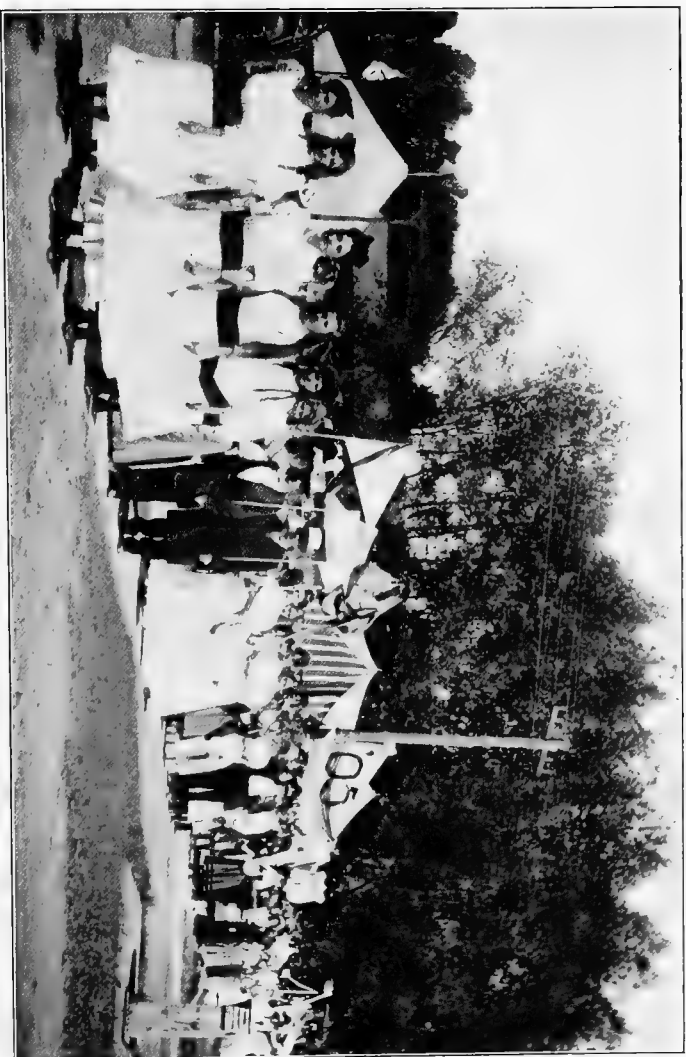
We are the class of 1908!

Loyal we'll be to the crimson and white

Rough though the storm and raging the fight.

Gladly we welcome you home for this day,

May you be happy in your lot alway.



THE SCHOOL DAY PARADE

CLASS OF 1907. 9 MEMBERS.

Represented by

Archie Lewis, impersonating Wm. J. Bryan—16 to 1 banner.
 Mary McFarland, G. N., impersonating Mrs. Bryan—Class
 banner, gold and white.
 Harrie Hall, impersonating Wm. H. Taft—G. O. P. banner.
 Gwendolin Gibby, impersonating Mrs. Taft.
 Stunt—One of us will occupy the White House. Which will
 it be?

CLASS OF 1906. 6 MEMBERS.

Represented by

May Brady, Millie Metcalf, B. N.,
 Louisa Harris, Winifred Merrell, G. N.,
 Helen Murray,

Misses Brady, Metcalf, Merrell and Murray were dressed in
 blue sprigged muslin made in the short waist and straight skirt
 style of one hundred years ago. They were preceded by Miss
 Harris, dressed in white with purple cap and sash, bearing a
 large gold banner with purple streamers.

Stunt—The minuet curtsey.

CLASS OF 1905. 13 MEMBERS.

Mother Goose Characters.

Mother Goose.....Grace Hardy
 Red and black peaked cap; red and black gown; large gray goose.
 Little Bo-Peep.....Marena Woods, G. N. '08
 Pink and white shepherdess' costume, crook.
 The Maiden All-Forlorn.....Cora McElheny
 Light blue gown, white cap and apron; milk pail.
 Red Riding-hood.....Frona Brockway, G. N. '07
 Red cloak with hood; basket.
 Little Miss Muffet.....Winifred Hill, G. N. '08
 Child's costume; spider.
 Little Jack Horner.....Elliott Gibby, B. and S. '08
 White ruffled blouse; knickerbockers; large sailor hat; pie.
 Queen of Hearts.....Elizabeth Poate, F. N. '07
 White dress decorated with red hearts; gilt crown.
 Tom the Piper's Son.....Charles Damon
 Brown Russian suit; with pig under arm.
 The Fat Man from Bombay.....Grover Babbitt
 Appropriate costume.
 Little Boy Blue.....William Calkins
 Little boy's suit of blue; tin horn.
 Simple Simon.....John Brady
 Little boy's suit; burlesque Merry Widow hat; fish pole.
 Old King Cole.....Greydon Davis
 Gray wig and beard; blue and tan suit; black cape with ermine
 border. Followed by the Messrs. Babbitt with violins
 as his fiddlers three.

Old Mother Hubbard.....Clare Mason, Br. N.
 Black peaked cap; black gown; cape; dog.

Class Banner—Large blue and gold banner.

Stunt—Each recited the couplet belonging to the character he represented; then all gave the class yell:

Razoo, Razoo, Rip, Rah Ree!
 We beat the record, ten plus three.
 Clickety, clackety, we're alive,
 Rushford High School, Nineteen five!

CLASS OF 1904. 3 MEMBERS.

Represented by

Anna Merrill, Genevieve McCall.

Miss Merrill wore a Spanish costume. Red silk skirt heavily spangled; black velvet bodice; black lace mantilla over head; cymbals. Miss McCall wore a red silk skirt; white waist; black silk laced girdle; black lace mantilla over head; banjo.

Stunt—The Spanish song, "Juanita."

CLASS OF 1903. 9 MEMBERS.

Represented by

Allan Gilbert, C. U.....Impersonating Daniel Webster.

Mr. Gilbert explained that the rest of his class represented famous American women, and called the roll.

Pocahontas.....Grace Fuller, G. N. '07
 Beautiful Indian costume.

Response—"Ugh! Me big Injun!"

Priscilla.....Katherine Baldwin
 Puritan costume.

Response—"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Martha Washington.....Ethel Tait, B. N. '07
 Martha Washington costume.

Response—"First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Barbara Frietchie.....Genevieve A. Pratt, B. N. '08
 1860 costume.

Response—"Shoot, if you will, this old gray head, but spare my country's flag, she said."

Carrie Nation.....Kate Proctor, C. U.
 Plain black dress and bonnet; hatchet.

Response—"Down with the saloon, smash the saloon!"

Class Yell:

Flippity, Flippity, Flippity Flop!
 We are, we are, at the top.
 Zip, Boom, Za,
 Rip, Rah, Ree
 Rushford High School
 1903!



THE SCHOOL DAY PARADE

CLASS OF 1902. 1 MEMBER.

Represented by

Lucy Poate, F. N. '04.

Beautiful gold embroidered Oriental costume.

Donald Leavens in Japanese costume preceded Miss Poate. He carried a Japanese lantern, upon which was the year '02.

Stunt—Obeisance and salutation in ceremonious Japanese.

CLASS OF 1901. 5 MEMBERS.

Ruth Laning, G. N. '07, Ethel King Babcock, B. N. '04,
Myrtee Metcalf Bush.

Silk gowns and straw bonnets of 1850.

Stunt—Deep curtsy.

CLASS OF 1900. 3 MEMBERS.

*Represented by*Earl G. Taylor, R. B. C. '02.....“Uncle Sam”
Star and stripe costume.

CLASS OF 1899. 5 MEMBERS.

*Represented by*Carrie M. Tarbell, G. N., I. C. N.,
Frances M. Merrill, S. U.

Red Cross nurses' costume. Each carried a large bouquet of purple clematis and golden rod.

CLASS OF 1897. 8 MEMBERS.

*Represented by*Bessie Thomas, M. Raymond Atwell, S. U., '03,
S. Archie Taylor, Earl D. Kilmer, U. of B., '04.
Clarence H. Thomas, U. of B. '03.

Miss Thomas was dressed in white, large white hat trimmed with red, riding a Shetland pony. Over her head a canopy of red and white, from which depended streamers carried by four young men of the class dressed in red trousers, white shirt waists and red ties.

Stunt—Class Yell:

Are we in it?

Well—I guess!

Ninety-seven, ninety-seven,

R. H. S.!

CLASS OF 1896. 12 MEMBERS.

*Represented by*Mary F. Calkins, G. N., '99, Grace Farewell-Lynde,
Grace Claus-Taylor, Ednah Merrill-Thomas, G. N., '99.
Edith Kendall-Pettit.

Costume—White dresses; garlands of large white daisies with yellow streamers over right shoulder and crossing to left side.

Banner—White and gold.

Stunt—Class Yell:

Tu Lah, Tic Lah,
 Tu Lic Tah!
 Rushford, Rushford,
 Rah, Rah, Rah!
 We are, we are,
 Two times six,
 Rock Chalk, Jay Hawk,
 Ninety-six!

CLASS OF 1895. 11 MEMBERS.

Represented by

Inez L. Leavens, G. N., '98,	Rena N. Taylor,
Delia L. Mason, A. N. C., '02,	Rene Merrill-Grove,

Grover Hall.

The ladies wore white dresses and large pink hats with green tam crowns, trimmed with pink roses.

Mr. Hall—Light flannel suit.

Mr Hall preceded the ladies, bearing a large pink and green banner, heart shape. Four wide pink streamers, fastened to the banner, were carried by the ladies.

Stunt—Song, "School Days" and Class Yell:

Kee-i, Kee-i, Kee-i Ki!
 We are eleven of the Rushford High.
 Are we in it?
 Well, I guess,
 Ninety-fivers, R. H. S.!

CLASS OF 1893. 4 MEMBERS.

May Gorden-Wilmot,	Talcott Brooks, C. U., '01,
Margaret Kendall-Pratt,	John A. Bush.

Costume—College cap and gown.

Large red and white banner with streamers.

Stunt—Class Yell:

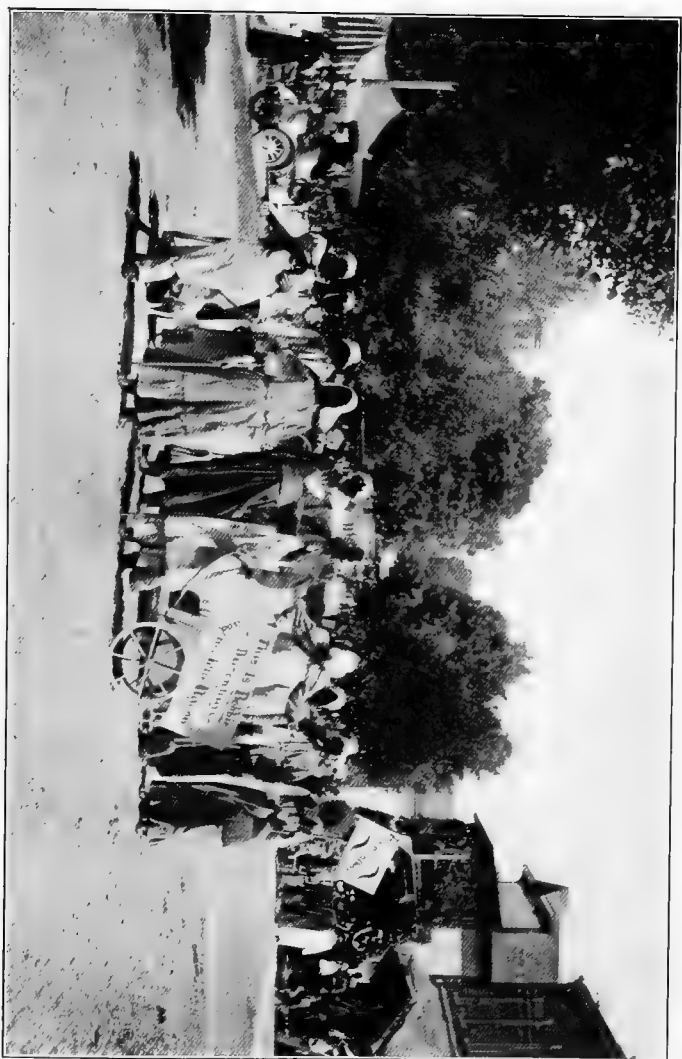
Zepala, Zepala,
 Boom, Hah, Hah!
 Rushford, Ninety-three,
 Rah, Rah, Rah!

CLASS OF 1889.

Cora Beaumont, G. N., '91.

Costume—College cap and gown.

Marched with Class of 1893.



THE SCHOOL DAY PARADE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

Represented by

B. F. Babbitt,	William Ingleby,
W. H. Benson,	B. D. Keyes,
Lucian Benjamin,	W. H. Leavens,
Alex Conway,	R. B. Laning,
E. C. Gilbert,	Homer Tarbell,
F. G. Gordon,	L. J. Thomas.

Costume—Calico dress; sunbonnet; broom.

W. H. Leavens, hand organ; F. G. Gordon, leading dog.

Stunt—Song, "We are Yankee Doodle Dandies."

Note 1.—Graduates who have spent at least a year in a higher institution of learning, also those who have not yet finished their course, have the initials of their school placed after their names. Those who have finished their course of study are credited with the year of graduation.

C. U.	Cornell University,
S. U.	Syracuse University,
U. of B.	University of Buffalo,
A. N. C.	Albany Normal College.
B. and S.	Bryant and Stratton Business College.
R. B. C.	Rochester Business College,
I. C. M.	Ithaca Conservatory of Music,
Br. N.	Brockport Normal,
B. N.	Buffalo Normal,
F. N.	Fredonia Normal,
G. N.	Geneseo Normal.

Note 2.—The Rushford Band played while the classes were marching to the reviewing stand. Mrs. Talcott Brooks was the pianist.

School Day, August 20, 1908.

AFTERNOON PROGRAM, 1 P. M.

Grand Parade, headed by the Rushford Cornet Band, the pupils of each district in the town of Rushford, the graduates of the Rushford High School and the Philomathean Society of the Rushford Academy will march the length of Main street to the school grounds, where short exercises will be held.

Music Duet

Anna Merrill and Elsie Tarbell

History of the School Miss Ellen Lyman

Music Solo

Robert Woods

Remarks by Representatives of the Several School Societies.

Philomathean.....	W. F. Bement
Mystic.....	Mrs. M. B. Roberts
Polyhymnian.....	Miss Myrtie E. Nye
Present Philomathean..	H. Kendall Hardy
Music.....	Duet
Anna Merrill and Elsie Tarbell	
Reminiscences of school life by former Principals and Students.	
Music.....	Quartette
Millie C. Metcalf	Jennie Wilmot
Charles Damon	Robert Woods

History of the School.

ELLEN LYMAN.

Some one has well said that the early settlers of a locality have a far-reaching influence on the growth and prosperity of a community. They sow the seeds of their characteristics, which are just as sure to grow and produce after their kind as the corn and potatoes they plant.

Our schools are the result of good ancestral blood. The early settlers, nine-tenths of whom were of sturdy New England stock, struggling in a half-cleared wilderness, with debt and heavy taxes to open roads, a necessity they could not get along without, seeming to have a comprehensive and practical grasp of the matter, resolved—come what would—education should not be neglected. They prepared, as soon as possible, to build school-houses, then churches.

The town was organized in 1816, and in 1818 fifty dollars for schools was voted; in 1819 sixty dollars and sixty cents. In 1821, this is the record: Resolved, "That the town raise school money to the extent of the law," a remarkable resolution, a forecast, the corner-stone of the old Rushford Academy. This resolution to raise money to the



ELLEN LATHROP HOLDEN



NELLIE MARIE DICKEY



MARY LATHROP HOLDEN

extent of the law was not a spasmodic effort, for it was repeated in 1822-23-24-25, and in 1830 was added the clause, "the balance now on hand of poor funds and moneys collected from strays." In 1840 and '41, it was voted to double the amount of school money, so that taxation for education kept even pace with the increasing prosperity.

School districts were formed as rapidly as there seemed need, and the parents could get enough ready money to send their children, even a part of the time. In those early days tuition must be paid according to the number of days each child attended, and if the head of the family found it out of the question to raise the money required, then the children must remain at home and depend for instruction upon the older ones.

Schools were held in rooms of private houses until such time as the settlers could cut and prepare logs for the buildings. The furnishings usually consisted of a chair for the teacher, and for the pupils seats made of slabs, with round sticks cut from sapplings for legs, too high for the feet of the little ones to reach the floor, but on which they must sit bolt upright. Parker Woodworth, of Girard, Penn., tells us that when a young boy he attended school in a log building across the street from where the Methodist Church now stands; that Aunt Huldah Kinney taught him his letters, and was very sure to have the feet "toe the mark."

Some time later the school houses in the village districts were situated, one nearly opposite the residence of Mrs. Ellen Nye, the other across from the old home of John Robinson. A few of the early teachers were Miranda Knickerbocker, Avery Washburn, Monroe Washburn, Mrs. Martha Woodworth Howser, Mrs. Cynthia Brooks Woodworth, Mrs. Aurora Thompson Green, William B. Alley (later Dr. Alley of Nunda), Ira Crawford, Asa Burleson, Miss Cross and Miss

Swift. Of this list, Avery Washburn, Mrs. Green and Mr. Burleson are now living.

As early as 1849 there seemed to be a growing demand for an institution where the young men and women of the town should obtain a higher education than that furnished by the common schools, and the community as a whole seemed to think there could be no better paying investment than to establish a school for that purpose, by which their own and the children from adjoining towns might profit. Accordingly, sufficient funds were raised by subscription to erect, in 1851, the Academy, the building now used for the Union School, and so much energy was manifested that the next spring the school was equipped and ready for business, with the following Board of Trustees: B. T. Hapgood, President; Robert Norton, Secretary and Treasurer; Dr. William McCall, Corresponding Secretary; William Merryfield, Washington White, Oliver D. Benjamin, Titus Bartlett, Isaac Stone, John G. Osborn, Israel Thompson, James Gordon, 2nd; Charles Benjamin, John Holmes, Sampson Hardy, William Gordon, Alonzo H. Damon.

Many others were prominent in petitioning for the School, among them Isaiah Lathrop.

The first Board of Instruction consisted of Ira Sayles, Principal; W. W. Bean, Assistant; Miss Frances Post, Assistant; Mrs. S. C. Sayles, Assistant Teacher in French; Miss Aurora Bailey, Assistant Teacher in Music; Miss M. B. B. Sayles, Assistant Teacher in the Primary Department.

As this was among the first schools to be established for this purpose in Western New York, there were students from all the surrounding towns, Hume, Belfast, Centerville, Angelica, Farmersville, Oramel, Cuba, Pike, Scio, Freedom, Hinsdale, New Hudson, Amity, Lyndon, Franklinville, Caneadea, Granger, Portage, Orleans, Holland, Caroline, Groveland, Belvidere

and one each from Steuben, Pennsylvania and New Market, Canada West; total number, three hundred and three. The majority were eager students, entering into all their duties with zeal and earnestness.

Of Prof. Sayles, one of his old students writes: "It would have been difficult to find a better and more competent man, strict, impartial, always ready to work for the best interest of the school and town, and withal one of the most eminent geologists in this part of the State. He remained as Principal for five years, from 1852 to 1857, and was succeeded by G. W. F. Buck, who was a graduate of Lima, N. Y., and came with high honors.

Prof. Buck began his work here with interest and enthusiasm. He remained in Rushford as Principal until 1865, and many who are here will remember him with respect and affection. He inspired his pupils with the belief that he was able to answer correctly any question that might be asked. He was well-informed on all subjects and one of the best of teachers in the sciences. Among his assistants we find the following: Rev. M. C. Dean, John S. Spicer, George S. Albee, Miss Antoinette Kendall, Miss Albertine Olivia Buck, Frank Thompson, Charles N. Brown, Hiram A. Coats, Lucien L. Benjamin and Howell Williams. The course of study during this period was comprehensive enough to cover the first two years in any college in the State at that time. I find there were seventeen who finished the course, among them Mrs. Sylvia Baker Whitney, Mrs. Antoinette Kendall Stacy, Mrs. Ruthen Smith Browne, Rev. F. E. Woods, Hiram Coats, Hiram Walker, Latham Higgins, F. E. Hammond and Robert and William Crawford. We have not been able to obtain the names of the other seven. J. E. McIntyre followed Prof. Buck as Principal, and remained until 1867.

In 1866 the people of school districts numbers one and five began to be agitated over a project to unite and organize a Union School, according to a law passed in 1864, as amended in 1865. A call was made by thirty-two taxpayers for a consolidation. In answer, the Trustees appointed the twenty-seventh day of August, 1866, as the time of meeting. It was decided in the affirmative, and the consent of the State authorities having been obtained, a committee of five, A. T. Cole, O. T. Stacy, C. W. Woodworth, John G. Osborn and James Gordon, 2nd, were appointed to select a board of education. The report recommended O. T. Stacy, O. T. Higgins, J. P. Bixby, C. J. Elmer, Stanbury Gordon and Wolcott Griffin. They were duly elected.

In 1867 Prof. Sayles was again engaged as instructor, for the people remembered the high standing of the school during his former principalship. He remained until 1870, when he left to make a home in Virginia.

Other Principals were: A. J. Crandall, '70-'71; Dana Jenison, '71-'73; William Girdell and W. W. Bean, '73-'76; F. J. Diamond, '76-'77; M. L. Spooner, '77-'80; H. J. Van Norman, '80-'82; J. M. McKee, '82-'85; W. D. Moulton, '85; W. H. Wilson, '85-'87; Edward Maguire, '87-'93; William C. White, '93-'94; H. J. Walter, '94-'96; Joseph Howerth, '96-'97; H. W. Harris, '97-'99; S. K. Brecht, '99-1901; Frederick Leighton, '01-'04; W. Eugene Powell, '04-'06; Gray M. Moreland, '06-'07; Howard F. Brooks, '07-'08, and Lester C. Sterner, '08.

Many of these were college men, the others were graduates of our best normal schools and all have labored faithfully to sustain the high standard of excellence required by the community, ably seconded by their assistants.

Among the principals F. J. Diamond has the degree of Ph.D., to Mr. Maguire belongs the

honor of placing the Union School on a firm and sure footing, and it was near the beginning of Mr. Leighton's term and largely due to his efforts that it became a High School. The Union graded school was changed to High School in 1901.

Much excellent work has been done, as the Regents can testify. There have been 109 graduates, the class of '88 being the first and consisting of one member, Cornelia Weaver; '89, Cora Beaumont; '90, C. Hanford Kendall; '92, Frank A. Bailey; 1902, Lucy S. Poate; the other classes average about six members each.

As a community we are justly proud of the work of the graduates of our school; very few of them are satisfied with the knowledge that they are doing well—most of them are striving to raise the standard and do better still.

Many thanks are due to the several school boards who have worked without other compensation than a consciousness of laboring in a good cause.

Success to our High School.

School Reminiscences.

W. F. BEMENT.

I well remember the discussion, pro and con, in regard to the building and equipment of the old Rushford Academy, which, at that time, was a most important event in the history of the town. I was there in person; I heard the plans for the enterprise previously discussed; I saw the framework of the building raised and attended its first term of school. There were in attendance a goodly number of resident students and many from adjoining towns. Many of the assistants were changed during the first terms, but Prof. Sayles remained in full possession when I left, and a better and more competent man it would have been difficult to find. Our Professor furnished us with lectures on astronomy, philosophy and physiology.

We had our entertainments where supplies of eatables were amply provided, thereby maintaining a friendly feeling among the students and interesting the public generally in the welfare of the school.

It is a pleasure to think over the names of the students; I was not aware I could recall so many. Among the rest, the name of Peter Mead—I can't forget Peter, who was preparing for the ministry and boarded in the family of the Baptist minister—comes to mind. He made a speech from the rostrum on one of the regular times for our publics, and chose for his subject "The Devil." He had been greatly disturbed some nights previous by a "Horning Bee," and his subject was no doubt suggested by an improvised machine which the crowd had with them.

Among the school exhibitions, the one which seemed to make the most lasting impression was that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," played in the Chapel by members of the school. Some of those who represented the different characters were Isaac Weaver of Centerville, who took the part of St. Clair; Lois Bell of Rushford that of Topsy (and she did it up to the text); and I think Isaac Van Ostrand of Granger was Uncle Tom. The room was crowded to its utmost capacity, for the people came from far and near to attend and enjoy the entertainment. The people of the North being greatly agitated over the slavery question, the time was ripe for the presentation of the subject as prepared by Mrs. Stowe, and the actors entered into the drama with heart and soul. I have witnessed many "Star" performances of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" since, but none, in my judgment, that equalled the one in the old Chapel. There were many duties that were pleasant, and many that were irksome, but absolutely for the benefit of the students. Among the latter, the one most dreaded by the majority was public

declamation. Soon after the beginning of the first term, the order came to be prepared on a certain day with a selection to declaim. Orders must be obeyed, so I made my selection and repaired to the Chapel at the appointed time. No one knew who was to be the first victim. Prof. Sayles first gave preliminary instruction in relation to manner, position and gestures—then called Bowen Gordon for the first speaker. The question in my mind was—Who next? I kept my eyes on Bowen that I might learn how. He walked up on to the stage, presenting a bold front. So far, so good; I could do that. Then began his oration. What he said I do not know, but very soon he turned about and looked out of the window, and while I was looking and taking in the situation, Bowen moved quietly to his seat among the audience. Then, all at once, and to my consternation, my name was called. I obeyed, and when I faced that gathering of fellow-students, it seemed that their number had increased more than a hundred-fold. I had a short speech of two verses, and whether I whispered or yelled I cannot say, but I stopped at the end of the first verse and retired from the platform with as good a grace as I could muster. Bowen told me afterward that, if the window had been open and the distance not so far to earth, he should have jumped out and taken the consequences.

There are many other matters of interest that could be mentioned, which occurred during my school days in Rushford, but perhaps these will be sufficient.

I give some of the scholars as they come to mind: Copeland Gordon, Wesley Gordon, Hiram Gilbert, Amanda Gilbert, John B. Stewart, Albert A. Abbott, Orville Abbott, Abbie Abbott, A. L. Aldrich, Miss Grimard, Helen Doland, Ellen White, Stella White, Edwin A. Bartlett, Frank Thompson, Emma Thompson, Julia Thompson,

Frank McCall, Mary McCall, Mary Allen, Ellen Osborne, Sardis Rawson, Helen Merryfield, James Merryfield, America Lathrop, Julia Lathrop, Ellen Lathrop, Jennie Laning, Antoinette Kendall, Latham Higgins, Laura Higgins, Martha Higgins, O. T. Stacy, Mary Stacy, Ellen Stacy, Jennie Stacy, Peter Mead, Miriam Keyes, William E. Keyes, Sylvia Baker, Emma Baker, Tilden Hopkins, Michael Hanks, Mr. Piersons, Grace Hoyt, Kate Hoyt, Charles Burr, Amelia Burr, Jane Hammond, Marietta Hammond, Jonas Hammond, Helen Byrnes, Henry M. Teller, Willard Teller, Mr. Weaver, Webster Hardy, Asa Hardy, Lois Bell, Debias Worthington, Wm. H. Worthington, F. E. Woods, W. F. Woods, Murray Blanchard, Albert Bishop, Adaline Bishop, Soloman R. Seeley, Loretta Seeley, Ensworthy McKinney, Nathan Lyman, James Spofford, Orra Morris, Delos Graves, Harriet Cummings, Clinton Bond, H. G. Bond, C. W. Saunders, Frank Saunders, Wealthy Gleason, Joel G. Morgan, Hiram G. Coats, Bowan Gordon.

These were among those whom I knew during the terms of my attendance, and in my retrospective view, I plainly see them, each and all, as in the days of over fifty years ago.

Philomathean Society.

These notes were contributed largely by W. F. Bement, of Cuba, New York.

Not long after the opening of the Rushford Academy, the young men organized a Literary Society. It was finally named the Philomathean Society,

The room in the third story of the south-east corner of the building was obtained of the trustees for the purposes of the Society. Within, and with closed doors, the constitution was framed and, after much discussion upon the different clauses therein contained, adopted and signed by

the following members: C. W. and Frank Saunders, H. M. and William Teller, A. L. Aldrich, Delos Graves, Isaac Van Nostrand, Mr. Weaver, Frank Woods, Debias Worthington, John B. Stewart, Frank Thompson, Edwin A. Bartlett, Orrin Thrall Stacy, Tilden Hopkins, Joel G. Morgan, Hiram G. Bond, Francis Findley, A. A. Abbott, Orville Abbott and Murray Blanchard. Perhaps the names of some members have been omitted, but this is the list as far as can be ascertained. Charles Wesley Saunders of Belfast was President, and Joel G. Morgan of Freedom, Secretary. A fund was raised to furnish the room with carpet, chairs, settees, tables, lamps and chandelier.

Regular meetings were held once a week. There was public discussion in the Chapel at appointed times. Two members, who chose their own subject and had two weeks for preparation, were chosen to represent the Society.

The Society also maintained a course of lectures, which were open to the public, given by such men as Horace Mann, Dr. E. H. Chapin, Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, Frederick Douglass and Josh Billings. These speakers were expensive, but they drew large audiences. The Society paid expenses, with a surplus left in the treasury.

The years called the "Fifties" were those of political unrest both in Europe and America, and the questions which agitated those countries were discussed within the walls of the Philomathean Society, but none so completely engrossed its time and attention as that of slavery. They demonstrated that they were not only lovers of learning, but lovers of liberty as well; and many of them, in the Civil War that followed, gave their time and their lives in defence of their principles.

John B. Stewart, during the Kansas trouble, went from the school to that territory and was killed by a band of border ruffians. When the

news reached home an indignation meeting was held by the Society, and throughout the town indignation was freely expressed at this lawlessness.

Wm. Teller became a noted lawyer in Colorado. He was a brother of U. S. Senator Teller. Hiram Bond became a broker in New York, afterward Judge, and died suddenly while riding over a large estate in Oregon, where his son survives him.

During the administration of G. W. F. Buck the organization continued to flourish, and be more or less prosperous according as the students were interested in such work, until it adjourned "*sine die*."

Philomathean Lyceum.

B. F. BABBITT.

The Philomathean Lyceum was reorganized at the beginning of Professor Bean's principalship. Prior to that there had been one or more organizations of the same name, the last of which had been defunct several years, from a combination of complications, supplemented by the acute one of insolvency; presumably from the fact that its principal asset left to us as a legacy was a bill for several dollars, promptly presented by the drug store for kerosene, stationery and miscellaneous articles it had received. Whether its dictionary, reference books and the rest of its library and archives had been attached for debts, or attached in some other obvious way, is one of the uncertainties of those times. The record book of former purchases, the constitution and by-laws, weekly journal of its proceedings, and a worn copy of Cushing's Manual, safely past the period of being worth stealing, were the only visible relics of its past greatness.

Three of the school trustees favored a reorganization, two were indifferent or non-committal about it, and the sixth one, Dr. Mason, strenuously opposed it from beginning to end, and all

through the middle, alleging that its sessions had been invariably held behind closed doors, undirected and uncontrolled by the school authorities; that its influences were in a general way demoralizing, and much else of that general purport, without coming to tangible specifications. I suggested as a compromise, and to placate such as might be disposed to take his view of the matter, that the school teachers and trustees should be admitted upon courtesy whenever they might apply, but it apparently only confirmed his belief that it masked some sinister design.

After considerable manœuvring by various factions to give the Society a twist in certain directions the organization was perfected by adopting the original constitution, with the amendment last mentioned, as an all around conciliatory measure.

Of the membership at that time or during the two or three successive years in which I took a more or less active part in its proceedings and deliberations I now recall the names of: Samuel and Henry Talcott, the only ones that had been members of the previous organization; Rollin Houghton, John Renwick, King Smith, Alfred Green, Will Worden, Truman Wier, Burton Harrison, Willard Morrison, Forest Aiken, Alex. Conway, Winnie Persons, Bertie Bean, William B. Kivilen, Thomas and T. M. James, Frank Beaumont, Daniel Callihan, Henry Mason, W. H. Benson, Herbert Elmer, R. B. Laning, Lucian Hardy, E. C. Gilbert, Homer Tarbell, Fred Gordon, W. H. Leavens and W. D. Woods. Very likely I would recollect others upon the mention of their names.

I well remember being appointed upon a preliminary provisional committee of three, to devise ways and means and make recommendations for a new society. The committee handed in at least one report signed by a majority of its members

and two minority reports. It subsequently developed that the committee itself was positively unanimous on the one question only, of admitting girls to membership upon equal terms with the boys. The directive influence of said committee, as well as the appreciation of femininity by the aforesaid membership, is well illustrated by the fact that the committee was actually able to command its own three votes only in the meeting it was submitted to. I remember thanking the meeting in behalf of the committee for their loyal and generous support of the measure, and complimenting their freedom from feminine allurements, and hoping that they might ever remain equally as free from various restraints.

The weekly sessions began with reading the minutes of the preceding meeting, and clearing the table of left-over business. Then followed a summary of the week's current events, without any comments whatsoever; then a short reading by rotation from some of the manuals on parliamentary usage, also selections from works upon political economy and civil government, with calls for comments, explanations, and so forth; a biographical sketch of some individual of this county; a declamation, or the reading of a few stanzas of poetry; and then the soul-torturing ordeal of making a three or five minutes' extemporaneous discourse upon any subject the presiding officer might see fit to give to the poor unfortunate, after his appearing and saluting the audience. If that did not put a quietus on loquacity, there never has been anything invented that either would or will. It is by all odds the worst contrivance to prompt one's forgetting apparatus imagination can conceive of. When it is just running under normal conditions, it will congest thoughts and paralyze purposes. People that can, apparently, talk a lifetime, after they have already told all they had to say and a considerable more, can be switched out

of reach of their particular hobbies, and hung up speechless. It will work exactly as well on a highly civilized, cultured being as it does with the ordinary, commonplace barbarian. Then came a debate upon some question of relevancy. All members had a chance to speak twice under such limitations as the amount of time available before eleven o'clock would warrant. The leaders had double the time of the others to sum up the evidence and dates already brought out, honoring (except in practice) the rule that no new evidence should then be introduced.

The most difficult intricacy was the selection of a question for the next meeting, the import or wording of which would not cause all or nearly all members to prefer one side of it. Last before adjournment came a pretty general and quite well deserved all-around calling down by the censors and critics. By the way, I cannot remember that any of the school trustees ever visited the Lyceum, while I was present, and it was very seldom that any of the teachers, excepting the Professor, was there. Quite a delegation of pretty girls was invariably in attendance, with somewhat embarrassing effects, at each open session.

Professor Bean was a very modest and sensitive man, so it would take him considerable time to recover and collect his scattered wits. I shall always remember the last time he ever volunteered in our Lyceum debates. The question involved some civil damage proposition to the Local Option Law. Mr. Houghton was leading the affirmative, and I was trying to lead the negative, or letting it go where it wanted to. Houghton had a peculiarity of elaborating ingenious theories, and then recapitulating them interrogatively and telling you that you must say *yes* or *no* to this. I knew by experience that either alternative would involve, in some manner, some ulterior implication or inference, and warned

my supporters to studiously evade them. When the debate was all through but summing up, Professor Bean was called upon for remarks. It happened that the question was one that he was deeply interested in as a temperance extremist, and much to my discomfort, proceeded to make what seemed to me to be a prepared speech, in which he several times repeated a stock phrase of his, "I'll stake my honor on this," and to make the matter still worse for my side of the case, he called my supporters and myself to account for not answering Houghton's innocent questions, when simply *yes* or *no* would do it, and insinuated that we had not treated Mr. Houghton fairly, etc. Then Houghton further amplified their obvious advantages in summing up the affirmative. I gathered up and classified what remnants of arguments and evidence we had left, in summing up for the negative, with a profound realization that our only hope lay in breaking the force, strength and connections of their argumentative structure, and as usual was desperately short of logic to do it with; so resorted to ridicule, expressing surprise that the Principal of the school should even try to induce the Lyceum to gamble by three times offering to "stake his honor," but that was not half so surprising as it was to have him think that the Lyceum might or would gamble on such an absurdly small and ridiculous bonus as a gambling Professor's "honor." I at once turned to Houghton's interrogatives (without any fear of their ulterior capabilities, for no one could speak again), intending to handle them barehanded at last. While doing so, I perceived by the purple crimson color of the Principal's face that he was thoroughly disconcerted, and asked him directly if those questions could be answered by yes or no. He nodded assent. Then I asked him if any question could be. He nodded his head again. "Very well," said I, "now just answer this one by simply say-

ing yes or no: 'Have you stopped pounding your wife?' " He has not answered it yet, but the debate was favorably decided soon. Although my boarding house was nearby his house, I did not walk down there with him that night, and was rather tardy at school the next morning, stopping in Sill's jewelry store just long enough to very quietly step into the school room during chapel services—but he did not speak to me about it until I met him on the Pennsylvania Railroad eleven years later.

Much could be learned by an observing person in a lyceum conducted as that one was, and it is gratifying, for instance, that not a single one of the numerous parliamentary blunders that have been made in our town caucuses, some of them causing factional divisions and alignments of many years' duration, has been caused by the stupidity of a single person that got a good thorough drilling in those tactics in the old Philomathean.

It is a pastime and recreation to trace memory's course backward into those delightful days of giddy hopes and glittering expectations, but it produces an impression that there is something fundamentally and radically wrong in chronological reckonings, then or now, for it really seems to me that there was just as much time between Christmas and the Fourth of July then as there is in a year now, and the period between the Fourth and Christmas then would duplicate another modern year.

Present Philomathean Society.

Soon after Frederick Leighton became Principal of the Rushford High School, in 1901, the subject of forming a literary society was agitated among the students, and the outcome was a meeting of those interested, and the election of the following officers: Ethel King, President; Ethel Tait, Vice-President; Allan Gilbert, Secretary;

Katherine Baldwin, Treasurer; Earl Kingsbury, Teller.

The name—Philomathean—was unanimously chosen, either from sentiment or as a characterization of its members. There were present at the first meeting, which was held in October, forty-two active and five associate members. The program consisted of music, readings and recitations, followed by a debate on the question—"Resolved, That woman should have political equality with man," which was decided in the affirmative.

Under the auspices of this Society a series of lectures and entertainments were furnished, which were liberally patronized by outsiders; and, in connection with the school, a paper called *The Banner* was published every month, containing original poems, essays, communications from former pupils and friends, school happenings and spicy editorial comments. Its life was brief, because of the added work and lack of financial support. The subscribers missed its cheery presence.

The Society still has a good membership and enthusiasm in its work. Debates form a part of the programs, and sometimes especially fine music is rendered.

The present officers (August, 1908), are H. Kendall Hardy, President; Millard Smith, Vice-President; Mary Baldwin, Secretary; Leighton Morris, Treasurer.

Its open meetings are enjoyed by the public.

The Mystic Society.

The following information regarding the organization and object of the Mystic Society of Rushford Academy was furnished by Prof. G. W. F. Buck of Pittsburg, Georgia, and the names of members collected by Mrs. M. B. Roberts:

Some time during the first terms of the Rush-

ford Academy there was formed a Literary Society for the benefit of the young men, but more especially for the young lady students, until the winter of 1859, when "the Mystic Society" was organized for debate, reading of essays, literary improvement in general and as a means of social enjoyment.

The membership was never numerous, but intended rather to be select and congenial. No name outside the school is found among the list of members except that of the late Mrs. Cynthia C. Woodworth, who was very helpful in all the public or semi-public enterprises, not only of the societies, but of the entire school. She came to be styled among the members the "*arbiter elegantum*." The list contains many who have made a name for themselves in literary circles. Among the honorary members we find the names of Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott), Fanny Fern (Mrs. Parton), Mrs. L. H. Sigourney and Cora L. V. Hatch, now Mrs. Richmond.

There were a few public sessions, but publicity was not much desired by this Society, more quiet means of culture being in keeping with the characters of most of its members. There was, however, one public session held in March, 1859, by the Mystics and Philomatheans which was long remembered. It was reported in full in the *Rushford News Letter*, and the report says: "It was such an entertainment as Prof. Buck may be proud to have repeated."

Many of the members from elsewhere, having finished their work and left for their homes, the Society was dissolved in the Spring of 1862.

Names of the Mystics as far as can be ascertained:

Ellen Green, Antoinette Kendall, Eleanor Sessions, Margaret Mary Williams, America Lathrop, Julia Lathrop, Mary McCall, Marian Keyes, Mary A. Freeman, Sarah Tufts, Julia Thompson,

Marietta Hammond, Myra Freeman, Sylvia Baker, Emma Baker, Emily Bridgeman, Lydia Bridgeman, Helen Doland, Louise McKinney.

Polyhymnian.

Address delivered by MYRTIE EMILY NYE,
Rushford Centennial.

MADAM PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Dear Friends, all—When I received Miss Lyman's letter asking me to talk to you for five minutes, I was both surprised and pleased. Pleased that you remembered me, but surprised at your asking me to do it, and the only alluring thing about it, which made me say "Yes," was that she said five minutes, and used the word "talk." You know I couldn't write a paper if I tried, and I never in all my life made a speech, but I can *talk* all day. Don't be alarmed! I'm not going to do it, and even if I wanted to, I have a cousin in the audience, who has promised to hold up her watch if I talk over five minutes.

The Polyhymnian Society was organized in the fall of 1878, during the time Professor Spooner was Principal of our school—in fact he was its originator. Well do I remember one afternoon when a paper was passed around the senior department stating the need of such a society, as the time in school for the study of literature was too short.

The first meeting was held in the old Lyceum Room, Thursday evening, October 3rd, 1878. The following persons were present: Professor M. L. Spooner, H. C. Elmer, D. Callahan, H. R. Charles, F. E. White, C. Crowell, H. E. Tarbell, G. D. Ryder, E. C. Gilbert, O. L. Elliott, Helen J. White, Jennie Laning, Kate Lundrigan, Nellie E. Persons, Esther Wilmot, Myrtie E. Nye, Verna Gordon and Ella Farwell. All but D. Callahan joined the Society.

The following officers were elected: President, E. C. Gilbert; Vice-President, Helen J. White; Secretary, O. L. Elliott; Treasurer, Jennie Laning; Corresponding Secretary, H. C. Elmer. Three committees were appointed, the first to frame the constitution and by-laws, the second to select reading matter, and the third to prepare a program for the next meeting. The Vice-President always took charge of the class. We studied Shakespeare three evenings out of four, and on the fourth took up the work of other poets.

We read "Julius Caesar", "Macbeth", "Hamlet", "Merchant of Venice", "Comedy of Errors" and "Romeo and Juliet". We also took up "The Lady of the Lake" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" by Scott; Tennyson's "Locksley Hall", "Maud" and "The Holy Grail"; Whittier's "Snow Bound", and Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor".

Our class study generally lasted about an hour. Following the class work we had a short intermission, after which the business of the Society was disposed of, and then we had what we termed our miscellaneous program, much enjoyed by all. It consisted usually of recitations, orations, music, extemporaneous speeches and discussions, mostly indulged in by the boys.

At one time we decided to have a lawsuit—a mock murder trial. Herbert C. Elmer was the judge, Eddy C. Gilbert and Orrin Leslie Elliott the lawyers. Some one made up a gruesome tale of Calvin Crowell's poisoning his wife, so he might marry his charming housekeeper, Nellie. We thought it might last a couple of hours, and answer for a miscellaneous program for two evenings, but it lasted several evenings, and not only were our own members interested, but our little room was crowded to its utmost capacity with townspeople, and we would stay until the midnight hour, much to the disgust of our fond parents.

Puffed up with the success of this venture, we decided to have another—a Breach of Promise suit—but this fell flat—blighted affection seemed of little interest beside the poisoning of a wife.

In spite of the fact that some of our elders spitefully said it was rightly named “Polyhymnian”, as it was only a meeting place for the “Pollys” to be taken home by the “Hims”, we derived much benefit therefrom, and I never read or hear one of those plays or poems which we studied with just the same feeling I have for other literature, and I’m sure other members will agree with me.

The membership was chiefly made up from the senior department in school. The last meeting of the Polyhymnian Society was held May 1st, 1883.

Memory Pictures.

SARAH FORD CROSBY.

We’ll ask Time to turn backward for forty odd years
And paint us some pictures that will drive away tears.
What object is that on the street that we see?
It is coming this way! Is it an animated teepee?
You must be a stranger—It’s Miss Ford and her cloak
That the ladies presented—out to walk with her flock.
As many as can, have a hand on the border
And a score or less primaries are all under cover.
There’s *one* holds her hand who has marvelous eyes
And for *Frank* the years held the State’s highest prize.

There sits Professor McIntyre seen dimly perhaps,
For he had fever and then a relapse;
By his side is your servant—but she’s not aware
That she’s hastened to school without her back hair,
Strange oversight, for the waterfalls we wore
Much resembled the pack Bunyan’s Pilgrim once bore.
This faded grey woman “shrunk away in her wear”
Was more than forty years younger when she sat in that chair.
Will any one now say she was never that fair?
Misses Lyman and Freeman are all nice and trim;
Miss Thompson’s skilled fingers ready to music the hymn;

Miss Campbell came later when the preachers grew tired
 To help with the Latin and what else was required.
 Professor Sayles and his wife came as they said they would
 come

To forward the work years before they'd begun.
 The teachers are competent ; that picture complete
 We'll now strike the bell and fill every seat.

There are the boys and girls you all know ;
 A hundred are seated there, row after row,
 Adams and Ackerly was the way they began
 And all your best names down the alphabet ran.
 I'd name all their names if you'd give me time,
 But I've less than five minutes to jingle this rhyme.
 How did we manage them ? We had but one rule ;
 They managed themselves, for love ruled the school.
 All were decorous and studious—even submitting to spell
 Though they knew every word—as Sarah Mason can tell,
 And after ten years had in history occurred
 They sent me some letters never missing a word.
 And when the fever laid Professor aside,
 And between the two rooms I myself did divide,
 With the help of the pastors we carried them through
 And marked them all perfect. Didn't they whisper ? A few.
 Do you think that those boys and those girls in their teens
 Found nothing to study but on the program was seen ?
 They were as wise as the birds in the trees,
 " And became of each other devout devotees."
 And though I talked long and explained without measure,
 Some failed to appropriate cube root as their treasure.

Hattie Stebbins and Norton often laughed at the way
 They let Cupid trick them in that far away day.
 Was I proud of my classes ? Proud of them ? Quite.
 Reading German with Mary Lathrop and Viola White
 If it did make me study far into the night.
 And the conspicuous absence of gum chewing to-day
 Proves Charley Howser's gum class did good in a way.

The Exhibition at closing was a flourish so grand,
 No wonder our pupils are the pride of the land !

There's the doctor, and lawyer, and merchant and priest
 And farmer and orator and gubernatorial chief !
 Let Rushford recount all her products, the completest
 Will be boys and girls, then, now, *forever*, the sweetest
 Till all of her goodies, even her maple molasses,
 Can never compare with her lads and her lassies.
 And of all the dear "old pictures that hang on memory's
 wall"
 Rushford and Rushford Academy are among the dearest of
 all.

Old School Days.

CORNELIA GILMAN GREEN.

School Days! The name has a magic sound, carrying us back to hours free from care, and to the dear teachers and schoolmates.

Professor Sayles was a most excellent teacher and a fine disciplinarian; his assistants, Professor Bean and his wife, Jane Hammond, who (in those days) I looked upon as a walking encyclopædia, and our dear music teacher, Aurora Bailey. Fond memories cluster around the dear old days.

The records show many pupils educated in the old Academy, of whom Rushford may be proud.

I must recall one incident that has probably been forgotten by all except those who took part in the play, the time we students presented Uncle Tom's Cabin, to raise money for painting the building, Volney Mills taking the part of Uncle Tom; Lottie Young little Eva, and a capital Eva she was, too; Louis Bell the character of Topsy, and a better Topsy I have never seen. Our first night we could not accommodate the crowd, and were obliged to repeat. Then we were invited to play at Belfast, a great compliment to our acting, we thought, and a greater benefit to our fund, enabling Mr. Archibald Adams to proceed with his work.

The many years that have passed! I still retain the composition book when Kate Woods and

I were the happy ones chosen for the honor of being the Editresses. My school friends have always held a very dear place in my heart, and I anticipated seeing many of them here. Time has made so many changes in us all, that we do not always recognize them as our old school friends, but we should be known to each as Jack and Nell, and the dear names we used to know, and extend the welcome hand of greeting, that we may again renew old friendships and talk of bygone days. Few there are left to answer to roll call.

Reminiscences of Rushford School Days.

AN ADDRESS BY

HERBERT C. ELMER, M.A., Ph.D.

It seems to me that, taken as a whole, the present week is the most interesting week that Rushford has ever seen. And to me the most interesting day of this interesting week has been School Day. The day has called together a good many people. But I venture to say there is not another person here who has as many reasons as I have for being deeply interested in the Rushford School. In the first place, if you will glance directly across the street, you will see the house in which I was born—the house now occupied by D. C. Woods. When I first opened my eyes upon this world, one of the first things I saw was this old school-building. Every time I went out of doors, throughout the first few years of my childhood, it was this building that first caught my eye. Then I moved with my parents further up town. But, not to be deprived of the familiar sight, I began to come down here every day to school, and I continued to come every day afterward till I was nineteen years old. Then I went to college.

After finishing my college course, one of the first things I did was to send an old college chum of mine, my very best friend, Mr. Maguire, to

become Principal of the Rushford School (and, by the way, he brought the School to a higher state of efficiency than it had known for many years). A little later, after I became a member of the Faculty of Cornell University, I proceeded to send here at different times various pupils of mine to take charge of the School. Then the Rushford School began to send some of its graduates down to Cornell, and I am glad to say that one of these proved to be among the very best students I have ever had, and stood near the head of her class at Cornell. Again, only last year, we elected another graduate of the Rushford School to our Phi Beta Kappa Society—an honorary fraternity to which we elect each year a select few of the best scholars in the junior and senior classes. And I was glad indeed to welcome him into this organization as a brother Phi Beta Kappa.

Is there any other person present who has been so closely connected with the School from his birth to his old age (you see my grey hairs) as I have? As I said at the outset, I claim to have a larger number of reasons for an undying interest in the Rushford School than any other person. If anyone present can dispute this claim, let him speak now, or forever after hold his peace!

During the exercises in the school yard this afternoon, we heard a song entitled "School Days." I knew we could never get through the day without that song. But did you ever notice that there is a little something wrong with that song? Listen to the words of it:

"School days, school days,
Good old golden-rule days,
Reading and writing and 'rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick," etc.

I do not know who wrote that song, but, whoever it was, I am very sure that his school days were not spent here in Rushford. He says his school days were the "good old *golden-rule* days." Now,

the golden-rule, as I understand it, tells us to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. No one paid much attention to that rule in the old Rushford school days. I remember that our teachers, for instance, used to do all sorts of things to us that they would not have wanted us to do to them. Think of the switching and the hand-spatting, and the ear-boxing and the hair-pulling! And think, too, of those naughty boys who used to put bent pins in our seats! Surely, the golden rule was not much in evidence in those days. And yet, after all, those days were all right, as we look back upon them now. We would not give up one of those memories. Who of us does not enjoy telling about that warming-up his teacher once gave him for pulling the chair out from under little Willie? And as for those bent pins in our seats, they played an important part in our education. They taught us how to suffer and endure, and to look pleasant, all at the same time, and any one who has learned how to do that has learned a very useful lesson.

The "hickory stick" part of the song reminds me of what one of our old Rushford teachers once told my father. He said there used to be two boys in our school who were always up to so much deviltry that they deserved a sound "thrashing," but they always had their lessons so well that he could never bring himself to the point of giving it to them. I don't mind telling you, confidentially, that one of those boys was Will Benson. The other boy, for reasons of a private nature, I must refrain from naming.

I remember that in the old days the attic of this school building used to be a wonderful and mysterious place. In those days there were various rooms up there, used by the different literary and debating societies. The oratory that used to thunder forth from those upper regions was something astonishing. The logic of the speakers

swept everything before it, and great political questions were often definitely settled there in one short evening. Some of these questions, I believe, were afterward reopened in the United States Congress, but that is not surprising, as the people down there had had no opportunity of hearing our debates. I remember that one of the shining lights of our old debating society in those days was Ralph Laning. No matter how carefully I had prepared an argument, I always knew that Ralph's logic would probably knock it endwise, and leave me speechless.

But I must not indulge in too many reminiscences. Our minds are carrying us all backward to-day to old times that throng with memories never to be forgotten—memories that make us not merely fond of the old School, but proud of it. I do not believe that you can find another school anywhere in the United States, *in a village of the size of Rushford*, that can boast of having turned out a larger number of men who have achieved distinguished success than the Rushford School.

We may well be proud of the past of the Rushford School. I understand that it once had no less than three hundred academic pupils. We can hardly hope that it will ever again enjoy such prosperity as that. But we *may* hope and expect that it will continue to do a great and good work in this community, and that it will continue to turn out men and women who will go out into the world with high aims and purposes, determined to do their full share of the world's work, and prepared to do it well.

A Synopsis of H. R. Gillette's Address School Day.

Among the interesting reminiscences given on School Day were those of V. R. Gillette, a man of eighty, with the heart of a boy. He told of his mastery of Colburn's Mental Arithmetic before being allowed to use slate and pencil; of his ask-

ing the teacher, Mr. Thomas Gordon, what he would give him to do the work in the higher book without assistance. Mr. Gordon laughed at the idea, but said "ten cents." He went to work without thought of the reward, but to see what he could do. In those days one had to sit with his back to the school in order to use the desk. He became so absorbed in his work that he was not aware of anything that was going on in the room, and he earned his ten cents. He then took up algebra. His method was never to give up and fly to the teacher at the first failure, but to keep on striving until he was successful.

When he was sixteen he began his work of teaching at ten dollars per month, "boarding around." He had heard that there were two boys belonging to the school which he had engaged to teach, who had twice before succeeded in ousting the master, and of course considered themselves too large to be ruled by a boy, but he was young and believed that kindness with charity would conquer. For several days all went well, but when sliding down hill began, these two would deliberately slide once more, paying no attention to the call of the bell. He remonstrated with them, but to no effect. This continued for about a week, and finding that kind words made no impression upon them, he decided to try Dr. Beech. Accordingly, he cut two swamp beech gads, as they were called; toughened them in the ashes, and was ready. When they came in at noon, he told them he would now settle with them. He had taken the precaution to place within reach the six foot iron poker, so they knew he meant to defend himself. They were so taken by surprise that they offered no resistance. He used up his whips, and the boys declared if he would spare their lives they would make no further trouble. They kept their word, and all went well. This was the only time he ever had to use the rod to conquer. Some years after

they visited him, and told him that flogging was the making of them.

His next school was in the Wheeler, Ackerly and Bannister district. Three of the former pupils of this school, Parker Woodworth aged eighty-six, Andrew Ackerly seventy-nine, and Hosea Ackerly seventy-seven, were sitting on the rostrum; and, when telling of this year's work, he said, "Boys, stand up." Then he said that the only other pupil of this school, who, to his knowledge, was living, was Albert Bannister, of Pasadena, California. This school was harmonious in every respect.

He taught a number of terms after this, and as he gained in experience he received larger wages. He told of the "boarding around," the log houses, and waking many a morning to find the bed covered with snow, but at night the good woman of the house would warm the bed with a warming pan. Those were days of large schools, sometimes seventy pupils, and numberless things were required that we never hear of now, such as making and mending quill pens, writing copies and so forth. He thought one great advantage in boarding around was making the acquaintance of the families and observing their modes of management.

Throughout all his remarks, one could see that kindness and firmness were the leading factors in his discipline.

The Alumni Association of the Rushford High School.

Music.....	Orchestra
Niobe, Overture,	Mackie Beyer.
Address of Welcome.....	Winifred Merrill, '06
Response.....	Grover James, '08
Song.....	Alumni
Original Poem.....	Lucy S. Poate, '02



ETHEL KING, MYRTIE METCALF BUSH, RUTH LANING



Paper.....	Cora Beaumont, '89
My Trip to the Black Hills	
Piano Solo.....	Anna Merrill, '04
La Czarine, Louis Ganne	
Recitation.....	Helena Murray, '06
An Old Sweetheart of Mine	
Greetings from Absent Alumni Members	
Reader, Allan Gilbert, '03	
Music.....	Orchestra
Diamond Necklace Overture, J. Hermann.	
Remarks.....	Friends and Members of Alumni
Song.....	Alumni
Music.....	Orchestra
Koontown Koonlets	
Adjournment of Members of Alumni Association	
to Informal Reception at Agricultural Hall.	

OFFICERS OF THE ALUMNI.

President.....	Winifred Merrill
Vice-President.	Marena Woods
Secretary.....	May Brady
Treasurer....	Bessie Poate

Our Alumni.

WORDS BY ZELLA W. SPENCER.

Our Alumni gladly greet we,
 Once again on this glad eve ;
 Gathered in from plough and college,
 We shall all be loath to leave.

CHORUS.

Our Alumni, dear Alumni,
 Is a union strong and true;
 And we will our Rushford honor,
 As each year we meet with you.

As we here have met together,
 Each will try to pleasure give,
 And to make this hometime coming
 A bright star, toward which we live.

Chorus.

Toasts and singing we delight in,
 All of which are very fine;
 And we'll listen to the music,
 Which is rendered in true time.

Chorus.

Oh! The School Board, and the supper,
 We do need them each you see;
 Do not ask us which we'll part with,
 That would spoil our jubilee.

Chorus.

When the program all is ended,
 We will say to each, adieu,
 And we'll turn our footsteps homeward,
 On the streets which are so few.

Chorus.

Address of Welcome.

August 20th, 1908, given by Winifred Merrill,
 President of the Alumni.

The clock of time has struck the centennial hour of the settlement of Rushford, and no man or woman would consider the festivities of this week complete without a prominent part being given to Rushford's greatest pride—"The Academy" of half a century ago—"The High School" of to-day. We younger ones have always been taught to believe that the Rushford Academy was the best school in Western New York. The exercises and speeches of this afternoon have furnished conclusive proof that the half has never been told.

It is my happy privilege to extend greetings to the many visitors and former students of this school, to this, the annual meeting of the Rushford Alumni Association. The love and patriotism of a nation have crystallized into one word, the most significant in the English language, the royal word "Welcome." It shook Manhattan Isle from center to circumference when the

Olympia cast her anchor in the bay and Admiral Dewey came back to his own. It has formed an unbroken chorus from the Atlantic to the Pacific since ever the first battleship of our Atlantic fleet, after its long journey around Cape Horn, steamed through the Golden Gate of California, and "Fighting Bob" and the boys sighted "Home Sweet Home." This country will be wild with enthusiasm, and welcomes will be bubbling up everywhere when this same white squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral Sperry, after its unparalleled cruise and visit to the Orient, shall steam again into American waters. But there can be no welcome more heartfelt and sincere than that which we tender to you.

In behalf of the Alumni Association of the Rushford High School, I welcome you, former residents of Rushford, to this your old home town. Students of the old Academy, we welcome you here. Thrice welcome, former principals and teachers who labored so earnestly for our school; and greetings to you, members of the Alumni who have returned to grace this occasion with your presence. Members of the Board of Education, you who so unselfishly and untiringly labor for the welfare of the school, we bid you welcome. We are pleased also to welcome here this evening the principal for the ensuing year, Lester C. Sterner. If the pupils of to-day are as full of mischief as they were half a century ago, he will need to possess "Sterner" qualities. I rejoice to greet you, one and all. From many states you have journeyed during the past week to meet in Rushford at this Centennial. You planned to come, not because of the expectation of grand parades, Wild West shows or Coney Island attractions; not because, perchance, you needed a change of air and scene; not because you wished to get away from home, for above all things earthly we love our homes; but because

you were to meet and greet beloved friends of early days, and because you hold in loving and tender memory Rushford's old Academy with its associations. You are welcome here this evening. The voices that bid you welcome are many and faithful and true.

Many of you were students here in the old days before the Alumni was organized. As we look up the records we are proud to find that some have written their names high on the roll of fame. Among the number is United States Senator Henry M. Teller. Another filled with honor the Governor's chair of this Great Empire State, Frank Wayland Higgins. Some have donned the ermine of the bench, while yet others as musicians, ministers, lawyers, doctors, editors, have won for themselves enviable positions. With these illustrious examples before us, may the members of our Alumni not lower the standard, but all strive to do their best, and some at least, inscribe their names equally as high.

We have been fortunate in having as principals of our school, men of high moral and intellectual standards. Of course each class naturally thought its principal the best. Each man has had his own particular characteristics. Of all of Mr. Sayles' numerous qualities we are told his strongest points were correct English and the use of a black snake whip. Being himself the author of a grammar, it is reasonable to infer that he would have been horrified to hear his pupils reply in answer to a question "You bet," or "It's up to you," or remark "Now what do you know about that?" We dare say Mr. Buck would have been equally as shocked to hear a student of his, when struggling with a problem in mathematics, say he was "up against it." Mr. Maguire's specialty was history, and he insisted upon his students learning long lists of dates. This being so, doubtless their very footfalls seemed to echo "1492-1620-1776-

1812." Then there was Mr. Harris who ruled by love and whose characteristics seemed—order; his motto being "Order is Heaven's first law." Mr. Leighton's hobby was arithmetic. He thought arithmetic, taught arithmetic, talked arithmetic, and perhaps he *tried* to sing it. Thus some particular trait of each teacher will linger in the minds of their pupils.

To you, the class of nineteen hundred and eight, we accord a special welcome, for we welcome you as members of our Alumni. Henceforth you are one with us. The Rushford High School owes much to the early members of this organization, whose intrepid courage gave it birth. The inevitable changes incident to passing years and constantly broadening scope have in no way lessened their loyalty. Although many of the members are so situated that they are unable to be often present at our annual meetings, they are held in loving reverence. Since our organization in 1888, over one hundred members have been enrolled and only one has passed to the homeland—Mary R. Thomas.

We would that all the members of our Alumni were here to greet you, but this could not be. One is accompanying our battleships on their journey to the East; another holds an honored position in Manila, while others are scattered all over this fair land of ours, from the Rock-ribbed hills of Maine to where the waves of the Pacific wash the golden sands of California; from the frozen shores of Lake Superior to the sunny South-land.

"Some in this vale of quiet,
 They're happiest, linger still;
 No breath of the wild world's riot
 Breaks over yonder hill.
 Some mix in the din terrific
 Of the marts by Atlantic's tide;
 Some by the vast Pacific
 In glens of bliss abide.

One to a realm so distant,
 Has taken her course remote;
 Though our anguish moans persistent,
 No answers back to us float."

The golden gate of graduation swings open only after years of hard work. We do not for a moment think our school days are over. Ah, no! They are but just begun, for whether in school or work shop, college halls or on the farm, we are still in life's school and are learning new lessons every day. While we greet you, we would also advise you to aim high. You will not reach higher than you aim. "Hitch your wagon to a star" and patiently follow on. The traces may break, the roads be hard and steep, but ever upward, still upward, keep climbing.

The twentieth century is upon us with its many doors of opportunities. We must fill faithfully the position we now occupy, keep our eyes open for opportunities for progress and grasp them when they are presented. In order to do this we must be our real selves. We are measured by what we really are. Pretension never abolished slavery, never opened to a darkened China the way to Christ by breaking down the walls of superstition and ignorance, never won a Gettysburg, captured a Manila, nor sank a Cervera's fleet. To climb the ramparts of success we must work. If there were no Alps to climb, no Vicksburgs to be taken, there would be no incentive to work. It has been said that "the great highroad of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well being and well doing, and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit will invariably be the most successful; success treads on the heels of every right effort."

Once again I bid you welcome.

We welcome you to Rushford town,
 To peerless clime, to wondrous view;
 We welcome you to hearts and homes,
 A country welcome, warm and true.

Poem by Lucy Marsh Poate,

Recited Alumni Evening, Rushford Centennial.

This is the night on which our dreams
 Flit backward thro' the misty years,—
 Forgot our present hopes and fears,
 The vanished past, the present seems.

The same hall answers to our tread,
 The old familiar faces smile,
 Dead friendships are revived awhile,
 And gaily the old greetings said.

Fellow alumni, you recall
 This night, your own commencement day.
 Picture once more, as best you may,
 Yourself within this dear old hall.

You sat upon this self same stage,
 You felt yourself admired of all,
 You heard the plaudits in the hall,
 And rose to read your essay sage.

It was an effort trite and true,
 And writ on some time honored theme.
 Of paper it required a ream,
 And it was tied with ribbon blue.

It settled the affairs of state,
 Or censured fashion's foolish laws,
 You dealt in proverbs and wise saws,
 Or dabbled with the hand of fate.

Your subjects deep were scorned by some,
 Unlettered these, an untaught few,
 For our alumni, since they knew
 Their own past follies, would be dumb.

Ah! there upon the stage that night
 What hopes you had for future days!
 With what high hearts upon life's ways
 Would you life's hardest battle fight!

For one he would a lawyer be,
 And one would in the pulpit stand,
 And some to be physicians planned,
 And some, old maids—like me, you see.

A lawyer grave would be our Kate,
 And engineering stunts she'd do,
 With dabs of art, and Latin, too,
 But she's turned schoolmarm, such is fate!

One lad, he would a trapper be,
 For Xmas gifts he sold the hide,
 But at the Xmas tree he sighed,—
 The girls all gave him traps, you see.

But blush not, though your dreams be far,
 Within your hearts we cannot see;
 We know not what you hoped to be,
 We only see you as you are.

Five score and more there are of you,
 Of some we fain would further speak;
 These from among you let us seek,
 An honored and a favored few.

And there is one for whom we know
 A pride too deep to be expressed,
 Chosen among your ranks the best,
 Across the broad Atlantic go!

Your honor we must feel as ours,
 Our Alma Mater's daughter, you,
 A daughter, earnest, gracious, true,
 Redeeming fully all your powers.

And there are some who from our school
 With scholarships to college went.
 To Syracuse, Cornell, we sent,
 And they proved wonders,—as a rule.

For one, the country with his costumes rung,
 Broken the promise of his youth,
 For then he ran, but now, forsooth,
 He rides the country roads among.

One laddie sails the ocean blue,
 Brave Herbert is a midshipmate,
 Strange tidings he doth homeward write,—
 O Temperance Union, be they true?

And one, our next year's president,
 A matronly and gracious dame,
 Will surely win undying fame
 On parliamentary learning bent.

Wits would our Rushford pace deride,
 But courage! we are not so slow.
 We have our weddings, too, you know,
 All honor to Old Home Week's bride!

This lawyer in a Western town
 In boyhood loved the dance so gay,—
 The waltz and two-step, so they say,
 But now he talks the wisest down.

And one, that golden headed youth,
 A gallant swain in days of yore,
 But married now, he flirts no more,
 A printer's devil he, forsooth.

A cat has nine lives, so they say,
 Seven operations on one's pet,
 And seven from nine leaves two lives yet,—
 The doctor's cat lives to this day.

Fellow alumni, I am through,
 My muse is halting at the best,
 At more of her you would protest,
 So let me bid you each adieu.

Dear school, I cannot say good-bye.

Could I forget those pleasant ways
Through which I walked in school girl days,
Then could I part without a sigh.

O Alma Mater, tender, true,
We have no need to say farewell,
For always in our hearts you dwell,
An ever present memory, you.

(Copy of the Charter of the Rushford Academy
granted in 1852.)

**The Regents of the University of the State of
New York.**

To all to whom these Presents shall or may
come, GREETING:

WHEREAS, ISAIAH LATHROP and others, by an instrument in writing under their hands, bearing date the twenty-first day of February, in the year 1852, after stating that they had contributed more than one-half in value of the real and personal property and estate collected or appointed for the use and benefit of the Academy erected at the town of Rushford to the County of Allegany, did make application to us the said Regents, that the said Academy might be incorporated and become subject to the visitation of us and our successors, and that Bates T. Hapgood, Samson Hardy, Titus Bartlet, John Holmes, Isaac Stone, William Gordon, Oliver D. Benjamin, Charles Benjamin, Israel Thompson, Washington White, Robert Norton, William Merryfield, James Gordon, 2d, John G. Osborn and Alonzo H. Damon might be Trustees of the said Academy by the name of

RUSHFORD ACADEMY.

NOW KNOW YE, That we the said Regents, having inquired into the allegations contained in the



ISAIAH LATHROP

instrument aforesaid, and found the same to be true, and it having been made to appear to our satisfaction, that the said Academy is endowed with suitable academic buildings, library and philosophical apparatus of the value of at least Two thousand five hundred dollars, and conceiving the said Academy calculated for the promotion of Literature, do by these presents, pursuant to the Statute in such case made and provided, signify our approbation of the incorporation of the said Bates T. Hapgood, Samson Hardy, Titus Bartlet, John Holmes, Isaac Stone, William Gordon, Oliver D. Benjamin, Charles Benjamin, Israel Thompson, Washington White, Robert Norton, Wm. Merryfield, Jas. Gordon, 2d, Jno. G. Osborn and Alonzo F. Damon by the name of RUSHFORD ACADEMY being the name mentioned in and by the said request in writing, *on condition* that the said endowment shall never be diminished in value below Two thousand five hundred dollars, and that the same shall never be applied to purposes other than for public academic instruction.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have caused our common seal to be hereunto affixed,
 (SEAL) and the names of our Chancellor and Secretary to be hereunto subscribed, the fourth day of March, in the year 1852.

G. W. LANSING, Chancellor.

T. ROMEYN BECK,
 Secretary.

Catalogue of Rushford Academy,

RUSHFORD ACADEMY

Course of Instruction.

TEXT BOOKS, RATES OF TUITION,

Prices of Board.

Room Accommodations, Regulations,
and

GENERAL REMARKS.

Rushford, N. Y.

1854.

OFFICERS—BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Mr. JOHN HOLMES,	Mr. WM. J. BURR, M.D.,
Mr. ISRAEL THOMPSON,	Mr. WASHINGTON WHITE,
Mr. TITUS BARTLETT,	Mr. SAMSON HARDY,
Mr. A. K. ALLEN,	Mr. WM. McCALL, M.D.,
Mr. ROBT. NORTON,	Mr. J. G. OSBORNE,
Mr. JAS. GORDON, 2nd,	Mr. AVERY WASHBURN.

President:

TITUS BARTLETT.

Secretary & Treasurer:

ROBT. NORTON.

Librarian:

IRA SAYLES.

BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.

Principal:

IRA SAYLES, A. M.

Male Assistant:

W. W. BEAN.

Preceptress:

MISS ELIZABETH S. COLE.

Teacher in French:

Mrs. C. S. SAYLES.

Teacher in Music:

Mrs. E. P. BARRY.

Teacher in the Primary Department:

Miss M. B. B. SAYLES.

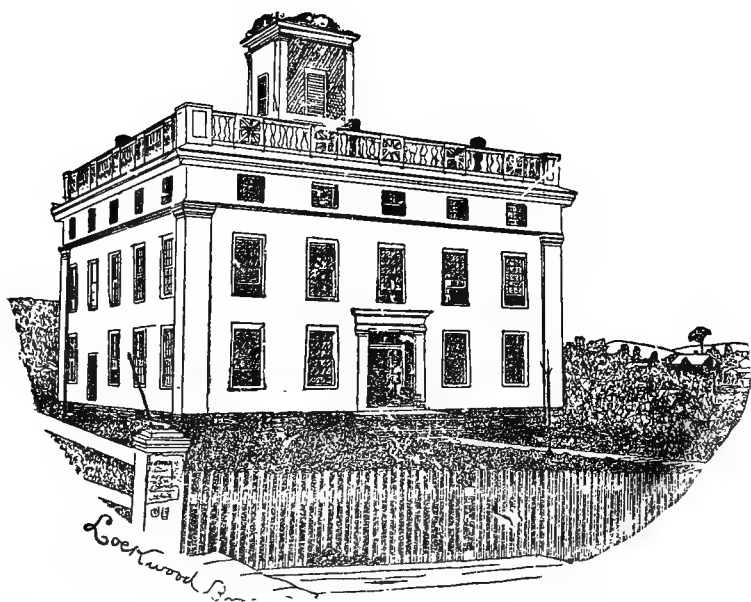
Teacher in Penmanship:

THOS. C. POUND.

SUMMARY.

Of the Academic Department:

Whole number of Males.....	158
“ “ “ Females	164
“ “ “ Students	322



THE ACADEMY IN 1856



THE HIGH SCHOOL 1908

Of the Primary Department:

Whole number of Boys.....	32
“ “ “ Girls	28
“ “ “ Pupils	60

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

Any individual who is desirous of attending some of the Higher Institutions of Learning, for any length of time, will be cheerfully received, and accommodated to suit his convenience for time, and for choice of study; but to all who are anxious to fit themselves for the stirring duties of active life, the Trustees of this Institution beg leave to recommend especial attention to their adopted Academic Course of Instruction, remarking that it is especially designed to meet the wants of the community in general. It is planned to occupy four years' study, from the first of the course to its close; though it may be completed in less time. The following is the course, viz.:

English Language and Literature..	Six Terms
Pure Mathematics.....	Nine “
Natural Sciences and Applied Mathematics	Ten “
Intellectual and Ethical Sciences....	Eleven “

This constitutes the regular course for Young Men; so that, as there are three terms in the year, three recitations daily, will complete the course in four years.

The Young Ladies' course may vary from this, by dropping four terms' study in Mathematics, and substituting, instead, an equal amount of Instrumental Music, or Drawing and Painting.

The Departments are three: A Primary, designed for the youngest and least advanced scholars, and a Regular Academic Department, subdivided into a Male Department and a Female Department.

STUDIES PURSUED IN EACH DEPARTMENT.

Primary Department.—Reading and Spelling, Penmanship, Arithmetic as far as through the simple rules, simple Descriptive Geography, General Outlines of History; Comstock's "First Lessons in Natural History," Comstock's "First Lessons in Botany," Lambert's "First Book in Physiology and Anatomy"; One term in English Grammar, Writing Simple Sentences, Exercises in Mental Arithmetic.

Regular Academic Department.—Common Branches, Arithmetic as far as to Involution and Evolution, in practical works, Geography as in "Smith's Quarto," History as in Willard's "United States," English Grammar; second term, Derivation of the English Language, as in Lynd's "Etymological Class Book."

Higher Branches—Mathematics: Higher Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Conic Sections and Surveying; English Language and Literature, Higher English Grammar, English Composition, Rhetoric, Critical Exercises in the Structure and Use of Language; Intellectual, Moral and Ethical Sciences; Logic, Intellectual Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Natural Theology, History of Civilization, Science of Government, Æsthetical Philosophy; Natural Sciences and Applied Mathematics; Chemistry, Physiology and Anatomy, Natural Philosophy, Botany, Geology, Astronomy, Mapping and Use of Globes, and Physical Geography.

Irregular Studies.—Book-Keeping, Mathematics, Analytical Geometry, Calculus, Engineering, Analytical Mechanics, Mathematical Astronomy.

Languages—Latin Language and Literature,
—Greek "
—German "

Ornamental Branches—Oil Painting, Embroidery, Drawing and Sketching, Piano Music, Water Painting, Monochromatic Painting.

EXPENSES.

Primary Department.....	\$3 00
Academic Department, Common Branches	4 00
“ “ Higher “	} 5 00
Ancient Languages	
Modern “	

EXTRAS.

Piano Music, with use of Instrument....	\$10 00
Oil Painting	7 00
Water Painting.....	2 50
Monochromatic Painting	2 50
Embroidery	2 50
Incidental Expenses, in all cases.....	25

Board in private families, including room, lodging, fuel, not to exceed \$2 per week.

Note 1.—Classes will be formed in the Irregular Studies whenever sufficient call for them is made.

Note 2.—Frequent Scientific Lectures, illustrated with appropriate apparatus, will be given free of charge to students.

Note 3.—It will be seen, that, aside from books and clothing, the expenses need not exceed, at most, thirty-three dollars and a half per term, and, by boarding one's self, need not exceed one-half this sum. What young man, or young woman, cannot do something towards fitting himself or herself for the coming events of the great future to which all are surely hastening?

LIBRARY.

This is, as yet, quite limited; but it was selected with special reference to the wants of both teacher and pupils, in the prosecution of the various branches of study pursued.

APPARATUS.

This is more than ordinarily full and complete. It is of the best character, and of the widest range of application.

ROOMS AND ACCOMMODATIONS.

As many students prefer to board themselves, the Academy Building has in its upper story rooms for the accommodation of about thirty-six. Some rooms may also be obtained for the same purpose in the village; otherwise, board is at all times to be had in private families. None need leave for want of accommodation.

REGULATIONS.

First Class of Disciplinary Offenses.—Neglect of Studies; Neglect of School Exercises; Leaving the Neighborhood of the School without excuse previously obtained; Attending Parties of Pleasure, without excuse previously obtained—Public Balls are especially prohibited; Smoking or Chewing Tobacco in or about the Academic Premises or Buildings; Keeping late hours, in the Academic Building; Congregating about places of public resort, especially during hours appropriated to study and recitation; Clownish Conduct; Clownish Language; Visiting each other at improper times or places. This class will first be cause for reprimand; but perseverance in any or all of them will cause dismissal from the privileges of the school.

Second Class of Disciplinary Offenses, calling for more stringent measures.—Gambling; Use of Alcoholic Drinks as a beverage; Profanity, Licentiousness, in Conduct, or in Language; Disrespect for the proper School Authority, etc., etc.

REMARKS.

It is wholly impracticable to enumerate all which may arise and clearly demand disciplinary notice. So, too, it is equally impracticable to fore-judge all degrees of viciousness, in the violation of any of the principles of decorum, propriety, and rectitude.

The intercourse of students with each other,

with the town's people, or with strangers, must be left for special occasions to call forth special discipline, in cases wherein the rules of genuine urbanity, respectability, and social reciprocity, may have been disregarded, or grossly violated.

Moreover, the rights of property, in all cases, whether of the property belonging to the Institution, to teachers, to other students, or to the neighbors, will demand scrupulous observance.

Repetition of offenses will, of course, call for increased stringency towards the offender; and obstinate perseverance in offensive conduct must, sooner or later, compel the removal of the delinquent.

Students who reside with their parents or guardians, in the vicinity of the school, will, of course, be under the control of their parents or guardians, in all such matters as do not fall directly under the jurisdiction of the school authorities; and in all such cases as require stringent measures to be resorted to, against any such students, the parent, or guardian shall first be consulted, and due respect shown for a parent's, or guardian's authority and feelings. Still, no parent's authority or feelings, can be permitted to interfere with the just and equitable enforcement of proper school discipline.

The Trustees have appointed three of their own number, who reside near the Institution, to act as a disciplinary committee. This committee are to be the Principal's advisers, in discipline, whenever they may deem the occasion to require it; and they are also to constitute the highest disciplinary authority, recognized in the Institution.

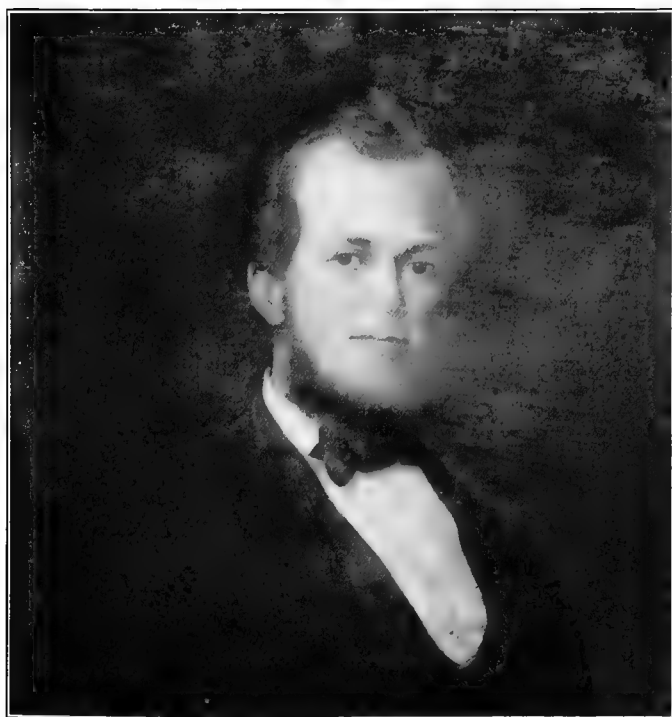
No corporeal punishment, no suspension from class privileges, nor expulsion from the Institution, can take place, except as the adjudication of this committee.

It may be remarked that such a course as this

cannot fail to secure the student against any rash and hasty, or ill-judged punishment, which is liable to arise, when there is no check to a hot temper, or an exasperated mind; and, at the same time, it will give to the school an authoritative and efficient disciplinary tribunal, uniting, so far as practicable, in the Principal and this committee, the qualities of both parental and civil government.

LOCATION.

This institution is located in Allegany County, fourteen miles north of the New York and Erie Railroad, in one of the most agreeable and healthy villages in the State. The situation is eligible and pleasant,—the surrounding country romantic and beautiful.



PROFESSOR and MRS. W. W. BEAN

See explorations comas was ambles de asfuals etc.

ANNIVERSARY

—OF THE—
Mystic and Philanthropic Exeroms

—OF—
Rushford Academy.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 9, 1859.

PROGRAMME.

PRAYER, BY REV. J. H. HENRY.

MUSIC BY CUBA BRASS BAND.

CALLING ROLL, Responding by Sentiments.
SALUTATORY, W. Spafford.

MUSIC.

ESSAY—VOICE OF THE MYSTIC, Miss A. Kendall.
ESSAY—ALTHAMUD'S VISION, Miss H. M. Doland.

MUSIC.

ORATION—POLITICAL PARTIES, J. W. Kimball.
ORATION—DESIGN, H. G. Bond.

MUSIC.

ESSAY—ZENOBIA, Miss A. O. Buck.
ESSAY—TRUTHS GLEANED FROM SOCIETY, Miss J. Biebec.

MUSIC.

ORATION—MARCH OF INTELLECT, J. G. Morgan.
VALEDICTORY, H. A. Coats.

MUSIC.

ADJOURNMENT.

Sentiments will be read from distinguished Literary Men and Women—
Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR, Hon. GERRIT SMITH;
Mrs. SIGOURNEY, GRACE GREENWOOD, FANNY FERN, &c.

“Act, Act, in the Living Present,
Heart within and God o’erhead.”

MYSTIC SOCIETY,
OF RUSHFORD ACADEMY.

PUBLIC SESSION,

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 5th, 1860.

ORDER OF EXERCISES:

Music. By Palmer’s Unequalled Cornet Band
Calling Roll. Responding by Sentiments
Salutatory. Miss A. E. Ellethorpe
Poem: The Dead of 1859. Miss A. O. Buck

MUSIC.

Discussion. Whatever Is, Is Right
Affirmative, Mrs. Howser.
Negative, Miss A. Sears.

MUSIC.

Essay—“Worshippers” Miss A. M. Lathrop
Poem—A Southern Scene. . . . Miss M. A. Kendall

MUSIC.

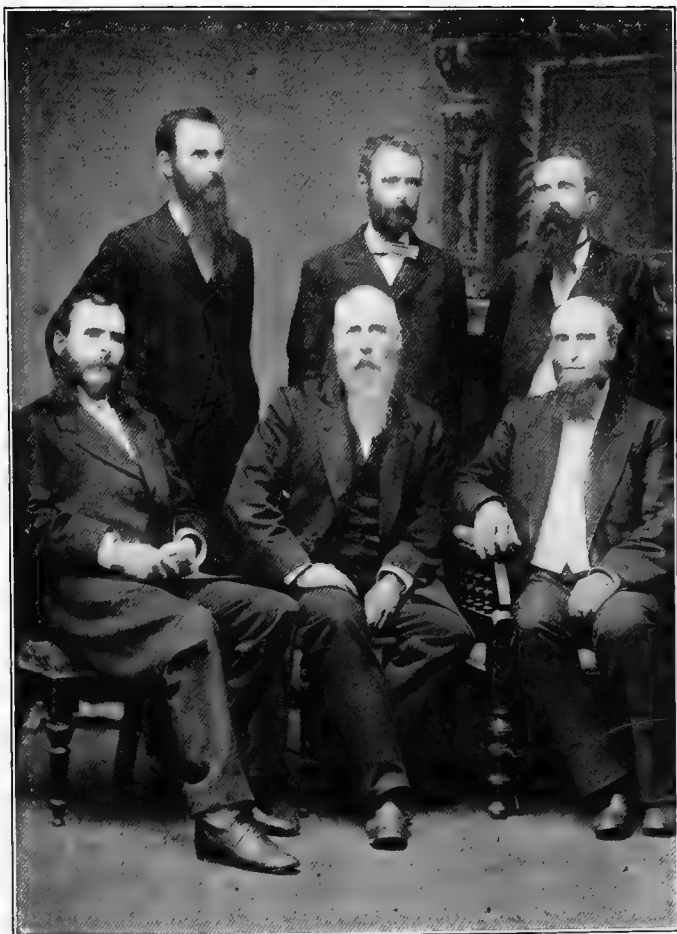
Home and Foreign Correspondence.

MUSIC.

Valedictory. Miss M. E. Williams

MUSIC.

Adjournment.



H. W. SPEAR. L. A. STEVENS. M. C. BISSELL.
H. C. WILLIAMS. PROF. G. W. F. BUCK. H. A. COATS.
AND
MEMBERS OF CLASS 1860

AUT CÆSAR, AUT NULLUS.

EXERCISES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS,
RUSHFORD ACADEMY,

Wednesday Evening, June 20, 1860.

PROGRAMME.

Music, **Rushford Cornet Band.**

SALUTATORY,	Earth's Benefactors,	E. Lathrop.
OUR DESTINY,		H. W. Spear.
THE SPIRIT OF SUCCESS		L. A. Stevens.

MUSIC.

O TIMES: O MANNERS:	M. C. Bissell.
NOBILITY OF THOUGHT,	H. C. Williams.
GLOOM,	A. O. Buck.

MUSIC.

America and her influence,	L. Higgins.	
Expression,	F. E. Woods.	
Individuality,	Valedictory,	H. A. Coats.

MUSIC.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS,

MUSIC.

Chapin Bros. Print.

PUBLIC SESSION
OF THE
PHILOMATHEAN LYCEUM
AT

RUSHFORD ACADEMY,
Wednesday Evening, June 22, 1864.
Ubi Libertas Ibi Patria.
L. L. BENJAMIN, *President.*

ORDER OF EXERCISES:

Music.....Rushford Cornet Band
Salutatory.....C. Damon

MUSIC.

Discussion: Resolved, That the Southern Confederacy will achieve its Independence.

Affirmative—F. E. Hammond and O. S. Vreeland.

Negative—C. G. Wing and F. L. McKinney.

MUSIC.

Oration: "Suffer and be Strong"

G. H. Giddings

MUSIC.

Address: "Garibaldi".....Prof. G. W. F. Buck

MUSIC.

The exercises will be varied by the introduction of Tableaux Vivants—Classical, Historical and Comical.

ADJOURNMENT.

Admittance—Fifteen Cents.

The object of the fee is to assist an indigent student, well known to the citizens of Rushford and vicinity, in the prosecution of his studies. As the Band have generously given their services for the occasion, and all other expenses are defrayed by the Lyceum, the entire proceeds will be appropriated as above mentioned.



PROFESSOR G. W. F. BUCK

Recollections.

PROFESSOR G. W. F. BUCK.

By long residence in the South one learns to use the phrase "Befo' the wa'," as indicating all ancient history—that is, at all important. Especially suitable is this in this section; it is appropriate to our whole country, so momentous are the changes since that epoch. Rushford has been transformed, it seems to me, in a rather unusual degree. Partly from this cause; of the Union soldiers from that town, many who survived, returning to the familiar scene, found the extreme quiet tedious, and made their homes elsewhere. The energy of these wanderers bringing success, a younger class followed their example. Strangers came to occupy the vacant space, introducing a new element.

As it happened, my sojourn in Rushford began a few years before the great conflict and ended near its close. Thus I know exactly what the village was before the war. We hear much now of university towns, such as Ithaca, which exists only for the sake of its noted institution. In the old era Rushford was literally an academy town. The Academy was its pride, its hope, its life; it was, indeed, the town. The school was self-supporting—maintained, that is, by tuition fees. The students were almost wholly of advanced grades; a large proportion of them, sometimes the majority, were from other towns. Thus the Academy was a link joining us to that outside world with which we had otherwise what would now be considered slight means of communication. But the school itself? Since my connection with it I have had much acquaintance with other localities, varying in their remoteness from Rushford, and, in their aloofness, from its spirit. Yet the old Academy has always remained in my memory, not only as a most delightful experience, but as one altogether and, in a wonderful way, unique. Here are

a few noticeable points: Pupils of the most amiable docility, of such alertness for learning—I do not say ambition, that would imply rivalry. But, with us all, kindly co-operation; no dictatorial rules; occasionally a gentle admonition; more often words of encouragement. Only one case of suspension, very brief, from recitation. Only one student advised, and that privately, “to depart.” I have since thought that I might have possibly avoided that “harshness” if I had been more thoughtful.

No formal reports “to parents or guardians,” but visits to them and interchange of views. The fewness of reports in general, and the total absence of red tape gave time for that social intercourse which was always a special feature with us. In fact, to use a term not then in use, we had, was it by some happy chance, Education by “Suggestion” rather than by routine. We had even then something—the Quincy system. Or, to use a still greater name, our school was of the idyllic type that would have pleased Rousseau, it agreed with so much of his theory, it was so greatly a return to the natural method described by him with such fondness. For these results, that I still consider admirable, that are closely in harmony with the ideal method just now dawning on the educational horizon for the prosperity of the school, which was allowed to be quite remarkable till interrupted by the response of so many young men of that region to the “call to arms,” I would not claim praise altogether or even chiefly to the teacher, certainly not to the principal. Credit should be given in two directions: first, to the ancestry of the students—Massachusetts, Vermont, offshoot of the Puritan, just as gifted as the Massachusetts-Connecticut type and more genial. Secondly, the environment. Life in Rushford, how simple it was “Befo’ the wa’”, but simplicity of the most exquisite refinement, of the noblest charm, of the most generous manliness.

May I give one or two illustrations of Rushford as it was known to me?

Our "Events" were the Debates of the Literary Societies of the Academy, Maple Sugar Feasts, Donation Parties, Teas without any color schemes, traveling to Cuba to take the train. To make that festive journey still more enjoyable, one thoughtful stage driver fitted up his covered winter vehicles with a stove and fires. As joyous an excursion to me then as motoring to Florida has been since.

Board at the Rockwell House was six dollars a month, excellent board, too, nothing "simple" there, except the price. But John always seemed satisfied and happy. He deserves honorable mention as, in his way, a benefactor of the school.

Aside from the food supply, liberal at every table, the rule throughout the community was Wordsworth's "plain living and high thinking."

Of that far-off era, the members of the Board of Trustees, who were as considerate for me as though each had been my father, many of the patrons, almost all of them personal friends to me, many of the pupils who were, in general, each as a brother of mine or sister, have passed beyond.

Of my life, so full of years, most of them fairly happy years, I count this a special felicity—this chance to express, if faintly, my fond, my tender, my grateful remembrance of the dear, dear Rushford that I knew.

Some Characteristics of Rushford.

Written by a pupil in the Academy in its early period.

I have been very strongly importuned by some of my friends to write something for the "History of Rushford." Perhaps I am as competent as some of these impecunious titled foreigners who hang upon the frazzled fringe of nobility and travel

from New York to Chicago on the Twentieth Century Limited, after which they return to their own land and write a history of America and the American people, their habits, customs, industries, etc.

Now I once spent *three whole months* in Rushford, which would give me ample time to see, study and learn all there was to learn, and as this is my first effort to write anything for the press, that fact would also make me perfectly competent. Rushford, as you all know, is known all over the United States. It was settled by people who valued churches and schools, and as religion and education go hand in hand, they very soon had churches and school houses built. The churches soon developed into five or six denominations; the schools into the Rushford Academy, which drew students from all over the surrounding country. It flourished and became very popular. The parents of two young innocents, in due time, heard of it and felt anxious that their boys should enjoy the benefit of such a noble institution. Therefore, the father of one and the mother of the other took a trip to Rushford to complete arrangements for having their sons enrolled with the noble band of students, and to engage board for the same. The former was easily accomplished, and the latter they secured with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Norton, who with their little son "Tommy" lived opposite the Academy, which was very fortunate for one of the innocents, as he had been on crutches for two years and was then only able to get around by the aid of a cane. Mr. and Mrs. Norton were two of the finest people that ever lived, and Tommy was—well, he was all boy and full of pranks, for which we loved the little rascal, and have been greatly pleased with his later success in life.

We drove to Rushford in March, 1856, in a sleigh. Part of the way the roadbed was narrow



A GROUP OF RUSHFORD GIRLS IN THE FIFTIES

and the snow as high as the top of the fences, in some places as high as the horses' backs at the sides. The Principal of the Academy was Prof. Ira Sayles, who was noted for having a bone in his back, and stood up straight. He could not endure a joke or levity of any kind; was always very proper in his pronunciation, and was a very good teacher. We hired a study room in the dormitory of the Academy, which was in the then third story of the building, being made into rooms for the students, some of whom boarded themselves. We made but few acquaintances, as we did not enter school to visit, but to study.

At that time there were Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, with no regular Pastor in the Presbyterian Church. As we were Presbyterians, we attended church there whenever Mr. Norton read a service, but, like the old colored woman, we "patronized them all." Mr. Norton was at that time studying for the ministry, afterwards going to the Auburn Theological Seminary. He was at that time making pineapple cheese in a little building back of the Academy. He did his banking business at Cuba, and he often walked there in the forenoon, attended to his business, and walked back again in the afternoon, making thirty-six miles.

Studies and lessons went on like clockwork in routine. As new maple sugar came into the market, we had a few sugar eats in our study room in the evening, always enjoyable. As the weather grew warmer, we would go a-fishing and down to the "old swimming hole", and have a general good time on Saturdays. A few times the "Prof." would hear a noise during school in study hours that did not indicate an application to books, and he would stealthily ascend to the third story, and solemnly put his face into our room, thinking the levity came from there, but always found himself mistaken.

My room-mate (a nice young fellow) was developing into a young society man, and, not being handicapped with a lame ankle, he received many invitations out for the evening, as he made a better beau home than the writer, who was then lame, caused by the bite of a vicious dog.

There was one cult that I have not yet mentioned; that was Spiritualism. Among whom was one man who let his hair grow long, and was bringing up his son like Samson, with long locks. Some of the naughty boys in the dormitory opened a barber shop one evening; the boy went on a tour of inspection, and Delilah relieved him of his locks. The "innocents" were not there; neither did they know who ran the barber shop. It was not open for business the next day. As I have before said, the people of Rushford were intent upon getting knowledge. There had been a lecture on Spiritualism in the home town of these two "innocents", and the brother of one of them sent to him one of the hand bills with a blank space for inserting the place and date of the lecture, which was duly inserted, naming Academy Hall and for the following Wednesday evening, and the bill was fastened to the Academy gate. That was all that any one excepting the innocents knew about it. The janitor lighted the hall, rang the Academy bell, and the audience gathered, only to be informed that from some unforeseen cause the lecturer had failed to get there, and they were dismissed.

A few days before the close of the term, as a few of us were gathered on the steps outside the front hall door, making *very* little noise, the professor suddenly appeared and sternly warned us to be quiet, with some dire threat, whereupon we *hushed*. But a little later when bidding each other "good bye," I experienced the rapture of Leigh Hunt's verses "Jennie kissed me." For a moment I was dazed, but later, alas! when too late,

would have been willing to have taken Adam's place for another bite of that apple.

During our stay in Rushford we came home three times, once Mrs. Norton coming with me and Tommy with my roommate; twice hiring a brown pony of Mr. Higgins, and twice a big sorrel of Mr. Holmes. Although the writer was in Rushford but three months, he has always had a warm spot in his heart for the place and the few people he became acquainted with, and has gone back a great many times, always taking others with him to enjoy the beautiful drive. At the time of my sojourn in Rushford there was a road through the gorge from East Rushford to Smith's Mills. At that time it was a beautiful drive and we always went that route, but the flood of 1857 destroyed it, as well as much of East Rushford.

I attended the Old Home Gathering, which I very much enjoyed, and hope I may again take the beautiful drive to the village of Rushford.

Our Government Tends More to Dissolution than Consolidation.

ISAIAH LATHROP.

1856.

Mr. President:

As I am called upon to offer a few remarks in support of the affirmation of this question (viz., Resolved, that our Government tends more to dissolution than consolidation), I shall be under the necessity of presenting the dark side of the picture. Unpleasant and mortifying as it is to speak of the failings and vices of our friends and officers of our Government, truth and facts must come out.

Were we to enter into a detail concerning the character and conduct of the officers of our Government, we should find that bribing and corruption of the blackest and deepest kind were too

prevalent; party spirit and sectional feeling and interest too strong, to sustain and perpetuate our Government but a short time.

Look at our representatives in Congress, and witness the divisions and contentions among them upon the construction and design of the Constitution. The bitter feeling and animosity which have grown out of these debates have nearly broken up our Congress and destroyed the Government.

The right of Petition, which has been so powerfully and ably contended for by some of the representatives from the North, has been as strongly and eloquently opposed by those of the South. Whilst one member is discharging what he regards as a constitutional and conscientious obligation by presenting a petition, he is censured and charged of such infamous crimes as subornation of perjury and high treason against the Government. Are not, Mr. President, such imputations as these productive of evil consequences?

And among the many causes and reasons we might adduce to prove that our Government is tending to a dissolution, we say, the slave question is one that is agitating our Republic, and carrying alarm and consternation among the slave holding States, affecting their interests and rights, as they boldly contend. The evil must be arrested, says a Southern member. It is vain, utterly vain, to suppose that the South will submit to the present state of things. Peace we must have in or out of the Union. It is the doctrine of South Carolina that they had a right to secede from the Union. And if one State has a right to secede, then the whole have. The separation of one dissolves the Union; the barrel falls to pieces the moment one stave is taken from the hoop. I say, Mr. President, this subject is one which will constantly afford a bone of contention between the North and South, thereby endangering our

civil liberty, threatening us with civil war, alienating those from each other who should be bound together by the strongest ties of friendship.

Now, sir, what can be more destructive to any Government than these civil and political broils and contentions? What is there more to be dreaded than a civil war in the midst of our Republic, and what would more portend the dissolution of our Government than such war?

The late decision of the Supreme Court in declaring the right of trial by jury to a claimed slave in the free States unconstitutional and void is one, the most important ever made by that Court or any other, as it involves not merely the right of a few slaves or free people of color, but of the States,—and involves them in such a way as can hardly fail to make but one party of this question in all the States north and west.

Petitions for an alteration of the Constitution will pour into Congress from all the free States. They have laws and citizens of their own at stake in this matter, who cannot fail to see that, by this decision, the Constitution is actually made to protect slavery and nothing else. If this decision bore as hard on the South as it does on the North, we should hear at once the threats of nullification, secession and disunion.

But the South says, make that clear in the Constitution which the North considers doubtful; take away the power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia and the Territories; shut the subject of slavery forever out of the halls of Congress. And let the States restrain their citizens from combining and plotting the overthrow of our Union. If such amendments are adopted, the South will have peace; but if rejected, it will prove to the South that the Union ought to be dissolved.

**Rushford's Home Coming, Friday, August 21st.
Soldiers' and G. A. R. Day.**

PROGRAMME.

MORNING.

11 a.m.—Visiting and other comrades will report
at G. A. R. Headquarters for registration.
Noon—Dinner.

AFTERNOON.

1.15 p.m.—Veterans will form in line and march
to the hall.

1.30 p.m.—Music by the band.

Prayer.....Rev. Johnson

Music.....Orchestra

Address. Past Department Commander Judge Swift

Honor Roll.....Comrade W. W. Rush
Quartette.

Addresses by State Department Chaplain Rev.
Henry Woods and others.

EVENING.

7 p.m.—Lighting of camp fires.

7.30 p.m.—Music by band.

Prayer—Rev. Poate.

Quartette.

Addresses.....Rev. Macklin and Rev. Parker

Music—Orchestra.

The Blue and the Gray.....Comrade Davis

Comrade S. S. Karr will exhibit the old Stockade

Andersonville flag and tell how he came by it.

Colonel Elwell, keeper of Bath Soldiers' Home, is
expected to be present.

Song, led by quartette

“We Wont go Home till Morning”

Benediction.....Rev. Henry Woods

Visiting delegates will be entertained both day
and night by Woodworth Post.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.



THE GRAND PARADE

The Grand Parade.

JULIA TARBELL MERRILL.

By request, on Friday, the Farmers' Parade and the School Parade, with some alterations and additions, were repeated in connection with the Special Parade prepared for that day, making a never-to-be-forgotten scene. As on previous days, Romaine W. Benjamin was in charge as marshal. This was, officially, G. A. R. Day. The column was headed by an old soldier bearing the national flag; next came the band wagon carrying the Rushford Cornet Band, composed of sixteen pieces, which furnished inspiring music; they were followed by carriages containing the Grand Army men, the speakers of the day and the guests of honor.

The second division, in charge of Fred McElheny, was composed of the floats of Farmers' Day Parade, with some changes.

The third division, in charge of R. L. Lewis, consisted of the School Parade, which is described elsewhere. The different classes were in carriages beautifully decorated with their class colors, and it surely was one of the prettiest features of the day.

The fourth division, in charge of Russell Wilmarth, was composed of automobiles carrying the ball team, who were the center of interest and were cheered all along the way. Rushford was very proud of her ball team, which won every game during the week.

The Cynthian Club float was beautifully decorated in yellow, the club color, the ladies wearing large bouquets of golden glow.

For pure ridiculousness the Philomathean Society certainly "took the cake." These staid business men, all members of that society in the years long gone by, wore sun-bonnets, old calico dresses and were leading dogs and carrying banners,

while "Bobby Dusenbury's" little green cart was much in evidence.

A most interesting feature of the parade was a company of cowboys on horseback and another company of well-costumed Indians on their ponies, in all numbering about seventy. There was a skirmish between the two, and the cowboys were victorious. The firing of muskets and revolvers made it very exciting and realistic. No one was injured, notwithstanding the appearance of a riderless horse dashing through the crowd. Among the horseback riders was one of Rushford's young ladies dressed in full Indian costume, her long dark hair heightening the resemblance. There were other attractive features and additions. The procession was a very long as well as entertaining one, and the verdict of the strangers within our gates was that it was one of the most interesting and enjoyable parades ever seen anywhere. How much it meant to those who were interested in Rushford would be difficult to tell.

Impressions.

J. G. MACKLIN.

The Home Coming Week at Rushford was wisely planned to follow the labor of the harvest, when rest and recreation were most needed for the toiler, and when those who had reaped abundant harvests were contented and joyful. This contagion of good cheer was wafted upon every breeze. It was the echo of every conversation and it gave animation and unanimity to every effort of an intelligent and patriotic community to make their centennial celebration memorable as a week that would most appropriately terminate a century of progress and cast the light of its purposes and glad associations far into the years of a bright and promising future.



THE GRAND PARADE

Whatever the previous mental mood of the visitor had been, his cares took wings, his burdens disappeared, and his sorrows were forgotten in the atmosphere of Rushford, where only one temper of mind prevailed, and that universally expressed in smiling faces, kind words and unbounded hospitality. Under the able presidency of Captain Bush, with his cabinet of department leaders, the people were expectant and confident that success would crown and harmony characterize the proceedings of the eventful week.

The first evidence of welcome that greeted the visitor was the G. A. R. Hall, with its large flag flung high in the breeze, inviting us for social greeting and repose to this hospitable headquarters of the Post and Relief Corps. The spacious interior of the hall was tastefully decorated, making a most attractive place for the comrades to rest, and relate in animated conversation the war scenes of the Sixties. The ladies of the Relief Corps, with tireless energy and generous hospitality, served refreshments to members of the Post and visiting comrades. These considerate women entertained us most delightfully, and as we reflected upon their kindness the conviction grew upon us that the female arm of the service, either in war or peace, is after all the strongest, and by far the most essential to our success, our comfort and our happiness.

My part of the programme was the concluding address of the last day, a day set apart in honor of the veterans of the Civil War.

During the afternoon I listened with pleasure to Judge Swift, of Buffalo, and Rev. Henry C. Woods, of Bath, Chaplain of the G. A. R. of New York State. These men held large audiences, and were frequently applauded as they delineated in graceful speech incidents of the great war through which they passed. These addresses

were part of their lives, reminiscent, pathetic, instructive, and vital with soldier heroism.

When the sun had sunk behind the western hills the people with undiminished enthusiasm re-assembled to see the great campfire send its leaping tongues of flame above the treetops and brighten the faces of men who had built their nightly fires from Atlanta to the Sea.

Turning from the warm, bright glow of the burning stumps, the band, playing national airs, led the way to the Academy hall, which soon was filled with the age and youth of Rushford, many of whom had come from distant States to pay what might be their last visit to the cherished home of their birth. Invocation was offered by Rev. T. P. Poate, followed by music and an address from Comrade Rev. T. F. Parker, which greatly added to the interest of the occasion.

My address was not enriched by experiences of campaign life, and, therefore, lacked that peculiar interest that a participant and spectator can create, which must be lacking in the utterances of a long-distance observer in the field of historic events. Mine was a summary of the questions involved in the war, some having their origin in the early days of the Republic and becoming storm centers around which the passion of debate swept for eighty years:

The forces in the conflict representing distinct and separate civilizations, with their giant leaders, their vast resources, their indomitable courage and surprising numbers.

The magnitude of the Rebellion, with its bearing upon the commercial interests of foreign nations.

The hostile attitude of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston of England, the British fleet in Halifax harbor and an army in Toronto, the destruction of our commerce by ships built in British navy yards, the Canadian Parliament taking a re-

cess of half an hour to cheer and drink over our defeat at Chancellorsville.

Beecher in England turning the tide of popular sympathy in our favor. Notwithstanding the hostility of the aristocratic element, the common people of Great Britain and Canada were in sympathy with Lincoln and the North.

We reviewed the war with its loss of life, its cost of treasure, and recalled some of its forgotten lessons and concluded with the following words, addressed to about one hundred of the Boys in Blue, who had answered their Country's call in her darkest hour of danger:

"Gray-headed survivors of this fratricidal strife, since you stood in the death lines of Antietam and Malvern Hill and repulsed the furious charges at Shiloh and Gettysburg and stormed the strongholds of Vicksburg and Richmond, your numbers have grown less until to-day there is but a feeble remnant of the once mighty host, the pride and strength of our Republic. The battle-fields where brothers fought are quiet now, while monuments of bronze and marble mark the place of rest and keep silent watch over the slumbering dust of fallen heroes.

"A new generation has arisen to appreciate your heroism and to estimate the war in its decisive and far-reaching results, from a dispassioned standpoint nearly fifty years removed from the scenes of debate and carnage with which you were so familiar. * * *

"You met and conquered a valiant foe who was flushed with success and confident of victory. * * *

"You scattered the mighty horde of misguided warlike knights who had thrown themselves across the pathway of progress and attempted in their madness to stay the march of modern civilization. You beat into subjection the discordant factions that threatened our destruction, thus

making our country a land of peace and promise. * * *

"You dispelled the black cloud of shame that had hung over us for two centuries and let the light of liberty shine into every cottage and cabin within the bounds of our great commonwealth.

"You struck the shackles from the hands of four million bondmen, and established their feet in the pathway of progress, while the world listened with delight to their glad song of emancipation.

"Your courage and endurance were severely tried by countless ordeals. * * *

"You laid broad and deep in the councils of magnanimity the foundation of reconstruction, so that our unity to-day is the admiration of the nations, our prosperity is unparalleled and our wealth phenomenal.

"Amid lamentations of sorrow and shouts of triumph we welcomed you back from fields of carnage to pursue with us again the arts of peace, and in this you surpassed the fondest hopes of your countrymen and the highest expectations of mankind. * * * You built schools and churches, you advanced reform, you represented the people in State legislatures and sat in Governors' chairs and taught us that patriotism is obedience as well as the defense of righteous laws. Five of your number were the recipients of the highest gift of the people and became our chief executives at the White House, while others stood for justice and American rights in councils of foreign nations.

"In the unique combination of physical courage, intellectual fibre and moral rectitude you surpassed the soldier of the world of any age or nation.

"We never can forget your labor and sacrifice, and as the countless generations of Columbia's children shall rise in rapid succession and follow each other with hurrying feet across the stage of human activity, they will rise up to do you honor.



CAPTAIN W. W. BUSH

They will cherish and defend the principles for which you fought. They will sing of your victories as the Greeks sang of Marathon. They will teach their sons and daughters the significance of the issues involved in the conflict of the Civil War and the character and heroism of the soldier of the Sixties."

The Soldiers.

W. W. BUSH.

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS, WHO MOVED TO
RUSHFORD AND ARE BURIED THERE.

ENEAS GARY—

Born September 23, 1757; died August 17, 1844;
aged 87 years.

We have no record of his service, except his pension certificate, which reads as follows:

War Department, Revolutionary Claim.

I certify that in conformity with the law of the United States, of the 7th of June, 1832, Eneas Gary, of the State of New York, who was a private during the Revolutionary War, is entitled to receive thirty five dollars per annum, during his natural life, commencing on the 4th of March, 1831, and payable semiannually, on the 4th of March, and 4th of September, in every year. Given at the War Office of the United States, this twenty-ninth day of April one thousand eight hundred and thirty six.

LEWIS CASS,
Secretary of War.

J. L. EDWARDS,
Commissioner of Pensions.

JAMES GORDON, SENIOR—

Came from Leeds, Perth Co., Scotland, as a British soldier under General Burgoyne May, 1775, and afterwards joined the Americans under General Washington; at one time he was Aide-de-camp of Gen. Washington.

JAMES GORDON—

Enlisted in Poor's Regiment, Captain Morris' company, June 15, 1775, from Epping, Rockingham Co., New Hampshire.

He joined the Continental Army in Prince Long's Regiment, Capt. Mark Wiggins' company, at Portsmouth, N. H., August 27th, 1776, from Epping, N. H. Discharged December 1, 1776.

Joined the Continental Army, under Capt. Zebulon Gilman, September 8, 1777. Re-enlisted under Colonel Nathan Gillman August 3, 1779, for one year, from Poplin, N. H.

Enlisted under Captain Rowells, 2nd N. H., 3rd Co., February, 1781. Placed on the pension roll July 24th, 1820; commenced to draw pension May 8th, 1818, at the rate of Ninety-six dollars a year; total amount of pension drawn, \$1,471.25.

Died in Rushford December 9th, 1844, in his 93rd year.

DANIEL KINGSBURY—

Served as sergeant of the company raised in Enfield, Conn., for the Lexington Alarm, under Major Nathaniel Terry. He was appointed Ensign in the Second Battalion of State troops November, 1776, and served in Rhode Island under General Wooster; he settled later in Cherry Valley with his son Benjamin Kingsbury, came to Rushford in 1830, and died on the farm now owned by George H. Kingsbury.

CAPTAIN JONATHAN GOING—

Died August 25th, 1848; aged 86 years, 11 months.

DAVID KINNEY—

OLIVER CROMWELL BENNETT—

Served as a private in Capt. Eell's company, Col. Durkee's Regiment, Connecticut Line. Being but sixteen at the opening of the war, he first accompanied the regiment in 1776, as a cook or officer's

servant. He was in the battle of Long Island, August 27, 1776, narrowly escaping capture. Later, in 1780, he was a regularly enlisted man under arms. The record also shows that he served all of the year 1781.

JOSHUA WILSON—

His parents settled in Goffstown, New Hampshire. At the age of sixteen years he was drawn in Captain Samuel Richards' company, of Colonel John Starks' regiment of New Hampshire Militia, to repel Baum's advance on Bennington, and fought in that battle August 16th, 1777. Afterwards he served as a part of the garrison of Fort Ann, and in the operations designed to cut off the retreat of Burgoyne's army to Canada.

**SOLDIERS OF THE WAR OF 1812, WHO MOVED TO
RUSHFORD AND ARE BURIED THERE.**

SAMPSON HARDY—

Died November 17th, 1831; aged 77 years, 11 months.

LEONARD FARWELL—

Died September 24th, 1846; aged 70 years.

E. J. PECK—

Died February 17th, 1850; aged 56 years.

BENJAMIN KINGSBURY—

Came to Rushford from Cherry Valley, N. Y., in 1830; he served in the War of 1812, going from Cherry Valley, to Fort Niagara. Died November 12th, 1850.

DAVID BABBITT—

Died March 17th, 1867; aged 72 years, 10 months.

IRA BISHOP—

Died June 5th, 1873; aged 80 years.

ALVIN K. MORSE—

Died July 28th, 1870; aged 76 years, 4 months, 19 days.

AMOS PECK—

Died November 6th, 1866; aged 76 years.

JOHN LAMBERSON—

Died January 20th, 1874; aged 81 years.

ANDRE BENNETT—

Born 1788; died March, 1851.

Was drafted from Rushford, and served in the War of 1812, at Fort Erie, Buffalo, N. Y.

SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BURTON FREEMAN—

Age 32 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years; mustered in as a sergeant, Co. I, May 21, 1861; promoted to second lieutenant, September 1, 1861; first lieutenant, February 7, 1862; captain, September 27, 1862; mustered out with company, May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y.

JOHN R. HEALD—

Age 18 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private, Co. I, 27 N. Y. Infantry; mustered out with company, May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y.

PHILANDER D. ELLITHORP—

Age 20 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private, Co. I, 27 N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal, March 1, 1862, sergeant, March 1, 1863; mustered out with company, May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y.

Second enlistment; mustered January 4, 1864, in the Second N. Y. Mounted Rifles, as sergeant; wounded and lost his left arm, front of Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864; discharged July, 1864.

ALBERT BABBITT—

Age 26 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private, Co. I, 27 N. Y. Infantry; killed July 21, 1861, at Bull Run, Va.



BRIG.-GEN'L R. H. PRATT

IRA AMES—

Age 25 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private, Co. I, 27 N. Y. Infantry; discharged February 11, 1863, at White Oak Church, Va.

ROMAINE W. BENJAMIN—

Age 20 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry, discharged August 9, 1861, by order of General Mansfield.

TIMOTHY C. CHARLES—

Age 23 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; discharged June 5, 1863.

ENOCH HIBBARD—

Age 34 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; died August 20, 1862 at General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

STANLEY HOBART—

Age 32 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; promoted to corporal; died December 3, 1862, at Stafford Court House, Va.

WINFIELD TUFTS—

Age 18 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; mustered out with company May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y. Second enlistment, June 29, 1863, for three years as private Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; promoted to sergeant; discharged with company, September 2, 1865.

CHARLES A. WOODRUFF—

Age 21 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years as private Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; promoted to sergeant; wounded in left knee, at Gaines

Hill, June 27, 1862; discharged December 23, 1863, from General Hospital, Baltimore, Md., by surgeon's certificate of disability.

IRA C. WORTHINGTON—

Age 19 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years, as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; mustered out with company May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y.

GEORGE WATERS—

Age 24 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years, as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; discharged August 9, 1861, by order of General Mansfield.

AARON H. WRIGHT—

Age 28 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, for two years, as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; discharged May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y. Second enlistment in Co. F, Fourth N. Y. Artillery.

JOHN W. BISHOP—

Age 21 years. Enlisted July 5, 1861, for two years, as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal; wounded July 21st, 1861, in first Bull Run; died at Richmond, Va., while a prisoner of war.

WILBER S. CHAMBERLAIN—

Age 18 years. Enlisted July 5, 1861, for two years, as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; discharged September, 1862, at Bakersville, Md., by order of Secretary of War.

EDWIN HUNTLEY—

Age 21 years. Enlisted July 5, 1861, for two years, as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; discharged with company, May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y.

CHARLES I. HOBART—

Age 19 years. Enlisted July 5, 1861, for two years, as private, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry, pro-

moted corporal; wounded, September 14, 1862; at Crampton's Pass, Md.; died November 29, 1862, of said wounds.

WILLIAM A. EATON—

Age 20 years. Enlisted August 26, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged December 31st, 1863, at Stevensburg, Va.; re-enlisted, December 31st, 1863, as private, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry, for three years; taken prisoner March 11, 1864; confined at Andersonville and other prisons fourteen months; discharged January 24, 1865.

AARON C. EATON—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 26, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged December 31, 1863, at Stevensburg, Va.; re-enlisted December 31, 1863, for three years in the same company and regiment, as private; discharged July 26, 1865, at close of war.

SUMNER E. KILMER—

Age 18 years. Enlisted August 26, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged December 31, 1863, at Stevensburg, Va.; re-enlisted December 31, 1863, in the same Co. and regiment, for three years; discharged July 26, 1865, at close of war; served as Brigade Quartermaster sergeant from 1862 to discharge.

LEONARD M. WORTHINGTON—

Age — years. Enlisted August 30, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged December 31, 1863, at Stevensburg, Va.; re-enlisted December 31, 1863, for three years; taken prisoner June 29 1864; confined at Andersonville and other prisons nine months; discharged, 1865.

ISAAC W. EVANS—

Age 23 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64 N. Y. Infantry;

discharged September 27, 1862, for disability caused by gun shot wound received at battle of Fair Oaks, Va.

ALONZO BROWN—

Age 23 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded in action, June 12, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; died June 12, 1862, at Fifth Street Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

GEORGE W. HAPGOOD—

Age 25 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded in action June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; discharged September 30th, 1862, at U. S. A. Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Second enlistment December 23rd, 1863, as sergeant in the Second N. Y. Mounted Rifles; discharged August 24th, 1865.

HENRY CHAMBERLAIN—

Age 24 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged November 14, 1862, at Frederick, Md.

SYLVESTER HALL—

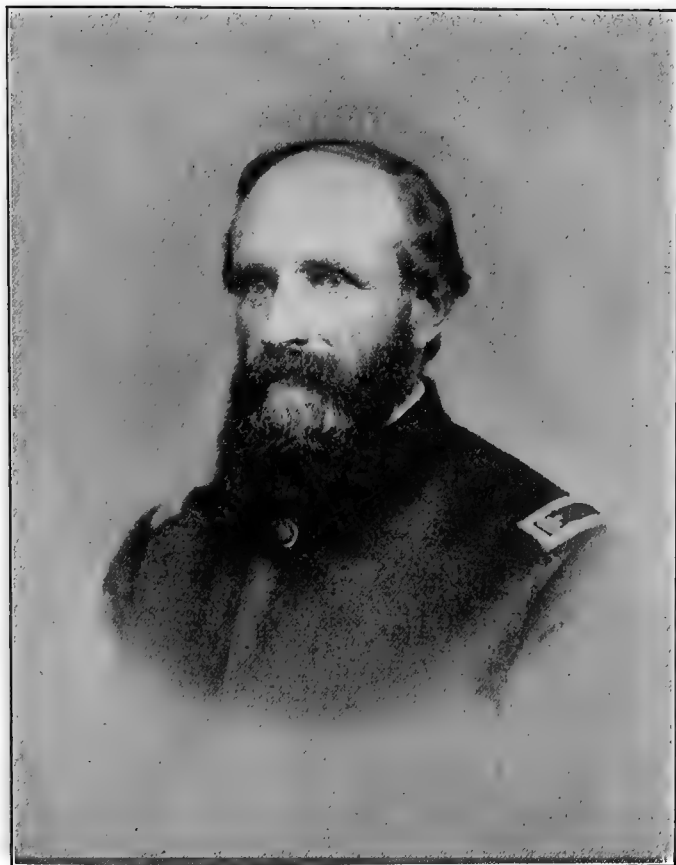
Age 19 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability, March 6, 1862, at Camp Fitz Hugh, Fairfax Co., Va.

GEORGE FRANKLIN PELTON—

Age 33 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.; discharged September 24th, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.

JOHN PETERS, JR.—

Age 22 years. Enlisted September 14, 1862, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded May 13, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.,



DR. WM. J. BURR

and July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.; discharged May 5, 1864.

WILLIAM W. WOODWORTH—

Age 41 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years; mustered as first lieutenant, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry, December 2, 1861; promoted to captain February 26, 1862; died of disease December 28, 1862, near Falmouth, Va.

CLAYTON G. JEWEL—

Age 23 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years; mustered as second lieutenant, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry, December 10, 1861; as first lieutenant February 26, 1862; discharged July 6, 1862.

Second enlistment: In the 13th Ohio, Veteran Cavalry, as first lieutenant, Co. A; killed in action July 30th, 1864, front of Petersburg, Va.

LYMAN B. METCALF —

Age 41 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged October 9, 1862, at Fort Monroe, Va.

Second enlistment: December 25, 1863, for three years, as private in Co. B, 2nd Mounted Rifles; discharged August 9, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

ALFRED W. MORRISON—

Age 24 years. Enlisted September 15, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; discharged August 1, 1862, at Elmira, N. Y.

ROSWELL WILMARTH—

Age 23 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted sergeant July 9, 1862; wounded December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.; promoted second lieutenant March 1, 1863; discharged December 15, 1863, for disability, having lost an arm.

HENRY H. SCOTT—

Age 20 years. Enlisted September 16, 1861, for three years, as private in Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va., September 16, 1862, at Antietam, Md., and also wounded and captured May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.; paroled (no date); discharged April 11, 1865, at Elmira, N. Y.

ERASTUS W. SMITH—

Age 26 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal, January 1, 1862; wounded June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; promoted first sergeant August 11, 1862; discharged January 19, 1863, at Washington, D. C.

JOHN H. ROBERTS—

Age 33 years. Enlisted September 26, 1861, for three years, as private in Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; discharged for disability November 1, 1862, at Albany, N. Y.

HOWARD M. ROOT—

Age 18 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, for three years, as private in Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; came home on furlough, died of typhoid fever January 16, 1862, at Franklinville, N. Y.

LOUIS E. TARBELL—

Age 25 years. Enlisted October 1, 1861, for three years, as sergeant, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability June 9, 1862, at St. Eliza Hospital, Washington, D. C.

CHARLES A. VANDUSEN—

Age 21 years. Enlisted October 1, 1861, for three years as private in Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.; promoted corporal October 31, 1863; killed in action May 12, 1864, near Spottsylvania, Va.

ENOCH W. M. CHENEY—

Age 31 years. Enlisted October 5, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; killed in action June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.

LEONARD VAN ALST—

Age 32 years. Enlisted October 12, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; died of disease January 26, 1862, at Camp California, Va.

THOMAS JEFFERSON WHITE—

Age 36 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; captured in action October 14, 1863, at Bristow Station, Va.; died August 9, 1864, at Andersonville Prison.

MARTIN WHITE—

Age 24 years. Enlisted October 14, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. K, 64th N. Y. Infantry; transferred to Co. D February 25, 1862; sent to hospital at Harrison's Landing; no subsequent record.

GEORGE W. HOWE—

Age 18 years. Enlisted October 15, 1861, for three years, as musician, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry.

HENRY B. COLBURN—

Age 25 years. Enlisted October 15, 1861, for three years, as corporal, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted sergeant January 1, 1862; wounded June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; discharged for disability February 5, 1863, at Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN L. DABALL—

Age 20 years. Enlisted October 17, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal January 1, 1862; sergeant March, 1862; discharged for disability May 28, 1862, at Columbian College Hospital, Washington, D. C.

DAVID W. JAMES—

Age 18 years. Enlisted October 17, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; killed in action May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.

OLIVER E. WOODS—

Age 21 years. Enlisted October 17, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged April 8, 1862, at Clermont Hospital, for disability.

JOHN H. FARWELL—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, for three years, as private, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded and died May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.

RALPH L. BENJAMIN—

Age 18 years. Enlisted September 2, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded in action December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.; promoted corporal on date; killed in action May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.

WILLIAM H. HUTCHINS, JR.—

Age 30 years. Enlisted August 31, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; Wounded in action May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.; died June 8, 1864, at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C.

DANIEL T. ELY—

Age 19 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; killed in action May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.

WILLIAM ELY—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal October 1, 1863; wounded in action June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va.; discharged for disability May 6, 1865, at U. S. General Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.

WILLIAM A. DAY—

Age 23 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability January 15, 1864, at Elmira, N. Y.

PHILANDER KELLOGG—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; killed in action May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.

WARREN B. PERSONS—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; captured in action, July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.; died of disease at Andersonville, Ga., July 9, 1864, while a prisoner of war.

NATHAN B. MILLER—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability July 5, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y.

JACKSON LYON—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted drum-major April, 1863; discharged May 30, 1865, at Alexandria, Va.

JOHN F. WIER—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps November 15, 1863; discharged August 15, 1865.

NATHANIEL SEVEY—

Age 35 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged May 30, 1865, near Alexandria, Va.

THOMAS R. WILMARTH—

Age 23 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry;

promoted corporal; killed in action May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.

WARREN D. WITHEY—

Age 24 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability January 12, 1863, at Emory Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Second enlistment, August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, First N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

HARRISON T. SMITH—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted sergeant January 18, 1863; wounded in action May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.; captured in action August 25, 1864, at Reams Station, Va.; paroled on date, promoted first sergeant October 30, 1864; sergeant-major, January 1, 1865; promoted captain, Co. H, March 1, 1865; killed in action March 25, 1865, at Hatchers Run, Va.

HENRY C. WOODS—

Age 18 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability December 14, 1862, at Frederick, Md.

LEWIS WRIGHT—

Age 25 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability February 10, 1864, at rendezvous of distribution, Va.

WILLIAM STARKWEATHER—

Age 31 years. Enlisted August 14, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; wounded in action December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.; captured in action July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.; died October 16, 1863, while a prisoner of war at Belle Isle, Va.

GEORGE W. WOODS—

Age 19 years. Enlisted October 12, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability July 9, 1862, at Carver Hospital, Washington, Va.

CHARLES McMULLIN—

Age 34 years. Enlisted August 30, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; appointed wagoner. Re-enlisted January 1, 1864; discharged July 19, 1865, at Winchester, Va.

JAMES PATTYSON—

Age — years. Enlisted 1861, as private, for three years, Co. I, 85th N. Y. Infantry; taken prisoner of war at Plymouth, N. C.; died at Andersonville, Ga.

ALBERT BISHOP—

Age 25 years. Enlisted October 9, 1862, as musician, for three years, Co. D, 50th N. Y. Engineers; transferred to brigade band July 1, 1863; discharged June 8, 1865, at camp near Washington, D. C.

ISAAC B. GORDON—

Age 30 years. Enlisted October 9, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. E, 50th N. Y. Engineers; appointed musician, transferred to brigade band July 1, 1863; discharged June 8, 1865, at camp near Washington, D. C.

THOMAS R. MERRILL—

Age 18 years. Enlisted January 16, 1862, as private, for two years, Co. I, 27th N. Y. Infantry; discharged May 31, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y.

Second enlistment, enlisted June 23, 1863, as sergeant, for three years, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; transferred to Co. E August 12, 1864, promoted first sergeant; discharged with detachment July 18, 1865, at Norfolk, Va.

HENRY WALLACE—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 29, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. B, 23rd N. Y. Infantry; discharged June 24, 1865, at Fort Monroe, Va.

CHARLES J. HURLBURT—

Age 24 years. Drafted July 15, 1863; mustered as private, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery, for three years; died of disease March 11, 1864.

SILAS A. GILLEY—

Age 18 years. Enlisted July 11, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; promoted corporal, date not stated; discharged August 24, 1865.

JAMES HEALEY—

Age not stated. Enlisted July 11, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; discharged August 24, 1865.

CHARLES P. TUFTS—

Age 18 years. Enlisted June 29, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; promoted sergeant, transferred to Co. L, 6th N. Y. Artillery July 18, 1865; discharged September 2, 1865.

JAMES G. ROBINSON—

Age 18 years. Enlisted June 27, 1863, as corporal, for three years, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; transferred to Co. L, 6th N. Y. Artillery, July 18, 1865; discharged August 24, 1865; prior service, Co. I, 131st Pennsylvania Volunteers.

CHESTER C. BEECHER—

Age 20 years. Enlisted July 8, 1863, as corporal, for three years, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; transferred to Co. L, 6th Artillery, July 18, 1865; discharged September 2, 1865.

WATSON W. BUSH—

Age 22 years. Enrolled November 23rd, 1863; mustered January 12, 1864, as First Lieutenant, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; captured September 30, 1864, at Pegram's farm, Va.; paroled February 20, 1865; exchanged March 10, 1865; pro-

moted Captain, Co. B, January 28, 1865; discharged August 28, 1865.

LEROY C. ELY—

Age 18 years. Enlisted December 22, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; transferred to Co. C, 19th V. R. C., May 19, 1865; discharged September 5, 1865, at Buffalo, N. Y.

HENRY ELMER—

Age 35 years. Enlisted December 25, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; discharged August 24, 1865, at Buffalo, N. Y.

JOHN COLE—

Age 18 years. Enlisted December 23, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; died in hospital.

GEORGE F. DURKEE—

Age 20 years. Enlisted December 15, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; discharged August 24, 1865, at Buffalo, N. Y.

GEORGE S. HACKETT—

Age 19 years. Enlisted December 22, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; discharged June 18, 1865, at Whitehall Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

ABRAM S. HOWELL—

Age 40 years. Enlisted December 12, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; appointed bugler January 12, 1864; discharged August 24, 1865, at Buffalo, N. Y.

LUCIAN L. LEWIS—

Age 18 years. Enlisted December 16, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; promoted corporal May 1, 1865, sergeant July 20, 1865; discharged August 24, 1865, at Buffalo, N. Y.

LAFAYETTE MEAD—

Age 18 years. Enlisted December 14, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; wounded June 18, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va.; died of said wounds July 17, 1864, at Emory Hospital, Washington, D. C.

RILEY W. PETTIT—

Age 20 years. Enlisted January 4, 1864, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; died of disease September 4, 1864, at Field Hospital, City Point, Va.

DEWIT C. PELTON—

Age 29 years. Enlisted December 22, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; promoted corporal; killed on picket, March 14, 1865.

CHAUNCEY WILLIAMS—

Age 30 years. Enlisted December 24, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles; appointed farrier May 1, 1865; discharged August 24, 1865, at Buffalo, N. Y.

JAMES SPENCER MARSH—

Age 25 years. Drafted August 17, 1863, for three years, joined Co. A, 76th N. Y. Infantry, as private; wounded in action before Petersburg, Va.; discharged December 6, 1864, by reason of disability caused by wound.

ALBERT K. DAMON—

Age 24 years. Enlisted January 4, 1864, as private, for three years, in the 8th N. Y. Artillery; wounded in action before Petersburg, Va. Sent to Hospital on Davids Island, New York Harbor, died of wounds July 25, 1864, buried at Cypress Hills Cemetery, N. Y.

ALBERT A. HITCHCOCK—

Age 17 years. Enlisted February 4, 1864, for three years, as private, Co. G, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 3, 1865, for disability.

MICHAEL COLLINS—

Age 18 years. Enlisted February 4, 1864, as private, for three years, Co. G, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

GEORGE G. EASTLAND—

Age 19 years. Enlisted March 10, 1864, as private, for three years, Co. D, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

LAWRENCE POWERS—

Age 21 years. Enlisted February 9, 1864, as private, for three years, Co. B, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; wounded August 10, 1864, at Newtown, Va.; discharged June 28, 1865, at Elmira, N. Y.

DWIGHT SCOTT—

Age 37 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

OTIS WHITE—

Age 30 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. H, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

VALOROUS SWIFT—

Age 24 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

JOHN H. F. BUCCANNING—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

EDWIN A. BURR—

Age 32 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

JULIUS R. FORD—

Age 34 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

JAMES K. HITCHCOCK—

Age 42 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. D, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

NATHAN E. HEALD—

Age 26 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

JAMES DEMPSEY—

Age 30 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

ELIJAH BISHOP—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 29, 1865, at Jarvis U. S. A. General Hospital at Baltimore, Md.

JOHN F. DEWEY—

Age 37 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. B, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

BEZERA P. BACON—

Age 35 years. Enlisted August 30, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

AMBY H. ALDERMAN—

Age 42 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

CHANCY D. ALDERMAN—

Age 30 years. Enlisted September 13, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

LYMAN G. BEECHER—

Age 28 years. Enlisted September 2, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

PHELETUS C. GRATTON—

Age 40 years. Enlisted September 2, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. K, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; wounded December 22, 1864, at Liberty Mills, Va.; discharged May 17, 1865, at U. S. General Hospital, York, Pa.

WILLIAM BABBITT—

Age 36 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. H, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; never joined company.

ALONZO D. ABRAMS—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 16, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

ANSON T. LAWTON—

Age 33 years. Enlisted September 2, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

HOSEA B. PERSONS—

Age 36 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged May 8, 1865.

PLIN A. TAYLOR—

Age 30 years. Enlisted September 6, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

ALVIN C. TAYLOR—

Age 33 years. Enlisted September 2, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

ALVIN SLOCUM—

Age 18 years. Enlisted September 17, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. F, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

EDWIN LEONARD ADAMS—

Age 16 years. Enlisted August 10, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. C, 104th N. Y. Infantry; discharged June 7, 1865, by G. O. No. 94.

LYMAN BARBER—

Age 31 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. F, 1st Veteran Cavalry; discharged June 8, 1865.

CYRUS WESCOTT—

Age 21 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 14, 1865, at Mower U. S. A. General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

ORANGE COLE—

Age 38 years. Enlisted September 6, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; transferred to Co. K, 6th Artillery; discharged June —, 1865, at Norfolk, Va.

EER LAFFERTY—

Age 38 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. F, 13th N. Y. Artillery; transferred to Co. D January 24, 1865; discharged June 21, 1865, at Norfolk, Va.

IRA PETTY—

Age 44 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. F, 13th N. Y. Artillery; died of disease January 6, 1865, at Gosport, Va.

LYMAN J. COLE—

Age 18 years. Enlisted September 20, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. B, 189th N. Y. Infantry; discharged May 30, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

GEORGE S. MARSH—

Age 18 years. Enlisted October 2, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. F, 189th N. Y. Infantry; discharged May 30, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

JAMES LEONARD ADAMS—

Age 17 years. Enlisted September 2, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. I, 120th N. Y. Infantry; discharged June 2, 1865, by General Order No. 26 (served as substitute for John Tousley).

HENRY C. PETTIT—

Age 19 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. D, 120th N. Y. Infantry, discharged June 2, 1865, by General Order No. 26.

CHARLES E. PETTIT

Age 17 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. D, 120th N. Y. Infantry; discharged June 2, 1865, by General Order No. 26.

JAMES TAPP—

Age 30 years. Enlisted September 4th, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. B, 11th Pennsylvania Infantry; discharged May 8th, 1863.

Second enlistment, September —, 1864, for one year, as private, Co. F, 141st N. Y. Infantry; discharged July —, 1865.

JAMES AUGUSTUS HITCHCOCK—

Age 17 years. Enlisted April 11, 1865, as private, for one year, Co. E, 149th N. Y. Infantry; discharged May 3, 1865, at Elmira, N. Y.

ADELBERT E. GOULD—

Age 18 years. Enlisted August 28, 1861, as private for three years, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged October 22, 1864.

CHARLES W. BEARDSLEY—

Age 25 years. Enlisted August 25, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged March 31, 1862, re-enlisted August 23, 1864, as saddler; discharged June 13, 1865.

SYLVESTER T. UPTEGROVE—

Age 21 years. Enlisted August 30, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry;

promoted corporal, re-enlisted, as sergeant, February 22, 1864; wounded twice (no dates or place given); discharged with company July 19, 1865, at Winchester, Va.

WILLIAM H. TAPP—

Age 19 years. Enlisted August 16, 1861, as private, for three years, in Co. B, 11th Pa. Infantry; taken prisoner August 28, 1862, exchanged December 11, 1862; re-enlisted February 1864, Battery L, U. S. Artillery; discharged February 9, 1867; died August 6, 1904.

SIDNEY C. CLARK—

Age 28 years. Enlisted September 3, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. B, 189th N. Y. Infantry; discharged May 30, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

BENJAMIN KINGSBURY—

Age 36 years. Enlisted July 13, 1863, as private, for three years, in Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery, transferred to Co. L, 6th Artillery, July 18, 1865; discharged August 25, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

ALEXANDER L. LITCHARD—

Age 20 years. Enlisted August 29, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. D, 86th N. Y. Infantry; discharged November 12, 1862, for disability.

ALAMANZO W. LITCHARD—

Age 20 years. Enlisted August 29, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. D, 86th N. Y. Infantry; discharged December 9, 1862, for disability, at Alexandria, Va. Second enlistment.

OTIS KINGSBURY—

Age 21 years. Enlisted May 1, 1861, as private for two years, in Co. B, 23rd N. Y. Infantry; discharged with company May 22, 1863, at Elmira, N. Y. Second enlistment June 11, 1863, as first sergeant, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; resigned June 11, 1865.

JAMES KINGSBURY—

Age 23 years. Enlisted September 13, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. D, 64th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal October 31, 1862; wounded in action December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.; promoted sergeant March, 1863; discharged for disability June 23, 1864; died at Rushford May 9, 1894.

CHARLES C. HIMES—

Age 26 years. Enlisted October 1, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. F, 85th N. Y. Infantry; wounded in action May 31, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; promoted sergeant August 5, 1862; re-enlisted as sergeant January 1, 1864; captured in action April 20, 1864, at Plymouth, N. C.; parole date not stated; discharged June 27, 1865, at New Berne, N. C.; died at Rushford February 9, 1898.

JOHN A. O'CONNER—

Age 35 years. Enlisted August 26, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. F, 85th N. Y. Infantry; discharged for disability November 11, 1862, at N. Y. City. Second enlistment, ———, 1864, in Co. H, 2nd Mounted Rifles, discharged August 24, 1865, at Buffalo, N. Y.; died at Rushford August 4, 1903.

GEORGE W. CADY—

Age 33 years. Enlisted March 31, 1865, as private, for one year, Co. ———, 81st N. Y. Infantry; discharged August 31, 1865, at Fort Monroe, Va.; died at Rushford December 30, 1902.

HARVEY McELHENY—

Age 24 years. Enlisted August 7th, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. F, 85th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal; captured in action April 20, 1864, at Plymouth, N. C.; re-enlisted January 1, 1864; discharged July 27th, 1865, at New Berne, N. C.

HIRAM L. WICKWIRE—

Age 18 years. Enlisted June 11, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Artillery; died of disease February 10, 1865.

EDWARD W. BEECHER—

Age 23 years. Enlisted January 1, 1864, as sergeant, for three years, Co. E, 21st Pa. Cavalry; discharged July 8, 1865; died ———.

CORYDON MASON, M. D.—

Age 32 years. Enrolled March, 1864, as assistant surgeon, 32nd Regt. U. S. Colored Troops; discharged August, 1865; died at Rushford, January 21st, 1891.

DANIEL D. PERSONS—

Age 43 years. Enlisted in the U. S. Navy, as landsman, for one year; served on U. S. Steamer Paw Paw; discharged June 25, 1865; died at Rushford November 15, 1900.

JAMES WILSON—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 13, 1861, as private, for two years, Co. C, 26th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal January 1, 1862; wounded at Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862; discharged May 28, 1863, at Utica, N. Y.

CHARLES GORDON—

Age ——— years. Enlisted ———, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. L, 8th Illinois Cavalry; discharged ———, 1865, with company; died at Rushford March 31, 1904.

BYRON VANAME—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 9, 1862, as private, for three years, Co. F, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 10, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va.

EVERETT S. THOMPSON—

Age 20 years. Enlisted May 13, 1861, as private for two years, Co. I, 26th N. Y. Infantry, wounded August 30, 1862, at Bull Run, Va.; discharged Jan-

uary 6, 1863. Second enlistment December 19, 1863, for three years, Co. F, 24th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged ———, 1865.

LEONARD ADAMS—

Age 36 years. Enlisted August 28th, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged September 27th, 1862, at Elmira, N. Y., on surgeon's certificate of disability; died at Rushford September 22nd, 1908.

WILLIAM BEAUMONT—

Age 26 years. Enlisted September 15th, 1862, for three years, as private, Co. L, 10th N. Y. Cavalry; wounded June 20th, 1864, at Whitehouse Landing, Va., and June 24th at St. Mayrons Church, Va.; discharged at Clouds Mills, Va., July 19, 1865.

JOHN S. TROWBRIDGE—

Age ——— years. Enlisted August 26th, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; wounded and died at Hanover, Pa., July 5th, 1863.

HOWARD P. LAFFERTY—

Age 34 years. Enlisted December 9th, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. D, 105th N. Y. Infantry; discharged July 4th, 1862, from General Hospital at Falls Church, Va., on surgeon's certificate of disability; died at Rushford, 1872.

WILLIAM ALFRED LAFFERTY—

Age 18 years. Enlisted August 11th, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. I, 1st Penn. Rifles; transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged August 13, 1864; died at Rushford, 1869.

JOHN SMALL—

Age 38 years. Enlisted December 19th, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. D, 5th N. Y. Artillery; discharged July 19th, 1865; died February 20, 1904.

GEORGE P. WALKER—

Age 21 years. Enlisted December 23rd, 1863, as private, for three years, Co. H, 8th N. Y. Artillery;

wounded and captured June 3rd, 1864; died in prison June 13th, 1864.

CHARLES W. BEARDSLEY—

Age 25 years. Enlisted August 25th, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry; discharged March 31, 1862, by order of Gen. McClellan. Re-enlisted August 23rd, 1864, as saddler, for one year; discharged June 13th, 1865.

THOMAS D. BRADFORD—

Age — years. Enlisted September 30th, 1861, as musician, for three years, Co. A, 104th N. Y. Infantry; discharged (date not given).

PHILLIP G. ELLITHORP—

Age 18 years. Enlisted May 30th, 1861, as private, for three years, Co. I, 13th Pa. Infantry, Reserve Volunteer Corps (42nd in line, Bucktails First Rifles); died of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., October 3rd, 1863.

WARREN CLARK—

Age 23 years. Enlisted August 12th, 1862, as private, for three years, 2nd Ohio Independent Battery; discharged February 7th, 1863; died December 16, 1906.

WILLIAM G. LAFFERTY—

Age 44 years. Enlisted September 3rd, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. H, 199th Pa. Infantry; discharged June 28th, 1865.

TITUS B. CHAPIN—

Age 27 years. Enlisted September 16, 1861, as private, for three years, 3rd Wisconsin Battery, Light Artillery. Taken prisoner September 20, 1863; died January 7th, 1864, in Danville Prison, Va.

HENRY BOARDMAN—

Private, Co. F, 2nd Wisconsin Cavalry; buried in Rushford.

ELIJAH METCALF—

(Unable to obtain his record.) Buried in Rushford.

MARCLUS PALMER—

Age 38 years. Enlisted September 21st, 1862, for three years, as private, Co. F, 4th N. Y. Artillery; discharged January 14th, 1863, for disability, at Fort Ethan Allen, Va.

JAMES WILSON—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 13th, 1861, for three years, as private, Co. C, 26th N. Y. Infantry; promoted corporal January 1st, 1862; wounded at Antietam, Md., September 17th, 1862; discharged with company May 28th, 1863.

NAMES OF THOSE WHO SERVED AS SUBSTITUTES FOR RUSHFORD MEN.

ALONZO D. ABRAMS—

Age 22 years. Enlisted August 16, 1864, as private, for one year, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; discharged June 30, 1865, at Clouds Mills, Va. Principal, Orrin T. Higgins; amount paid by the principal, \$500.

ALVA PRICHARD—

Enlisted February 28, 1865, as private. Principal Burdett McKinney; amount paid by the principal, \$600.

G. W. KELLY McCASH—

Enlisted August 4, 1864, as private, for three years. Principal, Orrin T. Stacy; amount paid by the principal, \$500.

JAMES SHARP—

Enlisted August 10, 1864, as private, for three years. Principal, Wolcott F. Griffin; amount paid by the principal, \$500.

JOHN RICE—

Enlisted August 9, 1864, as private, for three years. Principal, George W. F. Buck; amount paid by the principal, \$500.

FREDERICK WELLS—

Enlisted February 28, 1865, as private. Principal, Adaniram J. Colburn; amount paid by the principal, \$100.

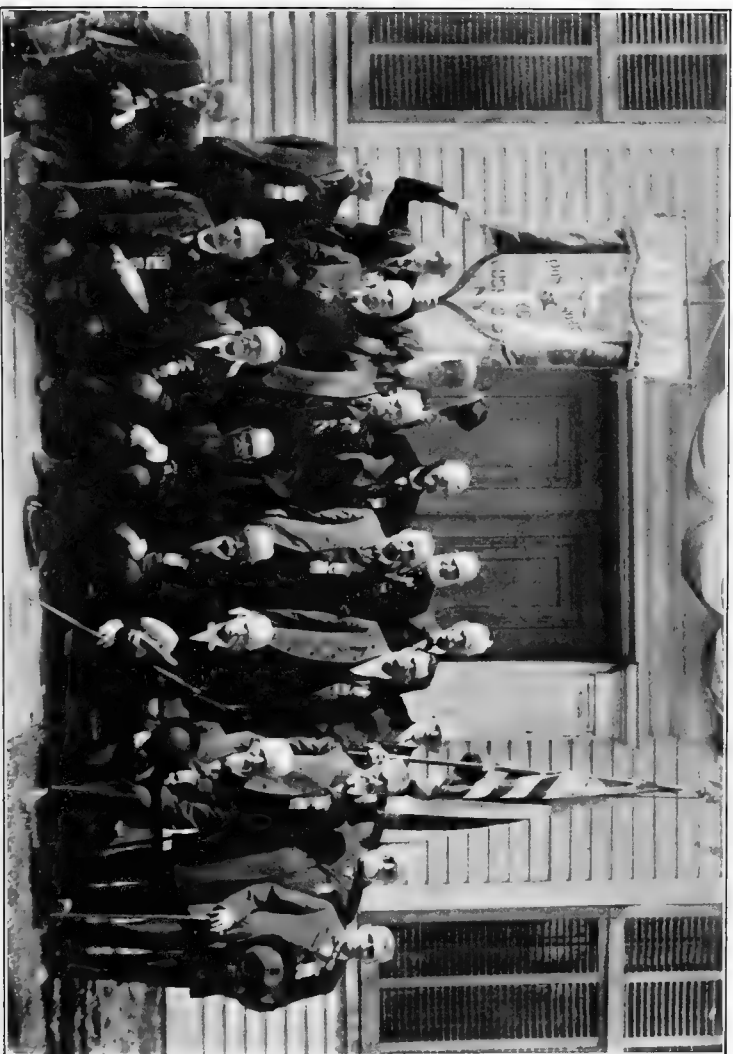
CHARLES WING—

Enlisted September 6, 1864, for one year in the Navy. Principal, J. Dezelle Hill; amount paid by the principal, \$500.

Rushford sent more men to the Union Army than were called for. The first sacrifice for the Union, from Allegany County, was one of her honored sons, "Albert Babbitt, who was killed at Bull Run, Va., July 21st, 1861." Eugene Ferrin was killed later on the same day. The Town was splendidly represented on all the great battle-fields of the war for the Union, by gallant fighting men, at Bull Run, Shiloh, Stone River, Vicksburg, Chicamauga, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, and on to Appomatox; carrying mourning into Rushford's homes, but crowning her with glory.

NOTE.—In compiling the above records, of the individual service, of the men from Rushford who served in the Army, I have examined the public records, and have been assisted by the Adjutant Generals of several States, and I think the records are as nearly correct as can be made at this time.

W. W. BUSH.



SOLDIERS SURVIVING IN RUSHFORD, 1897

To the Absent Volunteer.

By J. R. PENHOLLOW.

Brave one! thou hast gone to fight
 In a glorious cause—
 Gone to battle for the right
 Of a nation's laws.

Daring was thy look and mien,
 Bravely didst thou go,
 Trusting in Jehovah's power
 To crush the rebel foe.

Thou hast left thy home and friends,
 All thy heart holds dear,
 For the sake of right and truth,
 Most noble Volunteer.

May the God of battles shield
 And protect you ever;
 May his own right arm uphold,
 And desert thee never.

May the dark and gloomy clouds
 Which hang o'er our nation,
 Break ere long before the light
 Of a world's salvation.

Then in all her might and strength,
 She will surely rise,
 'Mid the shouts of victory,
 Ascending to the skies.

Freedom, then, shall be our song,
 Vict'ry be the chorus;
 Negroes now in slavery's power,
 Will repeat it for us.

When all this has come to pass,
 Most noble Volunteer,
 May'st thou with bright laurels crowned
 Return to home so dear.

Then we'll welcome thee with joy,
 Brave, noble Volunteer;
 Then our hearts will bless the day
 We shed the parting tear.

March 3, 1863.

The Civil War Period.

SUMNER E. KILMER.

Company E, 5th N. Y. Cavalry.

The excitement at the beginning of the Civil War was intense, and the discussions of the means to be employed occupied the attention of every citizen of the Town of Rushford. Opinions varied, but the general sentiment was that the Union must be preserved at all hazards, regardless of the cost of life and treasure. When the news was flashed over the wire that the flag had been fired on in South Carolina, the incident inspired the greatest indignation. No man can describe the feelings as expressed at that time. At this crisis a call was made by the President, Abraham Lincoln, for troops to enforce the laws and to compel those who had rebelled against the authority of the government to return to their homes and obey the constituted authorities. Every loyal State was called upon to furnish a certain number of men, and the number that fell to Rushford at different times during the war was always filled, and many times more than the necessary number furnished. The men were enlisted also for other towns in the county. The fathers and mothers bade their sons go, and if it were their fate to fall in battle, to meet death like true sons of America, and never to disgrace the parents who gave them birth. When Dwight Scott bade his mother good-bye she said, with tears trickling down her cheeks, "I'm afraid you will get shot." He responded, "Mother, I can kill as many of them as they can of me."

The scenes of parting with wives and children were too sacred ever to be forgotten. Rushford was represented in nearly every branch of the Union Army, some enlisting in infantry regiments, some in cavalry, some in artillery and some in the engineers corps. The navy was also repre-

sented by Dodge Persons. Rushford furnished nearly two entire companies, and her sons are sleeping in soldiers' graves all along the battle line. As the war progressed the sanitary commission was established, and the patriotic women of Rushford contributed liberally by sending lint bandages and many luxuries to be used in the hospitals. Hattie Jewell went as a nurse. The sufferings of the wives and children that were left in indigent circumstances by the absence of their natural protectors cannot be understood by those who have never been placed in similar circumstances, but they proved themselves true American women, fighting the battle of destitution at home that their country might be saved, and the chains that bound human beings in slavery broken and freedom granted to all.

The citizens of the town in 1863 voted to pay everyone who enlisted for three years, or during the war, three hundred dollars, and the promise was faithfully kept in every instance. In 1864, it was raised to six hundred dollars, which demonstrated that the citizens of the town were determined that nothing should be left undone upon their part for the preservation of the Union. Many of Rushford's sons fell victims in prisons in the South. In the "prison pen" at Charleston the enemy placed officers of the Union in direct line of fire of the Union guns, hoping they would be killed by their own friends.

The first soldiers from Rushford enlisted on the 13th day of April, 1861, in Company I, 27th New York Vol. Infantry, and this company had the distinction of having in its ranks the first man from Allegany County killed in the Civil War. The victim who fell at the first battle of Bull Run was Albert Babbitt. There were nineteen men enrolled in that company from Rushford. They formed at Angelica, New York, and

then went to Elmira, and were mustered into service on the 21st day of May, 1861. This regiment was enlisted for only two years and served that time in the Army of the Potomac, and was present and took an active part in every battle during the first two years of the war. Burton Freeman enlisted on the 13th day of May, 1861, in Company I, 27th New York Infantry; was promoted from Sergeant to 1st Sergeant July 21st, 1861; to 2nd Lieutenant September 1st, 1861; to 1st Lieutenant February 6th, 1862, and to Captain September 26th, 1862. He also served as Color Sergeant at the first battle of Bull Run. His record shows that he served with honor not only to himself and friends, but to the town of Rushford, where he was born and grew to manhood. When this company was enlisted the town was not called upon to furnish any quota as it was later on in the war; so the enlistment of these men was voluntary, with no incentive except one of duty and patriotism, as no financial consideration was held out at that time by the town, and not until 1863 was the proposition of giving bounties to all who would enlist submitted to the vote of the citizens of the town.

The first Colonel of the 27th was Colonel Slocum, who became the famous General Slocum later on in the war.

Company D of the 64th New York Infantry was raised principally from Rushford boys, as forty-eight enlisted from this town during August and September, 1861, and were drilled in the ball-room of the old Globe Hotel. They went to Elmira, N. Y., and were mustered into the service of the United States October 10th, 1861, excepting two who were rejected on account of permanent disability, leaving forty-six. This company was enlisted for three years or during the war, and served in the Army of the Potomac.

The 64th Regiment of New York Infantry was in forty-six battles or skirmishes, and also present at a greater number of engagements than any other regiment in the service during the Civil War.

William Woodworth enlisted September 13th, 1861, at Rushford for three years or during the war; was mustered as 1st Lieutenant of Company D, 64th New York Infantry, December 2nd, 1861, and was promoted to Captain February 26th, 1862. He returned in 1862, enlisted some more men from this town for Company D of the 64th Regiment, and returned to his company with these men. He died of disease at or near Falmouth, Virginia, December 28th, 1862. His body was sent home and is resting beside those of his kindred. His funeral was the largest that ever has been seen in this town before or since. It being a military one, something never before seen in this section, and the great respect in which he was held by all, caused the people to pay their last tribute of love at his bier. The Grand Army Post at Rushford was named in his honor.

Harrison T. Smith enlisted in Company D, 64th New York Infantry on the 14th day of August, 1862; was promoted to Sergeant January 18th, 1863. He was wounded in battle at Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, 1864; captured in battle, August 25th, 1864, at Reams Station, Virginia, and paroled. He was promoted to 1st Sergeant October 30th, 1864, and Sergeant-Major January 1st, 1865; promoted to Captain of Company H of the 64th New York Infantry March 1st, 1865, and killed in battle March 25th, 1865, at Hatchers Run, Virginia.

Clayton G. Jewell enlisted at Rushford, September 13th, 1861, in Company D, 64th New York Infantry, and was mustered as 2nd Lieutenant of the same company, December 10th, 1861, and as 1st Lieutenant February 26th, 1862.

He was discharged July 6th, 1862; afterwards enlisted in another organization. He was killed July 30th, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Virginia, at the time the mine was exploded, and was buried on the field.

Fifteen of Rushford's boys were enrolled in Company B, 2nd New York Mounted Rifles, for three years or during the war, in December, 1863. They were ordered to Buffalo, N. Y., and mustered into service of the United States January 12th, 1864. In the month of March, 1864, they were ordered to Camp Stoneman, near Washington, D. C. This regiment was ordered to join the Army of the Potomac sometime during the month of May, 1864, and they received their first experience in war at the battle of the Wilderness. They were enlisted as cavalry and were drilled in cavalry tactics, but served as infantry during the summer of 1864. They participated in all the battles in which the Army of the Potomac were engaged, from the Wilderness to the close of the war. They received their horses at City Point, Virginia, in the fall of 1864, and served after that as cavalry until they were discharged at the close of the war. This regiment suffered very heavily in killed and wounded, serving as infantry and fighting side by side with veterans who had been fighting for a long time and were experienced in war.

Watson W. Bush was enrolled November 23rd, 1863; mustered as 1st Lieutenant January 12th, 1864, in Company B, 2nd New York Mounted Rifles; captured September 30th, 1864, in battle at Pegram's Farm, Virginia. The number captured at that time was forty or fifty, and the number killed and wounded was from fifty to seventy-five. He was taken to Libby Prison, Richmond, Virginia, then to Danville; from there to Salisbury, N. C., and was transferred from

there to Libby to be exchanged February 22nd, 1865. He was promoted to Captain of Company B, 2nd New York Mounted Rifles January 28th, 1865, and was discharged August 28th, 1865.

There were a number of Rushford boys who joined other New York regiments, but their numbers were few in each organization.

Rushford's only means of receiving news from the outside world was the easy-going stage, which brought only one mail daily over the old stage road from Cuba, N. Y., fifteen miles south and from Arcade, the same distance north. Every one knew the time when the mail was due to arrive, and the people would assemble at the Post Office, hoping, yet fearing to hear some news from the Army. The papers were eagerly seized and read with fear and trembling by fathers, mothers, wives and friends of the boys who were at the seat of war.

The citizens of the town of Rushford can look back with pride at the deeds of her valiant sons, who sacrificed life and health to perpetuate the principles of a free and independent people, and one of the grandest and best governments on the earth.

Last Letter of Warren B. Persons.

A member of Company B, Sixty-fourth N. Y. He died in Andersonville prison, Ga., July 9, 1864. The number of his grave is 3082.

ANDERSONVILLE, July 2, 1864.

DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME :

It is just one year ago to-day since I was captured and I have taken the care I could of myself, and struggled long and hard for life for my sake and the sake of loved ones at home, but it is of no use. I discover I lose a little strength daily, and the feeble beating of my pulse warns me that what little remains for me to do must be done quickly. I have no particular disease, except general debility,

and I shall probably die an easy death, but my principal reason for writing to you is to let you know that I die in hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave, and I can truly say, "O Grave, where is thy victory, O Death, where is thy sting?"

I pray God that these few lines may reach you some way, for I know that such an assurance from me will afford you more consolation than any other message I could send. I wish I had more strength to think and write, I could say many things, but I am easy and happy. I find great comfort in reading the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th chapters of St. John. The whole word of God is precious to me, I only wish I might live to preach it. I thank God that others have been raised up to preach it, and that through its hearing and believing I feel I am saved. Do not regard me as one lost, but as one merely gone before, waiting to receive you to Heaven's untold joys. Oh, be sure one and all to meet me there, where weeping and parting shall be no more. I have hated to die, and have temptations at times that way now, but what are the moments and pleasures of time compared with the unending duration and untold joys of eternity it fills my soul with rapture to contemplate now.

I die the death I have always prayed for, *i. e.*, I have ample time for meditation upon and preparation for this great and final change. I am well aware I have not always lived as I should, and this may be my punishment that I must die away from friends and home, but Christ is my friend and comforter, and I feel I am not alone.

I would love to write more, but if this reaches you it will do perhaps.

Give Frank Woods a nice book from my library, and one to Albert Damon. Everything else I leave to you and at your disposal.

Farewell until we meet in Heaven.

Your loving son and brother,

W. B. PERSONS.

Letter to Nathan Lyman.

A letter written in War times to Nathan Lyman of Illinois, formerly from Rushford.

RUSHFORD, Dec. 2d, 1861.

DEAR NEPHEW AND FAMILY:—

Yours of Oct. 3d came to hand in due time. The time had been so long since you had written us, that we had almost concluded that your business absorbed your time and attention too much to find time for writing us. But we were happily disappointed, and hope we shall not have occasion to think so again; and moreover, we will try and answer sooner than we have this time. So much for preliminaries.

Yesterday, Sunday, was the first wintry day we have had. People have continued to plow till last Saturday. Our crops of all kinds were just about middling fair for this country. Dairies sold very low this fall, 5 1/2 to 6 1/2 cents. Your Aunt Emily's cheese sells as high as any one's in town. We sold this year from 20 cows 8,300 lbs. Last year 8,000 from 17 cows.

Rosina is at home this winter. Mr. Evans has enlisted for three years. He has been at the camp at Elmira for two months, he was home last week. Some 4000 men are there. They leave this week for Washington. He is in the 64th Regiment N. Y. State Volunteers under Col. Parker. He has three brothers in the Army. John Worthington's two youngest boys are in the Army. The youngest was at *Bull Run*. Ira Ames was there also. Albert Babbitt was killed there.

Rushford and vicinity—Rushford being the nucleus—has sent off at three different times, about 130 men, and Rev. (Capt.) John C. Nobles has enlisted about 40 more in this region, who go into winter quarters at Leroy. Uncle John W. goes with them. The Colonel of the Regiment is Rev.

Jas. M. Fuller of Genesee Conference, Presiding Elder for five or six years.

I am glad you Western Patriots are doing so much in this our Country's trials. But when you go ahead of old Rushford, let us know about it. We had at one meeting here \$2,000 pledged for the benefit of the families of Volunteers. Old York State is *right side up with care*, 130,000 men in the field within seven months from the time Beau-regard with his legions, aroused the slumbering fires of '76 from their ashes. See what Gen. Dix, one of New York's Patriot sons, has just accomplished in Accomac and Northumberland without the loss of a single man. And see also what the brave old Gen. Scott said of the N. Y. 69th—Col. Bendix, I think—"the best disciplined regiment reviewed at Washington before he left for Europe. It is supposed at the present time that N. Y. has furnished more than her quota.

But enough of this: (excuse this boasting won't you?)

Clark Bannister has just enlisted in the Navy for three years. Wm. O. Kingsbury has three boys in the Army. A Mr. Merrill on the old Hardy farm has two sons there. James Tapp, and two brothers just over from England, have enlisted. Two of Clark Kendall's sons also. Lyman B. Metcalf and a son of his, Lyman Eaton's two oldest boys are in a cavalry company. And so it goes. The mass of the people here are fearful of the effect of Fremont's removal; but we hope the Government has not done it without good cause.

* * * * *

Your Uncle Alonzo Lyman has been sick but is better. The rest of the family are about as usual. I must bid you an affectionate farewell. Be faithful unto death, and a crown is in waiting.

A. W. E. DAMON

N. E. LYMAN

and family.

and Family.

Home Again.

Lines written for Home-Coming Week, when the town of Rushford celebrated its Centennial, and dedicated to the old friends and the old home, by Esther Saville Allen.

Standing at eve in her doorway,
 With the yearnings of hope in her breast,
 A mother, while night shades are low'ring,
 Looks forth to the North and the West.
 Then tenderly turns to the Eastward,
 Where beats the great pulse of the sea;
 And anon to the far sunny Southland,
 O'er mountains, and river and lea.

Like emeralds the hills of her dwelling,
 Her valleys are fair to behold;
 Her streams are the clearest of crystal,
 Her sunsets the rarest of gold.
 And the years with the gentlest of fingers
 Have touched her on cheek, and on brow;
 Tho' she wears on her clustering tresses,
 The snows of a century now.

Listen! As in her soft, gentle accents,
 To her children wherever they roam,
 She calls, to come back from the highway,
 To the cool, sheltered paths of the home;
 To revisit the dear scenes of childhood,
 Where Hope and Ambition first met;
 And which the bright glamor of youth-time
 Enfolds in its radiance yet.

They hear, and they come from the prairie,
 And the mountains exultant and free,
 From the cities of trade's ebbless surges,
 Thy children come, Mother, to thee!
 Aye, they come from the dim Northern forests,
 Exultant with anthem of pines;
 And they come from the land of magnolias,
 With the vine-enwreathed temples and shrines.

And what though their locks have grown thinner?
 Or with dust of the highways are gray?
 And what though the tired feet falter
 From the roughness and length of the way?
 Since they come bearing with them their life-work,
 With its crown of endeavor complete;
 And they lay it in grateful remembrance,
 Dear Mother, at shrine of thy feet.

But what of the graves of thy children,
 Who hear not the summons to come,
 Once more to the rest and the shelter
 And the tender endearments of home;
 They who fell in the van of the battle,
 Or pinned in the deadly stockade,
 But true to their flag and their country,
 Met death and were never afraid?

Now back to the worn, dusty highway,
 To the sparkle and lees of life's wine;
 Aye, back to the toil and endeavor
 From the paths of the dear "Auld lang syne."
 But, Mother, dear Mother, your blessing,
 Ere we rev'rently turn to depart,
 With the fires of faith newly kindled,
 And a new song of hope in the heart.
 LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

The Collection of Relics at The Rushford Centennial.

ANNIE WIER THOMAS.

It is often said that the present generation cannot realize the hardships of the pioneer. A collection of the farm and kitchen utensils was exhibited at the Centennial and Old Home Week that should stand as an object lesson to the young, and a reminder of other days to the older ones. There were flax wheels with Mrs. Belknap to show her skill, the linen table cloths, sheets and pillow covers made in the homes of the early



CHRISTIANN WILMARTH BELKNAP

settlers. Wool cards, spinning wheels, and the many beautiful bed covers of blue and white, that were the result of the patient effort of our foremothers, the crude fire place, bake ovens, warming pans, foot stones, pewter dishes of all shapes and sizes, cradles that hushed little ones to sleep, the old splint-bottomed rocking chairs, wagon chairs that father and mother used when coming to church, blue dishes that spoke of more prosperous times, the china that is the pride of the third or fourth generation. Nor had the personal adornments been cast aside to the old clothes gatherers, for there were bonnets that had graced the heads of brides, combs that held their veils in place, shawls that are priceless heirlooms in many families. The dainty dresses that were hand made for the first baby, put to shame the careless sewing of the present day.

Many of the farm implements would tax the strength of an athlete to lift, much more to use, winnowing boards, flails, shovels, hoes of such crude workmanship, their use often doubted, were seen. The pictures of ancestors from the silhouette to the enlarged photograph, were brought out to bring to mind faces of long ago. Crude pictures that were first hung upon the walls of the log house, such as Washington and his family, death bed scene of Andrew Jackson, the monument with place for names of the departed shadowed by the weeping willow, these were all brought from garrets for the crowd to comment upon and ask if these were ever considered works of art.

Then there was the array of guns from the flint lock muskets to the more modern rifles, sabres, swords; uniforms of no earlier date than the Rebellion seemed very ancient to many a youth.

These and almost numberless other relics of the early days, leave us wondering what the next one hundred years will bring to us, in labor saving devices, art and fashion.

The Relics.

FRANK M. BOARD.

A very interesting and instructive part of Rushford's Old Home Week Program was the exhibit of relics which were placed in the lower rooms of the Academy, facing the west. And so well filled were the rooms that only a fair space was left for the onlookers.

Arranged on the wall were pictures of some of the early settlers and their children, including Roswell Wilmarth, Capt. Wm. W. Woodworth, Israel Thompson and wife, Judge James McCall, Levi Benjamin and wife with R. W. Benjamin at seven years of age; O. D. Benjamin, Asa Benjamin and wife, a silhouette of Dimmick Damon, father of A. W. E. Damon; Wilson Gordon and his first wife, Lydia Pratt, L. L. Benjamin, James Gordon, L. C. Kimball, Mary R. Evans, Maria Benjamin, four generations of the Higgins family in a group, Dr. Timothy Higgins, Frank W. Higgins and O. T. Higgins, 2nd; Chapman Brooks and wife, Bethuel Freeman, Judge Lyon and wife, C. W. Woodworth, R. Bonham Laning, Newbury Eddy, Sampson Hardy and wife, Nahum Ames, David Sill and a group containing five of the Talcott family—Electra, Elihu, Ravillo, Samuel and Henry.

Above these hung blue and white coverlets, eleven in all, with several of other colors; six quilts—some of wonderful designs and intricate patterns; several baby dresses and needlework well worth seeing.

On tables were tools and implements used by the pioneer—swingling knives, six hatchels and flax ready for the hatchels, candle molds, a puncheon that was in use before jugs could be had for carrying drink to the fields, a pair of shackles made by Chauncy McDonald for John Holmes, a

carpenter's square made by a blacksmith, a large mortar used by Wm. Gary, sickles, saws, froes for splitting shingles and staves, punctured tin lanterns, iron tea-kettles, an ancient broad axe crude enough to have been used in Noah's time, a tray for mixing bread; warming pans—a wooden scoop shovel, made by John Knaggs, a brother-in-law of D. C. Woods, iron skillets and spiders, an old surveying instrument used on the Holland Land survey, and a sheet iron box in which to borrow fire from the neighbors.

A show case containing many pieces of home-made linen cloth and fine thread, two stocks worn by men on dress occasions, silver shoe buckles, beautiful bead bags, tortoise-shell combs so large that they had to be carried in milady's bag until her bonnet was taken off; six or more samplers, these were the proof that the maker could use the needle as dexterously as the present generation can play the piano; the oldest one of these was made by Mary Palms who was born in 1760. In this show case were many old books—a bible that belonged to Wilson Gordon, the Osterwald translation printed previous to 1747. Also a poster advertising the Semi-Centennial Celebration held fifty years previous to the Home-Coming Week and Centennial Celebration. Almanacs dating from 1832 to the present date were also to be seen.

One of the cases contained the exhibit loaned by Miss Ellen Gordon. Dresses worn by J. B. and Fred Gordon when babies, a corset board worn by Julietta Gordon, wedding socks of J. B. Gordon, a group picture of William, Martha, Samuel and Jedediah Gordon, a picture of J. B. Gordon and his first wife, Eneas Gary's Masonic certificate and pension papers, a pitcher used by Esther Gary, a warming pan belonging to Eneas Gary and one of the old factory shuttles were a part of this collection.

Other relics were silver spoons that had belonged to Judge McCall, many pieces of old pottery, among which were the various kinds of lustre ware, both light and dark; seven pewter platters, many rare candle sticks of both glass and brass, an old mirror in a quaint frame, which was said to be more than a hundred years old. The saddle bags used by Dr. Mason, also the one used by Dr. Bixby, a small leather-covered trunk containing an article for land from the Holland Land Company (an article was a contract for a deed when the said contract had been fulfilled), and a case containing some wonderful millinery of the olden times, some of which belonged to the Higgins family.

There were flint-lock guns, powder horns, a cartridge box, bayonet in a sheath, a leather pouch in which to carry bullets with a priming wire attached and a small bristle brush to wipe the pan of the flint-lock gun, a real Barlow knife; all these were of Revolutionary fame, while alongside these relics were a saber and sash, revolver, canteen, belt and uniform that had seen service in the Rebellion; also the large brass horn with which Bowen Gordon helped to put down the Rebellion.

In another room was the big wheel for spinning wool and the little wheel for flax, with Mrs. Erastus Belknap to spin the real flax; the swifts and reels to wind the yarn when spun; a clock reel and a hand reel or "niddy noddy." The fireplace, with its real mantlepice of the olden time, shovels, tongs, andirons, a trammel used in the Judge McCall household, and a tin bake-oven to use in front of the fireplace, a wagon chair that would seat two, a splint-bottomed affair, to be used in a lumber wagon when it did duty for a carriage.

Perhaps the most interesting of all was the canopy bed, the height of style and elegance back



AMONG COLLECTION OF RELICS, CENTENNIAL

in the thirties. This was made up with a well-filled straw tick, a generous feather bed, sheets and blankets that were woven and sewed by hand, as were the pillow-cases and a patch-work quilt.

Keeping watch over all was the grandfather clock once owned by the first white woman to stay overnight in the town of Rushford, Nancy Gary Woods. The clock is now owned by Watson W. Bush.

The success of the Old Home Week exhibit in its collection and display was due in a great measure to the efforts and time given to it by Mrs. Annie Thomas and Mrs. Jennie Bush.

Home Coming Week Music
AT THE RUSHFORD CENTENNIAL.
FRED K. WOODS.

Rushford's history shows that we have always had an abundance of musical talent, and at no time was this more true than during this Centennial and Home Coming Week. Where is the small town that can furnish a band, an orchestra, a chorus choir, a double quartette, a mixed quartette, a male quartette and several soloists, all strictly home talent?

During the previous winter, when plans for Rushford's Centennial and Home Coming Week began to assume tangible shape, the boys, realizing the importance of having a good band for that great week, assembled in Editor W. F. Benjamin's office and reorganized the famous Rushford Cornet Band. Some had been members of the old Band, and some raw recruits were accepted. Weekly practice meetings were held, and by Old Home Week the Band was ready to "Do it for Rushford" on any and all occasions. The Band at Old Home Week numbered nineteen. The names of the players and their parts

were as follows: W. F. Benjamin, Leader, E-flat Cornet; Dr. E. D. Kilmer, William Burton, Kendall Hardy, Greydon Davis, Clare Davis and Miner Taylor, B-flat Cornets; F. K. Woods, Clarinet; Warren Hadley, Tuba; W. W. Thomas, Baritone; Dean G. Gordon and Clare Gere, Trombone; Steven Wilmot, Tenor; Dewitt Stone, Solo Alto; A. P. Benjamin and Arthur Alderman, Alto; A. J. Lyon, Snare Drum; D. W. Woods, Bass Drum and Cymbals.

About the same time Dr. F. C. Ballard, who for the many years of his practice of medicine here had been compelled to let his musical talent lie dormant, suddenly became enthusiastic for an orchestra. After much labor and financial assistance by the Doctor, the Rushford Orchestra, more often called Ballard's Orchestra, was started. New members were accepted from time to time, so that at Old Home Week there were nine members, as follows:— Dr. F. C. Ballard, Leader, 1st Violin; Mrs. John A. James, 1st Violin; Miss Helen Taylor, 2nd Violin; F. K. Woods, Clarinet; Miss Bessie Thomas and William Burton, Cornets; Dean D. Gordon, Trombone; A. J. Lyon, Drum; accompanied by Mrs. Lena Werries on the piano.

The general committee on Old Home Week music were W. F. Benjamin, W. W. Thomas and A. J. Lyon, and their part of the program was carried out with the same great success that characterized the whole of the week's program and preparations. This committee appointed a committee of three, one from each of the Churches; namely, Mrs. Sophia Taylor, Miss Ellen Gordon and Miss Millie Metcalf, to select the music for the first meeting of the week, the Platform Meeting, Sunday afternoon, August 16th, 1908. This committee asked D. W. Woods to take charge of the large chorus, consisting of the choirs of the three Churches and other singers of the town. The

selections were the oldest hymns, which were more familiar one hundred years ago, and were as follows:—

Italian Hymn, Rev. Charles Wesley, 1708.

Antioch, Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674.

Ariel, Lowell Mason, 1792.

Hebron, Lowell Mason, 1792.

Sherburne, George Frederick Handel, 1685.

Portuguese Hymn, Unknown.

Exhortation, Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1727.

Amsterdam, Rev. Robert Seagrave, 1768.

Windham, Rev. Isaac Watts, 1674.

Coronation, Rev. Edward Perrouet, 1792.

Monday was without a public service until evening, when the W. C. T. U. held a medal contest in Academy Hall. The Band made their first appearance for the week on the street, before the exercises in the Hall began. The music inside was furnished by the Orchestra; by Mrs. R. T. Brooks, who sang a solo which was very fine; by the Male Quartette, Messrs. Robert Warren, S. E. Wilmot, D. D. Gordon and Eben Haynes, who furnished some excellent selections; by Robert Woods, who sang a solo, and by the contestants, who sang their contest song, the words being set to the tune, "Marching through Georgia."

Tuesday, Farmers' Day, started off with a parade, the music for which was furnished by the Band, riding in the famous old Band Wagon. After the dinner hour the Band again called the crowd together, with music in the street until the time for the afternoon program in the Hall. The Band played a selection inside, followed by one by the Orchestra. A quartette next sang. The singers were Mrs. Lena Werries, soprano; Miss Velma Haykes, alto; Robert Warren, tenor; and Eben Haynes, bass; accompanied by Miss Bessie Thomas on the piano. The Orchestra then furnished another selection.

The evening program opened with orchestra music; other music for the evening was a song by the Quartette. The Orchestra played another number, and the Band played at the close.

Wednesday, Centennial Day, was a very busy one for the musicians, some of them playing in the Band, the Orchestra, and singing. In the morning, the Band took opportunity to serenade some of the distinguished guests. A few selections were rendered on the street, and the boys then marched to Mr. C. J. Elmer's lawn, where two or three pieces were played before Mr. Elmer and Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Elmer, of Ithaca, N. Y. Prof. Elmer responded with words of appreciation in behalf of the family. The home of Captain and Mrs. W. W. Bush, where so many distinguished guests were entertained all the week, was next visited. The boys made their circle very prettily, and the spacious porch was soon filled with the guests of the house. Besides the family of Captain Bush, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Smith of New York, Rev. and Mrs. Henry C. Woods of Bath, Mrs. Annie Thomas of Lansing, Iowa, Mrs. Flora Hammond of Minnesota, and others. Words of appreciation were spoken by several of these, and after very touching remarks by Mrs. Smith, she was introduced and shook hands with each member of the band. The boys then marched back to the hall, where they disbanded for dinner. Assembling again several pieces were played, the boys always willing to keep things going.

The afternoon program opened with music by the band, followed by the orchestra. The songs for the day were selected by the Centennial Day Committee, and were sung by a double quartette, consisting of:—Soprano, Mrs. Jennie Gordon and Mrs. Minnie Woods; Alto, Mrs. Myrtie Bush and Marena Woods; Tenor, Dr. E. D. Kilmer and F. K. Woods; Bass, A. P. Benjamin and D. W.

Woods; Piano, Miss Anna Merrill. The songs, as sandwiched in between the speeches, were Home Sweet Home, The Old Oaken Bucket, Annie Laurie and Cousin Jedediah. The orchestra played a selection for the closing number of the afternoon.

The evening program opened with music by the orchestra. The double quartette sang:

"Home again, Home again, from a foreign shore,
And O! it fills my heart with joy to meet my friends
once more."

The next song was "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Then the musical selection "Poor Nellie Gray" was played by the Band. The audience then arose and sang an adapted version of "Auld Lang Syne," as follows:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne we meet to-day,
For auld lang syne;
To tread the paths our fathers trod
In days of auld lang syne.

We've passed through many varied scenes,
Since youth's unclouded day;
And friends, and hopes, and happy dreams,
Time's hand has swept away.
And voices that once joined with ours,
In days of auld lang syne,
Are silent now, and blend no more
In songs of auld lang syne.

Yet ever has this light of hope
Illumed our darkest hour,
And cheered us on Life's toilsome way,
And gemmed our path with flowers;

The sacred prayers our mothers said
 In days of auld lang syne,
 Have ever kept us in the right,
 Since days of auld lang syne.

Here we have met, here we may part,
 To meet on earth no more,
 And some may never see again
 The cherished homes of yore;
 The sportive plays and pleasant days
 Of childhood's auld lang syne—
 We ne'er shall meet to know again
 Those joys of auld lang syne.

But when we've crossed the sea of life
 And reached the heav'nly shore,
 We'll sing the songs our fathers sing,
 Transcending those of yore;
 We there shall sing diviner strains,
 Than those of auld lang syne—
 Immortal songs of praise, unknown
 In days of old lang syne.

The last song of the evening was "Long, Long Ago." The Band played the closing piece, and continued with several others on the street until nearly every one had retired to their homes, or to the dancing pavilion.

Thursday, known as School Day, opened with a parade at eleven A. M., led by the Band on foot. The only other musical instrument noticed in the parade was a hand organ played by W. H. Leavens. The parade concluded its march before the High School, where each class of alumni marched before the reviewing stand separately, to a short strain from the Band, or an appropriate tune on the piano played by Mrs. R. T. Brooks, and did their stunt. The Band, as on all occasions, was present on the street during the remainder of the afternoon, or at the ball games, playing between innings and making much noise to help out the rooters. Leader Benjamin scarcely

gave the boys time to eat between appearances, and the Band often struck up with hardly a quorum, but before many pieces were played the last man was present.

The evening program, in charge of the High School Alumni, opened with music by the Orchestra. Two Alumni songs were on the program. Mrs. Lena Werries was pianist, accompanied by Mr. Burton on the cornet, and the members of the Alumni sang as a chorus. The first song, adapted from college songs, to the tune "Maryland, My Maryland," was as follows:

Our love and praise to-night we give,
Rushford, dear Rushford.

Long may your glorious record live,
Rushford, dear Rushford.

Your sons and daughters, as of yore,
As in the years that have gone before,
Now pledge their loyalty once more,
Rushford, dear Rushford.

No matter where we spend our days,
Rushford, dear Rushford.

Our fond allegiance with you stays,
Rushford, dear Rushford.

Our songs are gay, but thoughts are grave,
We'll strive to keep our purpose brave,
To make your colors ever wave,
Rushford, dear Rushford.

The second, to the tune of "Old Black Joe," was:—

Gone are the days when we lived in Rushford,
Gone are the years that we toiled there faithfully,
Yet in our hearts we've kept thy memory,
All hail to thee, our Alma Mater, R. H. S.

CHORUS.

We're bringing by singing
Our tribute here to thee,
All hail to thee, our Alma Mater, R. H. S.

Tho' we may roam in countries far and near,
 Tho' others tempt and offer us good cheer,
 Yet when we hear "Alumnus come to me,"
 We'll never fail to heed thy summons, R. H. S.

Chorus.

Long may thy children loud their praises sing,
 Long may thy halls with cheerful laughter ring,
 Long may we feel this night we've met with thee,
 Thou art our queen, our Alma Mater, R. H. S.

Chorus.

During the evening Miss Anna Merrill rendered "La Czarine" very beautifully on the piano, and the orchestra played two more selections. The closing song, "Our Alumni," was written for a previous occasion by Mrs. Edward James, formerly Miss Zella W. Spencer, to the tune, "Clementine."

Friday was Soldiers' and G. A. R. Day. The G. A. R. had engaged a drum corps, consisting of three lads from Hume, who filled the old Vets with war-time spirit. After the dinner hour the Veterans were marched to the Academy lawn by the Band and Drum Corps. Several selections were played by the Band while the people were gathered on the lawn.

Friday evening was to be the grand finish of the week's celebration. The program called for music by the Band, and the Band was very much in evidence from early in the evening until the small hours of the morning. They played around the Camp Fire, marched the crowd into the Hall, and after the evening's program they played for the fireworks display, and then the band boys claimed the remainder of the night for themselves. For nearly three hours could be heard the familiar strains of "Marching through Georgia" and "John Brown's Body." Down the street they went and into the dancing pavilion, breaking up the dance. Around the hall they marched, with a

large following of boys. Out they came, and were soon lined up at the restaurant bar, where the proprietors saw fit to "set 'em up." Of course, everything was "soft" in Rushford, as it had been all the week, and no overloaded specimens were seen. Out they went to the same old tune, "John Brown's Body," and into the Moving Picture Show, where they were entertained with a special performance. Songs were sung and Spokesman Ed. Pratt's command to "Clap your hands if you like the pictures" was vigorously obeyed. Into the street again came the same old tune, as if the Band could play no other; then the crowd took possession of the Merry-go-Round, and were treated to a ride to the tune of "Marching through Georgia" for a change. A round of the stores was made; then the crowd, headed by the Band, started on a serenade. First they marched to the home of Capt. W. W. Bush, and at the command of Spokesman Pratt, three hearty cheers were given Captain Bush, President of the Home Coming Week Committee, who did so much to make the week a success. President Bush appeared, and responded with words of appreciation. Judge R. B. Laning was next visited, and given a hearty cheer for his untiring labors to promote the interests of the week. All through the town they went, the Band playing, and sometimes singing the same old tunes. Other members of the Committee, who did so much to make the happy week the success that everyone voted it to be, were visited; among them were Miss Ellen Lyman, Mrs. A. M. Tarbell, Mrs. E. C. Gilbert, James Benjamin, L. J. Thomas and R. W. Benjamin. The crowd, getting smaller at this late hour, gathered around the smouldering remains of the Camp Fire, which was replenished with fresh pine knots. Speeches were made and songs sung, and thus was Old Home Week brought to a victorious finish early on Saturday morning.

Rushford's Centennial.

REV. F. E. G. WOODS.

The 100th year of the settlement of Rushford, N. Y., was celebrated by its citizens in a manner worthy of such an important event. Its program covered August 16-21, 1908, taking the form of an Old Home Coming Week and consisted of a series of appropriate exercises commemorating the various phases—industrial, educational, religious—of the people's life in the century just ended. There were no dull days in this continued festival. The numerous public exercises bringing out from a century's treasury relics, and also records rehearsed in speeches and essays on features historical and biographical, enlivened by story, song and instrumental music, occupied the hours not otherwise given to renewing acquaintances of friends separated by many years. The street parade was a living, moving panorama of what had been rehearsed on the platform, showing the industrial life in varied phases contrasted with new inventions, giving also former social customs. The whole was so realistic as, seemingly, to transport the spectator back to an earlier era, and, for the while, he imagined himself to be living in a former age.

Old Home Week at Rushford.

MARY SHERWOOD.

Among the pleasures of the year
That woke my heart and gave it cheer,
Not one to me that was so dear
As Old Home Week at Rushford.

Arriving on Centennial Day,
I saw the streets in fine array,
And everything so bright and gay
For Old Home Week in Rushford.



THE RUSHFORD BASEBALL TEAM

LEFT TO RIGHT

BACK ROW: ABRAM P. BENJAMIN, DR. WM. W. BUSH, MANAGER, GREYDON DAVIS, HOMER BROOKS. MIDDLE ROW: ERNEST VAN DUSEN, ROBERT WARREN, WM. G. RICE, CAPT.; GEORGE VAN DUSEN. FRONT ROW: K. J. WILSON, BARTON TARBELL, CHARLES VAN DUSEN.

But really it was best of all,
 The decorations of the hall,
 And glorious ever to recall
 Of Old Home Week at Rushford.

And on the rostrum as they read
 Of ancestors among the dead,
 Almost I saw and heard their tread
 Along the streets of Rushford.

Year after year they toiled along,
 And cheered their toil by hymn and song,
 To be recalled by future throng,
 Centennial year at Rushford.

Their histories were all well told;
 The phases of their lives unrolled,
 But little dross among the gold,
 In the pioneers of Rushford.

School Day opened by parade—
 The memory of which will never fade,
 Of young and old, and how arrayed
 The pupils were of Rushford.

Float after float glided along,
 Yell after yell, both shrill and strong,
 Awaking laughter from the throng
 That filled the streets of Rushford.

Friday was G. A. R. Day,
 The last is always best, they say,
 And in the mind will longer stay,
 And it was so at Rushford.

For the parade was—yes—just grand!
 For those therein had all the sand
 To act their parts with heart and hand,
 To enliven the streets of Rushford.

The veterans of course were there,
 And first of all they had their share
 Of honor, which they well might bear,
 The veterans of Rushford.

Now, it would take many a day
 To all I saw or heard portray
 And weave into this roundelay
 Of Old Home Week at Rushford.

So I will quickly speed along,
 Skip speeches, only mention song,
 That I may feel not in the wrong,
 About the time at Rushford.

“Home Sweet Home” and “Home Again,”
 And “Annie Laurie’s” sweet refrain,
 “Auld Lang Syne,” like summer rain,
 Refreshed our hearts at Rushford.

And oft were wafted by the strain
 Of orchestra or band again,
 To youthful days all void of pain,
 Of youthful days at Rushford.

But I must not forget the door
 I opened oft, and o’er and o’er
 I viewed the relics there in store,
 The curios of Rushford.

In vain to give their meed of praise,
 How well preserved from ancient days,
 How plain to show in many ways
 The old time week of Rushford.

But now a word I long to say,
 The greatest pleasure of each day,
 Was greeting friends from far away
 Who were gathered there at Rushford.

Although we ne’er again may meet,
 To clasp the hand and kindly greet,
 The memory ever will be sweet
 Of Old Home Week at Rushford.

History of the Free Methodist Church.

MILLIE C. METCALF.

This being the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the town of Rushford, it has been deemed fitting that at this time each church take a glance at its past history and consider for a moment a few points of interest in its course.

The Free Methodist Church cannot boast of this as its hundredth anniversary, for it is but forty-eight years the coming October, since its birth in this town. Two years previous to this, however, the work had started and was well on foot which resulted in the organization in 1860.

In October, 1860, The Genesee Conference of the Free Methodist Church was organized at Rushford, Alle. Co., N. Y., by B. T. Roberts, its founder. Five preachers were received into full connection, and among the number, J. W. Reddy, who was appointed pastor of the Rushford circuit. Soon after the close of the conference, he organized a Society consisting of the following: Elijah Metcalf, Wilson Gordon, Sophronia Gordon, Charles English, Robert English, Frances English, Maria Benjamin, Rufus Adams, George Worthington, Harry Howe, Elvira Howe, Harris Gilbert, Levanche Van Dusen, Ophelia Van Dusen, Salome Metcalf, Cornelia Metcalf, Levi Metcalf.

Of the original members, Cornelia Metcalf, Charles English and George Worthington remain living. May their lives yet be spared many years.

The first trustees of the church here were Harry Howe, Wilson Gordon, Robert English, Harris Gilbert, Levi Metcalf.

Classes were soon organized at Gowanda, Belfast, Caseville, Caneadea, Cadwells, and other points. These together with the Rushford class composed the Rushford circuit.

The first Free Methodist meetings in this place were held in the old Methodist Episcopal Church which, upon the erection of the new church building was moved to the present site of Myron Claus' harness shop. This building, having been bought for the purpose, was used as a house of worship about two years, when it was destroyed by fire. The Free Methodist Society then secured the rental of the Presbyterian Church, in which house they worshipped until the present one was purchased. This was bought of the Universalists in 1873, when T. B. Catton was pastor. Soon afterward the church was remodeled. The pulpit which had formerly stood between the two doors, was moved to the opposite side of the room, and the seats arranged accordingly.

Since the first Genesee Conference in 1860, three annual conferences have convened here, the first in 1882, during A. H. Bennett's pastorate, the second in 1898, when G. D. Mark was pastor, and the last in 1904, when N. B. Martin was pastor.

During the 48 years since its organization, the Rushford circuit has had 26 pastors. I will mention their names in order, and with the term each served:

J. W. Reddy, 2 years; Wm. Manning, 2 years; A. F. Curry, 2 years; F. J. Ewell and A. B. Mathewson, 1 year; O. O. Bacon, 2 years; Wm. Jackson, 2 years; Wm. Jones, 1 year; I. C. White, 2 years; T. B. Catton, 2 years; M. H. Monroe (supply), 1 year; John Robinson, 1 year; A. A. Burgess, 2 years; A. H. Bennett, 2 years; M. C. Burritt, 2 years; L. D. Perkins, 1 year; C. C. Eggleston, 2 years; M. E. Brown, 2 years; T. S. Slocum, 2 years; N. Palmer, 2 years; H. W. Rowley, 2 years; G. D. Mark, 3 years (last year supply); J. H. Wheeler, 3 years (term changed); J. E. Tiffany, 1 year; N. B. Martin, 3 years; J. H. Harman, 2 years; C. L. Wright.

The former Rushford and Rockville circuit was divided in 1907, so each point now has a separate preacher.

The Rushford Society is now composed of 58 members; 48 in full connection, 10 on probation.

In view of the progress which has been made both in numbers, and we trust in spirituality, we have reason to take courage; and believing still in the same principles that made us a church, we are endeavoring to "walk by the same rule and mind the same things." As we continue in so doing, we may expect the blessing of the Lord to attend us.

The Remodeling of the M. E. Church at Rushford.

We've been up to the M. E. Church,
We've climbed its stairs once more;
But we stopped and gazed in wonder,
As we stepped within the door.

For lo! some skilled magicians,
With true decorative art,
Have given the dear old structure
A complete "change of heart."

The pews are rich and ornate,
Placed in semi-circular style;
And all the faithful pilgrims
Wear a sort of—circular smile.

For they've labored long and patient
To perfect and re-arrange
Their modest place of worship;
And they glory in the change.

You can claim no more the backache
As excuse to stay away,
With all those high-backed settles,
Just inviting you to stay.

Now all the little boys and girls
 Must mind their "p's" and "q's,"
 And do just as they're told to do
 While sitting in such pews.

The walls and frescoed ceilings
 Are so restful to the eye;
 Small wonder if some members
 Wer'nt caught napping on the sly.

We never s'posed we'd live to see
 This change, so grandly wrought;
 The plain, old-fashioned church for us
 Was good enough, we thought.

But now, we find that modern ways
 Are well to emulate;
 'Tis best to have our churches
 Kept quite strictly up to date.

Yes,—they've held a grand old rally,
 And old pastors far and near
 Came to praise the earnest workers,
 And bring to all God's cheer.

They put soul into their sermons
 With an eloquence pure and high;
 Pictured life as not all of living,
 Nor, is it "all of death to die."

For we know there is a heaven
 Which begins down here below;
 Where love to God and all mankind
 Straight from the heart doth flow.

There's a "gateway," too,—man can't improve,
 Although it's oft been tried;
 Great men have pondered over it,
 And studied till they died.

It shines undimmed by ages,
 Like gold refined from dross;
 'Tis the "way" to the Kingdom of Heaven
 By the SYMPHONY of the Cross.



THE BAPTIST CHURCH, MAIN STREET



METHODIST CHURCH

Rushford M. E. Church Semi-Centennial.

J. G. BENJAMIN.

HISTORY OF EARLY METHODISM IN RUSHFORD.

One of the first Methodist ministers on the west side of the Genesee river was Elijah Metcalf, a circuit preacher. Rev. Metcalf at that time resided in Salisbury, Herkimer County. His circuit commenced at what is now Batavia and extended south through Genesee, Wyoming and Allegany counties into Pennsylvania, thence west through Cattaraugus and Chautauqua counties.

He traveled mostly on horseback, fording streams, stopping where night overtook him, receiving such hospitality as one always found among the early settlers of this section of country.

During one of these circuits the first class in the town of Rushford was formed at the home of Daniel Woods, father of D. C. Woods. The members of this class were Daniel Woods and Joshua Wilson and wives. The time of the formation of this class cannot be definitely stated, but was sometime between 1810 and 1816. During this period his home was at Salisbury.

In 1816 Rev. Metcalf organized the first M. E. church in Rushford with ten members—Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon, Mrs. and Mrs. Tarbell Gordon.

About that time Wm. Gordon was licensed to preach. He was an acceptable, earnest, local preacher until his death in April, 1870, aged 83 years. To him remains a debt of gratitude from church and people which can never be discharged, or fully known and comprehended until the redeemed of the Lamb shall gather around the throne of our Heavenly Father.

His generous contributions to the church, and cheering, encouraging exhortations will be remembered. His timely help to the struggling unfortunates will then be made manifest to all. To show the interest he had in the welfare of the church and to uphold its integrity, he at one time, when the preacher was about to go to conference with his salary unpaid, sold the last cow he had and out of the amount paid the preacher in full. It was a common saying that no needy or hungry one ever went from his door. A man having nothing to help himself with but his tools went to Brother Gordon to borrow \$300 to purchase some land to build him a home, and Brother Gordon let him have the money without any security but his word. The whole amount was paid in three and one-half years in installments from fifteen cents to \$30.

This church at first held their meetings from house to house, later in school houses, in order to increase its membership and influence. In 1826 and 1827 a church was built on West Main street. Their membership increased so rapidly that the little church could not accommodate them and others who were inclined to attend the meetings.

Elijah Metcalf was admitted in full connection into the Genesee Conference in 1811.

In 1832 Rev. Elijah Metcalf moved his family here, and in 1833 Robert English and family came and joined the little church. In 1835 the trustees purchased a part of the lot now occupied by this church and in 1837 built a more commodious and imposing church. This second church was about 38 x 50 feet, with a gallery on two sides and the north end. The entrance was from the north end into a vestibule, with stairs to the right and left into the gallery. The choir sat in the south end of the gallery. The audience room below was entered by two doors, one at the right

and the other at the left; the pulpit was between the doors. In entering the church the congregation was facing you, so they did not have to turn around when the door opened to see who was coming in. The stoves were in the right and left corners of the audience room as you entered, with seats on three sides of them. Here they worshipped until 1852, when at an official meeting the following preamble and resolutions were adopted. The following named persons were present: Rev. C. L. Cheney, John Lamberson, Israel Thompson, Robert Morrow, Amos Peck, R. S. Goff, Levi Metcalf, Rufus Adams, C. A. Wilson, A. Washburn.

"WHEREAS, by the blessing and favor of Almighty God, the members of our church and congregation has become quite too large to be accommodated in our present house of worship; and

"WHEREAS, under the smiles of beneficent Providence our members and friends generally have enjoyed temporal prosperity; therefore,

"RESOLVED, that it has become our sacred and impressive duty to use our best endeavors for the erection of a house of suitable dimensions for the accommodation of all who may desire to meet with us in the worship of God.

"RESOLVED, that Wm. Gordon and Rev. C. L. Cheney be appointed a committee to draft and circulate a subscription paper, collect funds and solicit contributions for the above named purpose."

Although Brother Cheney did not stay here long enough to complete what he had commenced, Brother Sanford Hunt took the matter in hand where Brother Cheney had left it, and with the help of others carried it on to completion.

On January 10, 1855, the church was dedicated.

The services were: Singing by the choir; reading scripture by Rev. C. D. Burlingham; sermon

by Rev. Smith, of Buffalo; anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me let us go into the House of the Lord," by the choir; benediction by Rev. Simpson.

The church was not large enough to contain the people who came to attend the services. In the evening Rev. McNeil, of Warsaw, preached to another large congregation.

In my mind's eye to-night I see the many saints who have transferred their membership from the church militant to the church triumphant. Over in the south-east corner, at that time called the "Amen Corner," were Wm. Gordon, R. S. Goff, John Worthington, Levi Metcalf, Elijah Metcalf, Isaac Stone, Aaron Rice, Ely Woods, E. S. Nobles, John Boise, John Lamberson and Robert Morrow, and in the back seat behind them were Frank Warren, Frank E. Woods, Warren Persons, Samuel Persons and Wilson Gordon, and in the body of the church were Israel Thompson and family, John, Alonzo and Hosea Persons with their wives, J. B. Gordon and family, A. W. E. Damon and family, A. H. Damon and family, and Mr. Smith and wife. So many I remember well, and many others have passed away whom I do not now recall.

The first record of trustees that I find is dated November 5, 1850. At this time there was one trustee, S. Y. Hammond. A resolution was passed to have six trustees. S. Y. Hammond was re-elected, and the others were A. Washburn, John Lamberson, Ely Woods, Amos Peck and William Gordon. Also in the records of the meeting I find the following resolution: "Resolved that the trustees be instructed to pay R. S. Goff \$25, for which sum said Goff is to furnish wood and candles, sweep the house, build the fires and see that the house is kept sufficiently warm during the ordinary services of the church, light the house for evening meetings, also find wood for singing

school in case there should be one, for one year commencing Nov. 7, 1850. Signed by Ely Wood, chairman, and A. Washburn, secretary."

The next trustee meeting was November 7, 1851. S. Y. Hammond resigned as trustee and A. W. E. Damon was elected in his place, and Samuel Hopkins was hired to care for the church and furnish the same as the year before, six months for \$21, commencing November 7, 1851.

November 15, 1853, the number of trustees was increased to seven and divided into three classes, as follows: One year, A. K. Allen, Ely Woods, Israel Thompson; two years, A. Washburn, Wm. Gordon; three years, Isaac Stone, R. S. Goff.

The next elections were in 1855; 1858; November 16, 1864. At that time a motion was carried to have nine trustees. During the year, Brother A. Washburn moved away, and Charles Benjamin was elected to his place; E. S. Nobles died, and D. H. Woods was elected in his place. The names of the other trustees are not in the record.

December 1, 1866, a full board of nine trustees was elected: A. H. Damon, D. H. Woods, Clark Rice, W. F. Griffin, Spencer Packard, A. W. E. Damon, D. C. Woods, Israel Thompson, Charles Benjamin, none of whom but D. C. Woods, survives; he has been a trustee ever since.

Beginning with 1835 there have been but four recording stewards—A. Washburn, 1835-1864; A. W. E. Damon, 1864-1867; W. F. Woods, 1867-1872; J. G. Benjamin, 1872 to the present time.

The first parsonage was built in 1840 on the ground now owned by the Masons between their home and the creek, and was first occupied by Rev. Albert Terry. The next parsonage was the present one, purchased in 1865. The first minister to occupy it was Rev. M. H. Rice, and through him and his estimable wife there was the largest

and most successful revival since this church was built. By their efforts was established the society of the officers and teachers of the Sabbath School which was continued until 1896.

Through their efforts the S. S. at that time was the largest in the history of the church.

In 1865 there were 140 pupils; 1866, 200 pupils, 23 officers and teachers; 32 infant class.

The following persons have been licensed as preachers and exhorters: S. Y. Hammond, John Delamatyr, Gilbert Delamatyr, Walter Delamatyr, R. S. Goff, John Worthington, Samuel Hopkins, J. C. Nobles, Wm. H. Kellogg, Levi Metcalf, Marlin Lyon, Walter Gordon, D. B. Worthington, M. C. Dean, J. F. Warren, A. K. Damon, F. E. Woods, Lowell Farwell, Warren Persons, A. C. Burr, R. S. Hurd, N. W. Warren, Chas. Dailey, H. C. Woods, Luther Jennison, C. M. Damon, N. McIntyre, L. A. Stevens, S. Y. Renwick, Fletcher Wells and Thomas Atwell.

Those present at the dedication and also present at the 50th anniversary were: D. C. Woods, Mrs. Levi Metcalf, Ellen Gordon, Mary Thompson Gordon, Jas. G. Benjamin and Ella Claus.

Following are the names of the representatives at the fiftieth anniversary of five families who were the original members of the M. E. Church in Rushford: Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Woods, represented by Clark Woods, his children; Jennie Gordon, Ella Claus, Will D. Woods, Grant Woods, Jason Woods, William Gordon, Fred and Ellen Gordon; Wilson Gordon by Newell and Genevieve McCall; James Gordon by Jas. G. Benjamin.

The Rushford Circuit was formed in 1820. The name Rushford District was changed to Olean District in 1851.

The Genesee Conference has been held in Rushford twice, the first time September 25th to October 2nd, 1850. Bishop Waugh presided;

Rev. J. M. Fuller, Secretary; Rev. Charles Shelling, Pastor.

The Second Conference was held October 1st to October 6th, 1863. Bishop Matthew Simpson presided; Rev. A. D. Wilbor, Secretary; Rev. John Meen, Pastor.

NAMES OF PASTORS.

Cyrus Story, 1820-21; James Hazen, Philetus Parkus, 1822; John P. Kent, Jonathan E. Davis, 1823; John Arnold, John P. Kent, 1824; Daniel Shepardson, Menzer Doud, 1825; Daniel Shepardson, Mifflin Harker, 1826; Elijah Boardman, Mifflin Harker, 1827.

RUSHFORD AND FRIENDSHIP.

John Wiley, Ira Bronson, Sheldon Doolittle, 1828.

RUSHFORD.

John Wiley, Daniel Anderson, 1829; John Cosart, John Stainton, 1830; John Cosart, Philo E. Brown, 1831.

PIKE AND RUSHFORD.

Reeder Smith, Samuel Wooster, William D. Buck, 1832; Samuel Wooster, Daniel Anderson, Carlos Gould, Fuller Atchinson, 1833.

RUSHFORD AND FRIENDSHIP.

Fuller Atchinson, Abram F. Waller, 1834; Augustine Anderson, Francis Strang, 1835.

RUSHFORD.

Horatio N. Seaver, Carlos Gould, 1836; Abram C. Dubois, John M. Bell, 1837; Abram C. Dubois, 1838; Orrin F. Comfort, 1839-40; David Nichols, 1841-42; Nathan Fellows, 1843-44; Charles D. Burlingham, 1845-46; Chauncey S. Baker, 1847; John McEwen, 1848-49; Charles Shelling, 1850; Benjamin T. Roberts, 1851; C. L. Cheney,

supply, 1852; Sandford Hunt, 1853-54; Milo Scott, 1855-56; Jason G. Miller, 1857-58; George W. Terry, 1859; William S. Tuttle, 1860-61; John McEwen, 1862; George G. Lyon, John McEwen, 1863; Milton H. Rice, 1864-66; Edward A. Rice, 1867-68; William Blake, 1869; E. Lansing Newman, 1870-71 (Appointed P. E. April 17, 1872, Carlton C. Wilbor, supply); Zenas Hurd, 1872-73; Roswell K. Pierce, 1874-75; Otis M. Leggett, 1876-77; Charles S. Daley, 1878; William McGavern, 1879-80; William B. Wagoner, 1881-83; Asa H. Johnson, 1884-86; R. C. Grames, 1887-88; James E. Wallace, 1889-90 (Withdrew from conference July, 1891, J. A. Gardner, supply).

MRS. E. B. ELDRIDGE ON THE GLORIOUS OLD TIMES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I was at the dedication, and a beautiful service we had, and a crowded house, full to overflowing. Brother Edward Pratt remarked that it would probably never be so full again. The friend he was addressing said "Oh, it will be perhaps, when some noted and worthy man dies." And sure enough it was, when in a few weeks, Brother Pratt himself was taken so suddenly from us, but our loss was his gain. As we came down from the audience room, Mrs. Boardman said she would like to know who would be the first to be buried from the church, and sure enough, it was her own self. How strange!

Fifty years ago it was an honorable thing to be a resident of Rushford. We were a religious people and served the Lord in spirit and in truth.

Fifty years ago Uncle William Gordon was the main spoke in the wheel, and he told me once that he was not a successful business man until after he was converted. This statement verifies the Bible verse "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall

be added unto you." His money helped build many, many churches. Scotch blood, with religion, works miracles.

Fifty years ago the class meeting was a great success, with Brother John Worthington to invite people in. The Holy Spirit, it seems to me, was always there and love prevailed. Faces were lit by Heavenly light. Brother Goff would commence and sing his pet verse:

"Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer
Hither by Thy help I come,
And I hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home."

He has already arrived in the home prepared for him and his sainted wife, Sophia. You remember he always in love feast said the last quarter had been the best in his life.

When I think of the church 50 years ago, Brother Israel Thompson, our staid Standard Bearer, is foremost in the picture. Brother Washburn in class would sing with fervor, "My Days are Gliding Swiftly By," but he is still spared, wonderfully spared, and no doubt can still sing the same song.

Fifty years ago we had exhorters and they used to wake us up. They held meetings in school houses. Father loved to sing "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye to Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie," and once Father Metcalf said to him in class meeting, "When I die I want Brother Woods to sing that at my funeral," and he did.

But I need not write more. We old ones can see Brother Stone with tears filling his eyes as he related his experience and referred to his sweet wife as the one under God who assisted him into the Kingdom. Mother's especial gift was in prayer. Her prayers, to me, seemed to reach the very throne. Rushford church sent out some able ministers. Some died in prison and died triumphantly and went home to Glory.

REV. F. E. WOODS.

I remember the days of the building of this church. We were very fortunate in our pastor, Dr. Sanford Hunt. He was a financier and a builder. In the winter of 1852 and 1853, just fairly settled in the parsonage, he, with Elder William Gordon, our most liberal and well-to-do member of the official board, were driving about through the snow drifts, getting subscriptions for the new church. The enterprise was pushed. The minister watched the progress of the work and with his coat off assisted the workmen. Such an all round preacher, scholar and financier is seldom seen. No accident marred the work, but when the tower was being erected a beam slid from its height and just missed our dear brother, Clark Woods, who, working below, was spared to fill out a long life of usefulness. In about a year from the undertaking the edifice was completed. I recall the dedication. It was a great day. Henry Ryan Smith, D.D., a member of our conference, preached the dedicatory sermon from the text in II Samuel VI, XI, "And the ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-Edom, the Gittite, three months: and the Lord blessed Obed-Edom and all of his household." It was a remarkable sermon showing how the blessing of the Lord abides with nations and individuals. The church, I believe, was dedicated practically free from debt. The choir, led by Avery Washburn and Milton Woods, had been practicing for several weeks and rendered anthems to the delight of the large audience. Let it not be forgotten that these people labored also to upbuild the spiritual temple of the Lord of Hosts. They prayed, they exhorted, they labored with sinners to give their hearts to God, not only in church meetings, but in their daily intercourse with the world.

There once was an "Amen Corner" in the audi-

ence room, and when the sermon dwelt on practical Christian experience, there were responses of a hearty "Amen" from some of those who had had glorious realization of the things the preacher was talking about. May the "Amen Corner" never be abolished from our beloved denomination. The fathers, where are they? They have gone to their reward. A generation of their children have mostly also gone, but the influence of the spiritual life which shone in them has lightened many a heart in distant realms and will forever shine. May we be able with them to say as did the psalmist, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thine House and the place where Thine Honor dwelleth." What can better express the record of these noble souls than the familiar hymn:

" Servants of God, well done !
 Your glorious warfare past.
 The battle's fought,
 The victory won,
 And ye are crowned at last."

FROM REV. H. C. WOODS.

A boy of ten years then, was just old enough to leave at home with the stock, the fires and his sister, all one cold day in mid-winter, while the family went to the dedication of the new church.

The old church was moved down where the brick block now stands to be used for a Musical Institute by Professor Vickery. Afterward it became a church again to be used by the Free Methodists until it burned.

In the old meeting house when the love feasts were held the door was locked at nine A. M. I can never forget seeing Mrs. Joseph Weaver and my mother weeping together by the closed door outside, but I believe they found an abundant entrance into heaven.

The men sat on the east side and the women on the west side. Little boys had to go along with their mothers and sit on "the women's

side," which was humiliating. When a lad was big enough to sit on "the men's side" he was "quite some." This order of things was changed with the new church, and it came to be a very aristocratic and fashionable affair for a gentleman to sit with the ladies, although the old custom has not entirely faded out. Look over there by the north-east entrance to-day and see if there are not the young men and the old bachelors and that every one has a twist in his neck toward the west and south-west where are no men at all. Another strange innovation for those days was the furnace for heating the new church. It was the topic of talk among the boys at school in all the surrounding regions, from Rush Creek, Honeyville, Podonque and Fairview to Grant's and even over to Henpeck. Nobody could quite see through that plan of heating the church until they saw it in operation. The original plan of two tin covered affairs never worked well and were finally thrown aside for one brick furnace which was well heated by the ever faithful Mr. Allen. Whether he had the house warm or not, however, almost any boy would go to church to see the sexton's beautiful daughter with her pretty curls and ladylike manners. Miss Sophie Smith's curls were darker and a little more curly, but then she went to the Baptist church.

People were very denominational in those days. Several families who lived in sweet accord at home six days in the week, suddenly agreed to disagree on the seventh and worshipped at different places. For example, Israel Thompson and his good wife came up Main street together and at the top of the hill he, with daughters Mary and Aurora, would enter the Methodist church, while she with daughters Julia and Emma went across to the Congregational. Eliab Benjamin sang in the choir at the Baptist church while Maria, his wife, was at the head of the alto row in the M. E. church. Newell McCall was also faithfully in his

place down street, while Jerusha and all the rest of the three-seated-wagonful were up where they belonged. The same with our old St. Paul, local preacher Goff, who waited for the other church to close before he could go home, because his faithful wife, another McCall, was a Baptist, and Mrs. Putney still another, and so on.

In those days Rushford people "went to meeting." Four churches were regularly open for services—Methodist, Baptist, Congregational and Universalist. All came from New England, bringing their convictions and creeds with them, except the Methodists, who were mostly made such after coming west. The Universalists ran fairly well until Spiritualism came and took its victims mostly from that society, so that the edifice came to be often used for their meetings, lectures and séances, which would naturally divide the flock. But from these scattering thoughts we return to our own church, which in the great revival of 1857-58 had a new and large edifice two years old and had a preacher full of revival spirit—Jason G. Miller. Full of electric energy and enthusiasm, his tow-colored hair usually stood up all over his big head, and he himself stood four-square to every wind that blew. And if they did not happen to blow he could raise a breeze himself, and often did. Whoever heard his one discourse on the mode of baptism, given in reply to four by the pastor down the street, will never forget it, especially those who came from the other church to hear it.

In the great revival months and for about a year before the sad division, this pastoral captain had a force of a dozen exhorters and local preachers who surrounded the town every Sunday evening with school-house meetings. The church services were at 10:30 A. M. and 1:00 P. M., with Sunday School and class meetings, two of the latter, in between services. So the evening of Sundays witnessed the drill of embryo preachers. Among

them we can recall, beside the veteran, Father Goff, his near neighbor, John Worthington, a veritable Boanerges, a flame of eloquence when at his best, and Levi Metcalf, who began low and rose higher. These two last named always shook my little hand in their large ones and said kind words. God bless their memories and raise up their like many times.

Lowell Farwell was another local preacher, and among younger men were M. C. Dean, only retired at the last session of conference; Albert Damon and Warren B. Persons, both of whom died for their country, as those who "died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off and were persuaded of them and embraced them." They have "a better country, that is an heavenly, for God hath prepared for them a city." L. A. Stevens, Frank Warren, Allen Burr and F. E. Woods were also in the list, and doubtless others not known to a boy of thirteen who lived three miles out on a hillside farm, where few teams passed in a day. Grandfather and Grandmother Woods said that over twenty men had been sent out of Rushford charge into the ministry. Those I remember are Wm. H. Kellog, DeBias Worthington, Samuel Hopkins, Walter Gordon and Gilbert DeLaMater.

The new church was yet barely six years old when the war of the Rebellion came and took some of the bravest sons of the town into its wild maelstrom to become an atonement for the terrible national crime. Not until the Judgment Day reveals it will ever be known how many precious promises of salvation taught in the pulpit and Sunday School of this church stood by those boys on the field of battle, in the hospital, and especially in prison, when all alone with the God of their fathers, and especially their mothers, they surrendered back to the earth their dust, and their spirits unto God who gave them.

Of course everybody knows that the chorister for many years was Milton Woods, of the matchless tenor voice. When he was absent it fell either to Clark or Avery Washburn to bite the steel tuning fork and quickly jerk it to the ear before the tone cooled off and so tell the rest of us where in the "Do, mi, sol, do, sol, mi, do," to find our respective notes to begin on. Then, with hymn book in one hand and tune book in another, the singers made melody. It may be that they sang from the green covered "Psalter," the straw colored "Boston Academy," or the "Carmina Sacra," early, but in our own day there came the "Olive Branch," with easy tunes and pretty anthems.

Until the Academy brought strangers with new ways, the audience turned about and faced the choir, then in the rear, in the time of singing, but after a while we all faced the other way and gave up our Vermontish habits.

With all their quaint manners, however, those ancestors were stalwart heroes in their way, and for myself, I record a prayer of gratitude to God for such a royal training in such a church, whose people knew God and knew how to lead us to Him. May we find them all again in the Better Country.

EDWARD H. FRARY.

I was boarding with Deacon Bethuel Freeman and attending school in the Chas. Benjamin district, Frank Woods, teacher. He and I used to attend the meetings at the village nearly every night. We also attended some of those held at the Podonque school house, where was a glorious revival that winter. I think it was there and then that H. C. first faced toward the light.

I remember a story current that winter in which Father Goff was a factor. He with several others, including J. Worthington, had been to a meeting at East Rushford where they had a glorious meet-

ing, Father Goff being especially full of the spirit of witnessing for Christ. He had come with Mr. Worthington, then walked to his home a little north of the corner. The next morning he was in the barn when he hurried into the house, saying to his wife, "Mother whom did you lend Dolly to last night?" She answered "No one." He said, "Then some one has stolen her." His wife inquired, "Did you bring her back from the meeting?" Father Goff, raising his hands, said "Poor Dolly, it has been a hard long night for you, I must go right off after you," and did before he had his breakfast, walking down to East Rushford and finding Old Dolly under the mill shed where he had left her the night before.

REMINISCENCES OF A PASTOR'S WIFE—

MRS. M. H. RICE.

My stay in Rushford is one of the bright chapters in my life. How well I recall that dear old church and its loyal membership. Ely Woods and Uncle Goff had gone home before we came, but the other names published in the paper are like household words to me.

I speak advisedly when I say that for principle, loyalty to duty, and love for God and humanity, the Rushford church had not its superior in the Genesee Conference when we identified ourselves with it. Brothers Stone and John Worthington were promoted during Mr. Rice's pastorate. How well I remember an incident which occurred at a ministerial conference held in Rushford. A paper was read on the "Harmony between the Mosaic account of Creation and Modern Geology," followed by a discussion. Brother Worthington was called upon and said in part: "Some people know one thing and some know two, as for me, I know little of the strata of the rocks, but this one thing I do know, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' and on this rock I stand." In the weekly prayer meeting the places of Israel

Thompson, Warren Damon, Clark Woods and Mr. Kingsbury were seldom vacant.

Mr. Rice organized a Normal class for the study of the Bible, which was among the first in the conference. We fitted up one of the rooms in the basement for our Sunday School teachers' meeting and Normal drill. We had a noble band of workers in our school: Lucian and James Benjamin, Desalvo and Charles Damon and sister, Mesdames Laning, White, Woods, Benjamin and Julia Thompson, Olivia Stebbins, Ellen Gordon, Imogene Kingsbury, Miss Benjamin and many, many more whose names I have not time to mention. I was proud of my own class of more than twenty, now scattered. James Bell was promoted before we left Rushford. Grover Pratt and wife are in Rochester; Hattie Stebbins in Friendship, N. Y.; Mrs. Mattie Stebbins Leet in Batavia, N. Y.; Emma Claus Woods in Macedon, N. Y.; and Helen Nobles, Miss Morrow, Mary Gordon, Clara Woods, Miss Farwell, Mary Pratt and Mary Gordon, sister to Ellen, where are they? And Echo answers where? There were many noble men who helped maintain the church and took a lively interest in its welfare, always present at the preaching service, but who did not identify themselves with the Sunday School, class and prayer meetings. I said many times that the Rushford church could maintain itself for a year or two without a pastor, such was its strength and loyalty to God.

During our last year we were greatly helped by the uplifting influence of Mrs. Hattie Griffin. She was a Methodist of the old school, and had rare tact in interesting the young people and children in Bible history through song and object lessons. How I would like to attend an old-time Rushford class and prayer meeting. In the thirty-seven years since we left, the fathers and mothers and many who were then in middle age have passed "over the river."

REV. R. C. GRAMES.

I was pastor at Rushford for two years. Rev. A. Cone was the excellent Christian brother across the way, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and by the way a father to me all the while, and Rev. Munger was the beloved pastor of the Baptist church. We were very fast friends and as you (some of you) remember were often together in union services. It was Brother Cone who tapped the maple trees across the way, and in about two hours the sides were all wet, clear to the ground and no sap in the pails. Romain Benjamin came along and said, "Well, Elder, what's the matter with your sugar bush?" "Don't know," replies Brother Cone. "Why, here you have the spiles in wrong end to." Didn't I dodge into the parsonage and laugh! For Brother Cone was a great farmer—book farmer. He acted on Brother Benjamin's suggestion, pulled out the spiles and changed ends and got lots of sap, so we all had a taste of molasses.

On Monday I was at Charles Benjamin's on the Centerville road, in the woods, and shot four black squirrels. I had seen one on the fence Sunday as I was going up there to preach, and so I went up Monday. I met Chas. Benjamin coming from town. He said, "Hello, Elder, have you been up to our house?" "No," I said, and at the same time held up a string of squirrels, and he said "Well, I didn't know that you could shoot like that."

I also remember Brother Brown, who was the faithful pastor of the Free Methodist society, and a brotherly man, and also Brother A. H. Johnson, who always had a word of cheer whenever there, and I was always glad when he came to visit his children. Brother Macklin gave at our conference a splendid memoir of Brother Johnson and I could say, "Amen" to every word of it. "His memory is blessed."

I have most pleasant memories of the friends in Rushford. I remember a rule which I found worked very well for the first three months in Rushford and surrounding country. By the way, Rev. Henry C. Woods, ex-presiding elder, said to me, "I have 140 cousins in Rushford," and I found more than that, for my rule was to call every fourth person "Woods," and you would strike the right name usually, and if there was any deviation from that call them Gordon or Claus and you would hit it right every time. Benjamins, by the way, were not scarce. Rushford was a great town! You never could talk about anybody behind their back, for everybody is related to everybody, married and intermarried. So I told the next preacher not to say a word until he found out "who is who."

It was at Rushford I found men and women intelligent enough to write and read a paper, to make splendid addresses, help make laws, as Hon. A. W. Litchard; Grover Pratt to go into a city and take the head of one of the largest wholesale dry goods departments outside of New York City.

Many most excellent and competent school teachers and professional men and women; and it is Rushford who rightly claims Frank W. Higgins, whose face for the last four months has been seen in the windows of city and country homes, business places, offices, etc., and who now has been honored in the election as Governor of the Empire State. And, by the way, it might be of interest to state that for once in a lifetime I turned aside from a straight Prohibition vote, and for personal, public, and other reasons growing out of a knowledge of the man, both in his boyhood home, Rushford, and in his present home in Olean, N. Y., I deemed it my duty, as well as privilege, to help elect such a man to govern this great state, as I believe he will, in fidelity, integrity and for the best interest of all the people.

Well, you know who was pastor when the church was built—Dr. Sanford Hunt—afterward member of the Methodist Book Concern and one of the leaders in World Wide Methodism. I do not know as I ever entered the building but I thought of Dr. Hunt.

I sincerely hope and pray that the blessing of God, who has so marvelously wrought in this church in the last fifty years, may abide with you, making the future even more glorious unto the coming again of our Lord Jesus Christ.

REMINISCENCES BY REV. T. W. CHANDLER.

You ask me for some reminiscences of my Rushford pastorate. It was in the closing hour of our conference at Dansville, October 6, 1891, when every ear was attent to catch the name of place and pastor as Bishop Andrews deliberately read the appointments that I heard this announcement, decply impressive to me: "Rushford—T. W. Chandler." On the following Saturday I left Smethport, Pa., for my new appointment. Leaving the train at Caneadea, I asked for the Rushford stage. A good, honest faced man, looking me over with an inquisitive eye, answered: "I suppose you are our new preacher, that we are looking for to-day." I confessed to the indictment and took a seat with him, for it was none other than Brother Clark Rice, who at that time drove the stage. I had never been in Rushford previous to this. Every preacher remembers the feelings experienced in going to a new charge, as he looks the town over, being often very conscious that he himself is as thoroughly being looked over by the people. I was driven to the home of Brother Grover Pratt, where I was very kindly entertained and the warm hospitality accorded me by the family soon drove away all thoughts of my being a stranger, and almost convinced me that I had always known them.

The Sabbath congregation was large, not an unusual thing on the opening day of a new preacher, and attentive, and my four years in Rushford only deepened the impressions of that first Sabbath, that I had an unusually intelligent and attentive audience before me. The choir had always had the reputation of being far above the average of church choirs in its ability and in its harmony. How else could it be with its fine personnel and under the leadership of that prince of choir leaders, Brother Milton Woods? They were equally fortunate in an organist, Clara Claus, always faithful and in her place, sunshine and storm, until one dark, gloomy Sabbath, in October, 1893, when her place was vacant and it was whispered through the audience as they assembled for worship, "She is dying!" The hymns were sung that day without the organ. Our last number was "Guide Me, Oh Thou Great Jehovah." It was learned afterward that the time of her death was almost exactly coincident with the singing of the last stanza:

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises,
 I will ever give to thee."

One short week and that dreaded scourge of diseases, diphtheria, had done its work and her pure, sweet life went out, leaving only its rare fragrance in the sad and desolate home. Her successor, Lena Hall, was faithful and efficient. Just six months after entering on her service she, too, with equal suddenness, though not by the same malady, was summoned from her earthly life and friends. Again the organ was draped, in love and grief for the absent one. Mrs. Prof. Walters very kindly consented to act as organist

the remainder of the year and rendered most acceptable service.

The Sabbath School was, during my entire pastorate, under the wise and efficient superintendency of Brother A. W. Litchard. It was a strong right arm to the church. How could it be otherwise with such a corps of teachers as Mrs. John Persons, Mrs. J. B. Gordon, Mrs. Laning, Mrs. Helen Gilbert, Ellen Gordon, Mrs. W. W. Merrill, Misses Jennie Gordon, Flora Lyon, Miss Hyde, since become Mrs. A. M. Tarbell, Dr. Wells and others?

The 6 o'clock Sunday evening meetings, as well as the Thursday evening meetings, were well attended and seasons of great profit, while the love feasts and quarterly meetings were unusual seasons of blessing. The Ladies' Aid Society was well organized and a very helpful factor in church work. Among its presidents I recall Ellen Gordon and Mrs. Arlie Ives. The Rushford Quarterly Conference often elicited from the Presiding Elders the remark of its being a strong official boon. Of its deliberations, Brother James Benjamin has for a long time been its careful recorder. Flora Lyon entered upon her work as a deaconess and her larger life of usefulness during the four years. About the same time Dr. Wells united with the Genesee Conference.

My relations with Pastors Smith and Spencer of the Baptist Church were of the most fraternal character. I recall with great pleasure the principals of the High School, Profs. Maguire, White and Walters, with their assistant teachers. I always admired the pride which the Rushford people took in their school, and its prosperity. After noting the large number it has sent out and the impress of intelligence and refinement it has left on the community they have good reasons for being proud of its history,

One morning shortly after my coming to Rush-

ford, I met down street a bright little fellow striding along with a wooden gun on his shoulder. "Good morning, Sir!" was my salutation, "What are you going to shoot now?" His prompt reply was, "I'm hunting for bears!" How he came out with the bears, I never heard, but he certainly has shot ahead successfully, for one of the numbers on the semi-centennial program was a fine address by Allan Gilbert, the president of the Epworth League.

The first year I held services almost every Sabbath afternoon at Hardy's Corners. The second year Caneadea was united to Rushford and has remained so ever since. A sad thought to me, as I suppose it was with all of the former pastors present, was the memory of the absent ones, the faces once so familiar but never again to be seen in this world. It comes to me like the minor chord in the joyous strains of an anthem. How their faces come back to me! Milton Woods and wife, John Persons and wife, Hosea and Alonzo Persons, Mrs. Myra Ann Farwell, Daniel Woods and that warm friend of the church, J. B. Gordon, Clark Rice, Brother John Beaumont, Mrs. Griffith, Mrs. Chas. Benjamin, Grandma Swift, Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. Marietta Kellogg, Mrs. Morrow and others whose names are written in heaven. And while thinking of these I cannot forget the living and the homes with which are linked so many pleasant memories.

REMINISCENCES BY REV. MARK KELLEY.

I think that I am hardly old enough yet to write interesting reminiscences. Nevertheless, I have very pleasant memories indeed of the three years we spent in Rushford. I can scarcely conceive how three years could have been made pleasanter for a young pastor than were those made to me by the good people, both inside and outside of the church.

Under the leadership of Sister Laning it was our good fortune to be in at the beginning of the transformation of the parsonage which has since been completed. And how much better it looks and is. And how much better the Epworth League room did look after the young folks were through with it. Nor have we forgotten the lawn mower for which W. H. Benson raised the money on condition that we keep the lawn mowed.

I recall also the fact that now excites more wonder than it did then, that we found a teachers' meeting of something like thirty years' standing. By some strange freak of memory, one meeting held at the home of Sister Orra Gordon is indelibly stamped upon my mind. I wonder why and cannot tell. It was at the home of Sister Nancy Persons that we held our first Bible study. Heaven was certainly enriched when she went home. Not only now as I write but very often there rises before me the picture of Sister Kate White speaking in prayer or class meeting. More than once did she "overcome by the word of her testimony," and, in my soul at least, "She being dead, yet speaketh." I do not forget either that series of class meeting studies and talks which Brother Claus gave us on the Ten Commandments. Ah, but that is the kind of religion to have, the kind that loves the commandments of God just as truly as His promises. I enjoyed those meetings greatly. The memory of class meetings, prayer meetings and love feasts helps me to-day. I am a better man for them.

May God both bless you and make you a blessing.

RECOLLECTIONS OF REV. DR. SANDFORD HUNT OF
NEW YORK.

The congregation at Rushford was one of the most intelligent I ever had. Wm. Gordon, an old local preacher, was well posted on questions of

theology, and a stalwart friend of the Methodist church and its pastors. One of the most remarkable families I ever knew was the Woods family from which Rev. H. C. Woods sprang. His grandmother was a woman of wonderful power in prayer, and although the family lived a mile and a half or more from the church, they were always on hand. Mr. Thompson, one of whose daughters was a teacher at Lima, was a man of great intelligence and good sense. My whole recollections of Rushford are very pleasant indeed, and I should be exceedingly glad to spend a Sabbath with the people there.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A. WASHBURN, TOPEKA, KAN.

The name of the pastor of the M. E. church in Rushford in 1840, was Comfort, next Nichols, then Fellows, followed by Burlingham, Shelling, Roberts and perhaps one or two more before Sanford Hunt, who engineered the erection of the building of the present M. E. church edifice. He was a great worker and a right good pastor. Some incidents connected with the raising of the frame of the church may be of interest. Copeland Gordon was up on the top of the frame of the belfry, prying with an iron bar, when the bar slipped and Cope fell, and had it not been for a rope hanging down near by, which he caught in his fall, no Copeland Hotel would now grace Kansas Ave. in the City of Topeka.

Another incident—the iron bar or a stick of timber dropped from above and struck within a few inches, I think, of Clark Woods, and had it hit him on his head, I am quite sure there would have been a less number of children in Rushford by the name Woods than there has been.

“HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.”

In every successful organization there is one watchful eye at the helm—sometimes several—some one must guide the ship along the safe waters.

In the long period that developed notable success, there was one person who as a pilot for over thirty years seemed never to take his eye off the vessel's course. He was from an Eastern State, taught a select school in Rushford for a while and then went into manufacturing. He was a careful, accurate and painstaking official of the church, and for most of the time mentioned was chorister, Sunday school superintendent, financial and district steward and a sort of general all-around director, holding most of these offices at the same time, looking carefully to everything without seeming to be officious. Others did nobly, he especially so; and when business took him to another state, his loss was greatly felt. This man was Avery Washburn. Rarely amid wide experience in many churches have I met one serving in so many capacities so long, proficiently, so honorably. I write this, feeling that it would seem a serious neglect and want of appreciation if such valuable service did not have particular mention in the historic notes. His esteemed helpmeet also shares the honors that crown ripe years and pleasant memories of deeds well done.

Most of those who contributed reminiscences were not familiar with the first half of the fifty years.

It is very pertinent to add that a promising successor, Lucien Benjamin, was for a short time filling well the place vacated, but departed to his heavenly reward. Two of his mottoes are worth remembering; they were: "Say little and work," "Think of rest and work on."

Yours truly,

ONE WHO WAS BENEFITED.

EXTRACTS FROM EARLY MINUTES OF GENESEE
CONFERENCE.

"Rushford circuit in 1832 embraced New Hudson, Rushford, Centerville, Belfast, Caneadea,

Hume, Pike, Eagle, Gainesville and Castile. Rev. Nathan Fellows was pastor of Rushford circuit in 1845. The salary was \$240 per year. For his table expenses he was allowed \$122 and for traveling expenses \$5. There were 215 members in the Rushford church at that time.

In 1847 Rev. C. D. Burlingham was pastor. He received \$400 a year.

Resolutions were passed in the conference that young people should study the science of music; also that the singers should all sit together and have the use of an instrument if it was thought best.

It was a rule of the church at that time that those members who did not pay their salary that their names should be read out. Everyone knew then who was true to the vows of the church."

NOTE.—The articles concerning the Methodist Church were nearly all printed in the Rushford *Spectator*.

Recollections of My Younger Days.

MRS. CORNELIA METCALF.

As my mind runs back seventy or more years, clear is the picture of the old Methodist Church, where I was accustomed to go with my father's family to worship.

The building, which stood on the present site of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was of simple structure. The interior consisted of an audience room below, with a gallery on three sides. The pulpit, between the two doors entering the audience room, was at least six feet in height, to accommodate hearers both above and below. Above the entry to the Church was a room for prayer and class meetings.

The first minister whom I can easily recall was Rev. Hemmenway. As I remember, he was a large, kindly looking man, with a smooth shaved face, as were all Methodist ministers in those days. His face wore the expression of a devoted,

earnest man of God. His dress, like that of all Methodist ministers of his time, consisted of a clerical coat buttoned to the neck, and a vest likewise, a white kerchief about the neck, and a white hat. A methodist preacher was known as far as he could be seen.

Next to my mind comes the name of Nathan Fellows, of precious memory to me, for it was through his labors that I, with many others, was brought to Christ, and from his hand received the ordinance of baptism. Also, during the affliction which came to our family in the illness and death of my eldest sister, he was in attendance often at our home, and preached her funeral sermon from the text, still fresh in my memory: "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth forever."

In these early times there were two services on the Sabbath, one in the forenoon about eleven o'clock and one in the afternoon about one o'clock. The hour between was used for class meeting, Sunday School and luncheon.

The Sabbath services were especially well attended. There seemed to be a general inclination to attend church. On Sabbath morning, farmers, for several miles around, could be seen with horses and lumber wagon, or oxen and cart, with entire family, wending their way to the house of worship.

The preaching was thorough and earnest, and the people were held to experimental and practical religion. The "Amens" and other responses were frequent and hearty, and came without restraint. After the sermon it was a common thing for one and sometimes more, without invitation, but as the spirit of the sermon prompted, to speak of their own experience or exhort others to come to Christ—an occasion which seldom failed to melt the audience to tears.

The singing was wholly congregational. The

first leader whom I recall was Daniel Woods. Frequently the verses to the hymns were lined—two lines being read, then sung, and so on until the end of the hymn was reached. To me the singing seemed “in the Spirit and with the understanding also.”

The class meeting at the noon hour was well attended. Each member was expected to tell present experience or how he had prospered during the past week. The leaders were very searching. Such questions as the following were frequently asked:

Have you indulged in speaking evil of any person during the past week ?

Have you engaged in foolish conversation, jesting or joking, which is contrary to the word of God ?

Have you given way to unholy tempers ?

If so, have you repented and sought forgiveness?

No person was allowed in the class more than three times unless he or she expressed a desire to become a member.

The love-feasts in those days were held with closed doors, those being excluded who had on their persons superfluous adornment of any kind. Those allowed to enter were provided with tickets for admittance. This means of Grace seemed to be especially owned of God. Well do I remember times when wave after wave of God's presence was felt and manifested in a marked degree.

Weekly prayer and experience meetings were held around in nearly every school district, as well as at the church, especially during the winter season. When the minister was not able to take charge, there were always plenty of local preachers or exhorters to take his place. These meetings were well attended, nearly every family in the neighborhood being represented. The prayers in those days were earnest and loud. It was a frequent saying—that they could be heard for

half a mile. I recall, however, but few lengthy prayers. A revival spirit seemed always prevalent. It was a common thing for sinners to break down and plead for mercy right in the midst of a warm testimony or exhortation.

Many incidents come to my mind, which my father Metcalf, one of the pioneers of Methodism in these parts, has related to me of his own conversion over a hundred years ago, and of his travels and labors on the three hundred mile circuit through this section of country.

A Rushford Quarterly Meeting of Fifty Years Ago.

C. M. DAMON.

The earlier custom of admitting to love feast by presentation of quarterly tickets at the guarded door had gone out of use. But there was much interest in the visits of the Presiding Elder, with a preaching service on Friday evening, at times at least, the Quarterly Conference Saturday afternoon, the Elder's sermon Saturday evening, the nine o'clock love feast Sabbath morning, followed by the Elder's sermon, the collection and the sacrament, and another sermon in the evening. Probably the Pastor preached on one of these occasions.

The great occasion of interest was the Love Feast. This was regarded as a sort of joyous family gathering, where it was in order to speak very freely of present and past experiences, of special love for the Methodist Church, as such, with reminiscences of conversion, attachment to the brethren, hopes of the future, etc. It was not a meeting for "outsiders" to criticize this glorying in Methodism as an evidence of bigotry. Those so inclined should not have been there. This was our own meeting, where precisely these things were in order. Those who had been pulled out of a pit by these very brethren, or by

Pastors and members removed years ago, or long since in heaven, were not to be construed as speaking against others, if in this private family meeting, the halo of the early history of the Church, excelling romance for heroism, hardship and achievement, rendered them enthusiastic. Others doubtless felt the same in their specially denominational meetings.

After the new church was built the Love Feast was on the first floor, in the room sometimes called the Lecture Room. The Pastor and Presiding Elder occupied the pulpit, and after Scripture reading, song and prayer, made some remarks suitable to opening; then called the Stewards forward, and gave them the plates and bowls to pass the bread and water as a substitute for the family meal of the early Church, and as a token of Christian love and fellowship. Probably Clark Woods or Brother Washburn struck up another hymn, in which the congregation, some of whom had come four or five miles in lumber wagons, joined "lustily." The early rising, the rapid choring on the farm and the glad anticipation prepared them for hearty worship.

This through, the meeting was thrown open for testimony. It was the prerogative of those up in the left-hand corner, by the side of the pulpit, to lead off. Perhaps the first would be Rev. William Gordon—no, "Uncle Bill"—respected both as retired minister and loyal friend of the Church, and as a business man. Then old Father Goff, tall, spare, bald, full of fervor, full of love, and rejoicing in the Lord and in the Church, would follow and generally tell of his near anticipation of heaven and having more friends on the other side than here. It was now high time for more enthusiastic singing, and we all began to feel good and "get blessed." Possibly Brother Washburn and one or two more in that corner would speak before Aunt Nancy Woods came in with her ster-

ling testimony, weighty with the confidence all had in her. By this time the coast was clear for brethren and sisters in all parts of the room. Thus the meeting would run on for its appointed time, one here, one there, or several rising at once, the tide rising as voluntary singing was interspersed. Those who remember Uncle John Worthington's fiery exhortations in the great revival of 1857-8, as he swung back and forth across the width of the church in front of the altar; the fervent testimonies of Levi Metcalf; the earnestness of Elijah, after he was reclaimed from years of backsliding; the peculiar intonations of Warren Persons, as he said, "I do not consider that I am to keep my religion, but that my religion is to keep me"; the cool, deliberate testimony of Allen Burr, standing, on one foot, with his crutch; Sister Kingsbury's firm purpose to be true to God and His truth, "regardless of consequences"; Jenny Jagers' fiery and vehement eloquence; Uncle Ely Woods, "getting on his high heeled shoes to day"; A. W. E. Damon, with husky voice, choking with emotion, and the multitude of others, old and young, will know what to imagine when all gathered in the Love Feast. Isaac Stone would sit down and shake his great portly body with subdued laughter, the joy of the Spirit. Brother Thompson, grandson of the eccentric and fiery Benjamin Abbott of early Methodism, was himself staid and reverent. Sister Stone, speaking tenderly of "the lambs of the flock"; Pluma Persons and the excellent wife of Watson Woods; Arminda Peck and Eleanor Blanchard; Cornelia Metcalf and her brother Charles, both earnest and spiritual, added much interest. But time would fail to tell particularly of Lowell Farwell, saying, "Bruthren, I wish I was a better man"; of E. S. Noble and wife; of Samuel Thompson's daughter Mary, praying to be cleansed "from the last and least remains of sin"; of Frank Warren, fervent and zealous,

ready to "preach before a Bishop"; of Aaron Rice and Spencer Packard and families; of all the Gordons, Persons, Pecks, Benjamins, of Sister Lyon and Mary, and many others.

With the quarterly report of membership and finances by the Pastor, the meeting was brought to a close. No wonder there was a general shaking of hands throughout the room, and a feeling universal, "It is good to be here."

We were now ready for the service upstairs.

History of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church of Rushford, N. H.

ELLEN E. GORDON.

October 26th, 1881, a few lady members and friends of the M. E. Church met at the home of Mrs. P. A. Worden to consider the question of organizing a ladies' aid society in connection with the work of the church, the object of which should be to aid in every way possible the church, financially and spiritually, for the promotion of the Gospel, to raise funds by proper and Christian means, and to appropriate the same to such purposes as the society should deem best.

November 9th the ladies met at the home of Mrs. G. M. Pratt. The constitution and by-laws which were framed at the meeting at Mrs. Worden's two weeks before were adopted; the following offices were chosen:

Pres., Mrs. Helen Laning.

1st Director, Mrs. J. B. Gordon.

2nd Director, Mrs. P. A. Worden.

Sec., Mrs. G. M. Pratt.

Treas., Mrs. Ida M. Leavens.

The board of managers consisted of the regular elected officers, also Mrs. Wagoner and Miss M. E. O'Conner.

Committee on fancy work, Miss Emma Claus, Erna Wier, Mary Pratt.

The amount raised at this meeting amounted to \$5.97.

The first year the Society numbered 78 members. Of the original 78 members there are 37 living.

The whole amount raised the first year amounted to \$124.07.

At the suggestion of Rev. W. B. Wagoner, the Pastor, the society assumed the debt of \$600 remaining unpaid upon the pipe organ.

November 23rd, 1887, the constitution was amended; the Board of Managers since then constitute the present acting officers, and the ex-presidents.

In 1888, while Rev. R. C. Grames was Pastor, and Mrs. A. J. Lyon President of the Society, the Church was repaired to the amount of \$600; of this amount the ladies furnished \$557.

The windows were the gift of Miss Electa Lamberson, costing \$300.

The lettering upon the organ was the work of Rev. R. C. Grames.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Lyon, the reflector was purchased. Clouds and darkness hung around the closing days of the month of August. On the 28th, while all were trying their best to be ready for the re-opening of the church, a higher Power bade us pause. "My ways are not your ways, saith the Lord." Truly we felt they were not; how could we be parted from our beloved President, who had been an inspiration to us all through the year. Pleasantly and eagerly did she devise ways and means to have every member interested in doing her share of church work.

To us her life mission seemed incomplete; to the Father, doubtless, her mission was as complete as though she had lived her three score and ten years.

November 5th, 1902. Mrs. Myra Griffith was chosen President for the second time. Again clouds and darkness hung over us. March 17th, we

were left without a President. The Lord said of Mrs. Griffith, after working hard and faithfully for the good of the society, "Thy work is done, come up higher."

In 1905, while Rev. David White was Pastor, Miss Ellen E. Gordon was chosen President for the fourth term.

This year a thorough repair of the church was made to the amount of \$2,831.75, including the gift of the seats by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ives, also the choir chairs given by Mr. W. F. Benjamin, and \$75 from the company from whom the bell was purchased. The ladies gave \$300 towards the repairs of the church at this time.

November 21st, 1907, while Rev. F. A. Johnson was Pastor, Mrs. W. H. Leavens was chosen President. Since the society was organized in 1881, there have been 17 different presidents, of that number 11 are still living.

The society has raised during the 28 years \$3,210.53.

Without boasting, as a society we count it a success, spiritually, socially and financially, and trust it will be kept alive as long as the church remains, and that it may receive the approbation of the Lord.

May His blessing rest upon it in the future as in the past.

The present officers are :

Pres., Mrs. W. H. Leavens ; 1st Vice, Mrs. N. M. Woods ; 2nd Vice, Mrs. J. S. McMurry ; 3rd Vice, Mrs. A. E. White ; 4th Vice, Mrs. W. H. Thomas ; Sec., Mrs. C. H. Ives ; Treas., Miss. E. E. Gordon.

The Presbyterian Church of Rushford.

AURORA THOMPSON GREEN.

Seventy years ago, August 16th, 1838, the Presbyterian Church of Rushford was organized in "the west school house," with nineteen mem-

bers, viz: Eneas Gary, Esther Gary, Earle Baird, Ruth Baird, Joel Griffin, Clarissa Griffin, Submit Griffin, Sarah McDonald, Warren McKinney, Betsy McKinney, Alvin Congdon, Roana Congdon, Lyman Congdon, Fanny Morrison, Rosina McCall, Alfred Bell, Juliette Bell, Huldah McCall and Electa McKinney. Alfred Bell was chosen Clerk. Earle Baird, Joel Griffin and Lyman Congdon were elected Elders. At the beginning, by a strong resolution unanimously adopted, the little Church declared itself in favor of temperance.

Though financially unable to support a settled Pastor, it planned for occasional services. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered at stated periods. While the date cannot be fixed definitely, the first settled Pastor, Rev. C. W. Gillam, began his work and was ordained in 1840 or 1841. Soon after a church edifice was planned, funds raised, and the building completed in 1842. The dedication occurred on August 20th of the same year, which, says one of the very few surviving members of the forties, was a notable occasion, not only for the little church, but for the town as well. The building was crowded. Pastors of churches of near-by towns were present, taking part in the services. The dedication sermon by the Rev. Mr. Conkling, of Pike, was regarded as one of the ablest of its kind.

During the winter following occurred a revival, perhaps the largest and most interesting in the history of the Church.

As the result of this religious awakening many members were added, especially among the young people, who contributed largely to its life and usefulness. Some of these young men and women in after years sought homes elsewhere, and became prominent members in the church and community. Very few of the members in the forties are now living.

The Pastor, Rev. C. W. Gillam, was a man of fine presence, a good preacher, active and earnest in his pastoral work; he especially endeared himself to the young—his influence over them was most salutary. After some four years of service he accepted a call to a larger pastorate, much to the regret of a large portion of his parishioners. During the pastorate of Rev. C. W. Gillam, and for many years after, the church was favored with members of sterling religious worth, faithful to duty, and earnest in every good cause. Among them may be named Father Hammond, of blessed memory. Although entirely deaf, he was always at church on the Sabbath. Usually he could catch the meaning of the text by watching the Pastor's lips as he read it. This occupied his thoughts during the sermon, after which it was given him to read at his home. His place at the weekly prayer meeting was seldom vacant. His earnest, powerful petitions impressed one as the out-breathing of a heart in close touch with the Heavenly Father, yet so humble, so conscious of his unworthiness, he was wont to express a fear that he was not "one of the elect," that at last he might fail to receive the plaudit of the Master, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The prayer meetings of the first and perhaps the second decade were, though the church was Presbyterian, somewhat informal in character. The sisters as well as the brothers spoke, prayed and sang as the spirit moved. Uncle Joel, as he was called by the young folks, never failed to "do his duty." In his weak, though not unpleasant voice, either at the beginning or close of the meeting, he never failed to sing the hymn: "Whate'er of life or earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies," etc.

It would be interesting to write of many of the members long since passed away—of the McKinnys, the Beechers, of Father Thomas and his son David, of Mr. Galpin, Archibald Adams and

others, of "the elect women *not* a few," but the church record is wanting, and those who might give us information have passed to the Eternal Home.

In 1853 the church united with the Congregationalists. In 1867 it returned to the Presbyterian fold. The second Pastor was the Rev. I. Rawson, who with his wife were graduates of Oberlin College. Sixty-five years ago, even less, for a woman to be a college graduate was so unusual, that Mrs. Rawson was regarded as almost a marvel. Indeed, she was a real help-meet to her husband, who was a good Pastor, a sincere and earnest preacher of the Word.

The Rev. Mr. Doolittle was his successor. He was a serious, dignified man—an old time Presbyterian. He was averse to women taking an active part in the meetings of the church, whereupon the sisters refrained from lifting up their voices in prayer and testimony. However, the Pastor was quite willing for them at the meetings "in tuneful lays to sing the Master's praise."

The record of Pastors who succeeded Mr. Doolittle is missing—only their names have been preserved. They are as follows: Revs. Miller, Henry, Johnson, Lane, Frost, Ballard, Cofrin, Spencer, Ward, Watkins and Cone. Some of these served the church three years or more—others but a brief time, the last Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Cone, from 1888 to 1890. From this date the church, by death and removal, lost so many of its members, and was so unequal to the support of a Pastor that the Presbytery, which had the supervision of it, decided to sell the building. An old time member, Philinda T. Brooks, to whom from childhood this "church home" had been dear and an object of interest, became the purchaser in 1898. Some years ago it was sold, and is now a rallying place for the farmers and all citizens who are interested in agricultural and labor problems. The name given to it is "Agricultural Hall."

History of the Universalist Church.

ELLEN GREEN NYE.

The first I remember of the Universalist Church was attending a meeting with my mother and father in the old school house, which stood opposite my present residence, on West Main Street. I could't have been more than three years old, but it was made very impressive on account of being taken home and punished for pointing at the big bass viol and talking; probably I had never seen one before. It is the only time I remember going there to church. It must have been in 1846. I think Elder Hunt was then the pastor; the parsonage was in William Beaumont's house. Soon after this a church edifice was erected, and a society organized. They had good congregations, and did good work.

The early preachers were Revs. Nathaniel Stacy, William Gowdy, I. B. Sharp, J. B. Sax (brother of Asa), J. J. Brayton and J. Whitney. Elder Whitney built the house that Mrs. Mason now owns and a daguerrean shop on the same lot, which was moved off and used by Edward Brooks as a shoe shop. Those who were most prominent in building up the church were Isaiah Lathrop, James Green, Alpheus Howser, Samuel White, Luther Woodworth, Emerson Kendall, Oliver Benjamin, Holton Colborn, Charles Colborn, E. P. Richards, Madison Richards, David Board, Ira Bishop, Daniel Leavens, Grover Leavens, John Merrifield, Pliny and Roderick Bannister, Jonathan Charles and many more whom I do not recall.

They took great pride in their choir; it was called the best in town at one time. Barnes Blanchard played the bass viol, Grover Leavens the violin, some one the flute, and Marion Angel the melodeon. Later players on the melodeon were George Woodworth, Ellen Lathrop and Albert Bishop. Hollister Chapin led the choir. Instru-

mental music was not very popular in some of the churches at that time, and they thought the Universalists were going to be lost sure.

The Sunday School was held in the gallery over the pulpit. The only superintendent I remember was Galucia Leavens. His wife and Mrs. Howser were teachers, and were greatly beloved by the scholars. They had a fine library; I don't remember ever taking out a book that was not interesting. We each had a little testament, and learned chapter after chapter just as it was printed. I sometimes thought it was a good deal of work.

I am indebted to Miss Gratie Colborn for this description: On Christmas eve, about the year 1850, there was an entertainment given that would hold an honorable place with those of to-day. The church was trimmed with green, and there was a row of lighted tallow candles through the center of each window. A snow-white dove, with spread wings, about to alight upon the altar, was invisibly suspended. In the distance among the green was the star that led the shepherds across the plain. Heavily loaded, the branches of the conventional tree hung low over the orchestra rail—a pleasing sight to the eyes of children. Music, recitations and interchange of friendly greetings made the evening one long to be remembered.

The Sewing Society was well attended. There were men in town at that time learning trades, who, being away from home, would hire the members of the Sewing Society to do their sewing. The proceeds were used for church work. The socials and donations were very pleasant and largely attended.

They would hold the Association here occasionally. Ministers and delegates coming from other towns made the meetings interesting and profitable. They met with opposition from the other churches,

and the spirit affected the children. When they were angry with us, they would say, "You are old Universalists, you believe everyone is going to be saved, and you will go to the bad place and *burn and burn forever.*" It was well they had confidence in their parents, or their lives would have been sad. We would go home and tell our parents, and they would say, "Don't worry about the "for-ever," God will take care of that; you must look out for the *bad places here.*" There wasn't so much said about the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" as now, but when times of great emergency or trouble came they forgot all about creed or sect, and arose as one man and worked in the spirit of Christ, as they have always done.

The questions of Woman's Rights and Spiritualism came up. They were not very popular in those days, and caused a division in the church. Developed on right lines, they have since brought a great deal of happiness to mankind. The Universalists had services occasionally after this; William Gowdy was the last who served them. He organized a church (it had always been a society before), but they were so depleted by disagreements, death and removals that they were obliged to disband, and the church was sold to the Free Methodists in 1873.

Address at the Christmas Tree for the United Sunday-Schools, December 29th, 1869.

LUCIEN BENJAMIN.

Parents and friends, we give you hearty greeting. Another annual circle is complete. Another year is added to the past, and again we are assembled at our anniversary, teachers, scholars, parents, all. No, not all. The dead year bears away many an angel face that will smile upon us.

no more. He has crushed our hopes and swept our idols from us. Teachers, scholars, parents, brothers, sisters, dear ones, have passed away. Some sleep in graves near their own quiet homes; some sleep in unknown graves, in distant Southern climes. Some died at home with fond ones around them to catch their last whispers, to anticipate their wants. Others fell when not a friend was near, where no kindly aid could come, and none to bear a parting blessing to the dear ones far away.

But it is not fitting that we should call to mind our afflictions only, though they were meant for our profit. Has the past year not brought us royal gifts? What heart has not thrilled with joy and throbbed with a quicker impulse as God's blessings have dropped into it one by one like dew from Heaven? Yes, there have been blessings all through the vanished year scattered broadcast. Bright garlands have been twined, and mellow songs have burst from lips overflowing with life and gladness. The never-forgetting Father has not dealt His bounty to one of us with a miserly or reluctant hand. Human friendships, too, have blossomed along our pathway, yielding odors more fragrant than were the roses of June—perfumes whose breath lingers on our winter air unwasting and priceless.

How they come crowding up—the twelve months' procession of kind words, friendly greetings, neighborly favors; and dearer than all, the little nameless unremembered acts of love, in which we have lived and breathed as in an atmosphere.

Nature, too, has toiled for us. The blind servants of a Love and Wisdom all Divine have wrought together to make this place of our mortal habitation a scene of comfort and beauty. The seasons have come and gone, each clad in its robe

of peculiar glory, each bearing in its hand the love token of the Creator.

So many hundreds of times have the day and night walked in their stately round; so many hundreds of times has He, the God of all bounty, trailed his robe of golden light along our horizon, and caused the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice us. His smile has lighted up the firmament that we might perform all daily duty with cheerful heart. His wing of love has been folded over our midnight rest. Let us then think kindly of the dead old year and embalm sacredly in our hearts the beautiful memories He has left us.

But why are so many happy children gathered here, so many bright-eyed little ones, who are generally slumbering at this hour? Certainly, I need not tell you why after you have seen this beautiful tree, so richly laden with Christmas gifts.

Parents and friends, happy indeed are we to know that you so eagerly manifest an interest in our Sunday-Schools. We thank you for these tokens of love and affection, and earnestly pray that the next twelve months may bring to you hours freighted with blessings from a kind and generous Father.

Dear Teachers and Officers of the Sunday-School, our little hearts are full of gratitude toward you for your constant and untiring efforts in our behalf, for the interest you are ever manifesting, the many sacrifices you have made. We will try to remember all the good lessons you have brought to us in the past, that we may be largely benefited by them in the future, and may God keep you, bless you in your labors of love and give you a happy home at last.

Celebration, Semi-Centennial.

The Celebration of the Fiftieth Year of the settlement of the Town of Rushford will take place on the First Day of January, 1859, by the Oldest Inhabitants; at the Academy Hall, at 10 o'clock A. M.

PROGRAMME.

- 1st. Introductory Remarks by A. J. Lyon.
- 2d. Martial Music.
- 3d. Introductory Address, by Rev. T. L. Pratt.
- 4th. Music.
- 5th. Historical Address, by Dr. S. F. Dickinson.
- 6th. Music.
- 7th. Anecdotes, by L. Peet, Esq.
- 8th. Music.
- 9th. Remarks by the Oldest Settlers generally.
- 10th. Closing Scene—Exhibition of Relics.

DINNER AT THE TOWN HALL.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

J. G. Osborn, E. P. Lyon, S. Hardy, J. Bell, L. C. Kimball, W. White, S. Root, B. T. Hapgood, W. C. Young, I. Lathrop, J. T. Wier, J. Holmes, J. Griffin, A. K. Allen.

President,—A. J. Lyon.

Vice Presidents.—S. White, A. Rose, Wm. L. Gary, E. Perry, L. Benjamin.

S. White, Corresponding Secretary.

“ Ben Franklin ” Printing Office, Rushford, N. Y.

A Leaf from My Journal.

CYNTHIA WOODWORTH.

January 1st, 1859, was celebrated at Rushford as being the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement thereof. Speeches, martial music, and feasting were the order of the day.

All Hail! thou joy inspiring morn; All Hail!
 Auspicious day; whose heralding has been
 The deep, wild din of rattling porcelain,
 The quick, fierce clash of cutlery and tin,
 The very mention of those near approach
 Has proved acknowledged signal to all
 Turkeys and fat hens, to lay their heads
 Upon the block—nor take them up again;
 And e'en the stubborn, contra swine, with grunt
 Defiant, yielded his life at last for
 A "Thank Offering," and all in vain essayed
 "To save his bacon." Savors, smelling sweet,
 Arose from household altars (vulgarly called
 Ovens), until our neighbors, far and near,
 Exultingly have snuffed the breeze of thy
 Forthcoming—and join with us to bid thee
 Hail! Most welcome day of kindly cheer.

Assembled now; that is to say, we're packed,
 And jammed, and crammed in just no space at all,
 Regardless all of crinoline, or hoops
 (That everybody knows will break); we list
 With mouth agape and ears unstopped, to all
 The incidents, the accidents they please
 To tell. And sure, this is a joyous time.
 The heightened radiance of all eyes betray
 The gathering tear; but smiles dispel the
 Dimming mist, and hearty, deafening cheers
 Succeed for "Auld Lang Syne." And well I know
 All hearts are young and kindlier grown, for
 This day's festive cheer. And now, in place of
 Highest honor, I behold the gray haired
 Pioneer, whose glittering axe, and arms,

"Young strength," the mighty forests have subdued,
 And who has lived to see his chosen home
 The pride and glory of his sons. And here
 Are men of middle age, whose opening gaze
 Upon their "Mother Earth" took in her deep,
 Dark wilds, her "vasty mountain steeps," whose
 Evening lullaby the hoarse wild wolves took
 Leave to join, but who have found among old
 Allegany's stumps and steeps, space to grow
 Stately and tall, and who have never blessed
 Another clime, or soil, with the dear name
 Of Home. The young I see, to whom all things
 Seem as they were at the beginning,
 And on whose wondering ear the story
 Of their grandsires' suffered toil, fall like
 Some fairy tale, that scarce may be believed;
 And toddling babes are here, who know not that
 They live at all, but pull and whine with all
Sang froid, who deem the occasion quite
 Befit to prove that infant lungs are not
 Degenerate, nor infant appetites appeased
 With speeches fine, or sight of sausage of
 Whatever length or weight. In short, they are
 The only "things" (excuse me, mothers, if
 I call them "things"; it best doth suit the
 Measure of my verse). As I have said,
 They are the only things the touch of time
 Or chance has left unchanged, and all admit
 They are most perfect counterparts of
 Babes fifty years ago—
 But Hark! the welcome sound, "to dinner now,"
 Befogs my brain. Report me "absent," Muse.

Reminiscences.

H. B. ACKERLY.

Rushford has been noted for its dairy interests
 from an early date and for its first farm dairies. It
 was considered a banner town in dairying early in
 its settlement. I will give the names of some of

the men who owned farms: Allen Taylor, Ozial Taylor, Charles Benjamin, Almond Benjamin, Robert Morrow, Newel McCall, Isaac Stone, William Ackerly & Sons, Aaron Rice, Alonzo Farwell, Lemuel Farwell, Claus & Sons, Nelson Tarbell, Abel Tarbell, Emerson Kendal, Adaniram Colburn, Wilson Gordon, Thomas Gordon, Ezekiel Gillett, Benjamin Tarbell, Ely Woods, Riley Woods, Lebret Woods, Alonzo Damon and many others not named here. About fifty years ago a pineapple cheese factory was started by Robert Norton and run by Charles Elmer. About forty-four years ago they made a part factory round hoop, and others square which were shipped in square boxes. Later all round factory cheese was made by C. Elmer, who bought Norton's interests and still continues the business.

In 1864 A. J. and H. B. Ackerly started the second factory on the Simpson farm, at McGrawville. Squire Clark was associated with H. B. Ackerly in selling and handling the cheese. In 1866 A. J. and H. B. Ackerly built a cheese factory on the farm which they now own, two and a half miles from Rushford. Mr. D. B. Sill and Warren Damon were salesmen and A. J. Ackerly was treasurer. In 1870, D. B. Sill, A. J. and H. B. Ackerly formed a partnership to handle cheese, and connected themselves with C. S. Brown & Co. of New York City on joint account, and were with them for thirteen years. The cheese then was mostly exported. As high as fifty thousand boxes a year were sent abroad. Later we commenced shipping to the home market, which has grown to use the most of the cheese. Canada now largely supplies the foreign market. The members of our old firm in New York are all dead. The Ackerly Sill Company are still doing business together in Cuba. Their relationship in business has been pleasant, and I believe they have the good will of the people in this State

with whom they have been associated so long. W. B. Ackerly and A. O. Renwick have become partners now in the firm and are paid a salary for doing the business of the Company.

Charles Elmer was a prominent cheese buyer for a number of years in this section, but retired as a buyer a number of years ago. In about 1870, A. J. and H. B. Ackerly, with D. B. Sill, had interests with the late O. T. Higgins in Cattaraugus County, this State, in Carrollton and Great Valley Townships. Two steam saw mills were stocked for a number of years and timber lands purchased in Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. There was a lumber yard in Olean and thirteen dwellings in which they were interested. With O. T. Higgins' ability as a business man and our experience in lumbering, we did well for all. He was a noble Christian man. He showed this in all of his dealings and walks in life. How many trips west I have made with him and visited Sunday Schools in school houses, where there was no church near. I have known him to shake hands with the superintendent of the Sunday School and leave a bill in his hand to help his work along. In our travels in the back settlements amongst the poor people, where provisions were scarce, we would stop and get a meal, consisting perhaps only of salt and potatoes, bread and poor butter and a cup of tea. He would leave the hostess happy, telling her how much we had enjoyed our meal, and we did, as we were very hungry. He did so many good deeds in his lifetime, I remember when Houghton was called "Jockey Street". It was said they ran horses and traded on Sunday and that it was a drunken place. Willard Houghton experienced religion and started a Sunday School in their school house. O. T. Higgins gave him five dollars to buy such helps as he needed in this and continued to advance money for years to help him

on in the work for others. Mr. Willard Houghton after a time was impressed to start a Wesleyan High School and Church, such as they have there now. He traveled over different States amongst his people to solicit subscriptions for the cause. They have many buildings and I understand they have an endowment for its support. It shows how a little help accumulates in doing wondrous works for good. Mr. Higgins was very quiet in giving, as well as in his business transactions. My acquaintance with him was long and we were thrown closely together in the western forests. I deeply mourned his loss.

After his death I became better acquainted with his son, Governor Higgins. He was also a noble man, honest and reliable. His grandparents, Deacon Hapgood and Dr. Higgins, were very good people. Now when I go to Olean I feel lonesome, as I cannot stop in to visit with them.

We had other business men of note, William Gordon & Sons, Luther & James Gordon. Before the railroad they drove cattle to New Jersey for market. Isaac Stone and son Amos did lumbering south of Cuba, and many others. Charles Colburn and Sons and numerous other people lumbered on a smaller scale.

Reminiscences.

MARIA BENJAMIN.

I came to Rushford, Allegany County, in 1814. My father, James Gordon, came in 1811 from Vermont. In 1810 some of the Gordons came. They cut down trees and made some log cabins. In the winter of 1810-1811 Tarbell Gordon went back to Vermont, returning to Rushford that same winter with the rest of the Gordons, except their father. He came in 1816. Mr. Morgan came in 1811 when the Gordons came. He made his home north of Cuba.

In 1817 my mother and hired girl and one little child besides myself were going through the woods from Bowen Gordon's farm to the old Metcalf farm, then the Daniel Ely farm. A fox crossed the path a little way from us. That was the first fox that I ever saw.

In August, 1817, I had a little brother die. He was the first dead person I had ever seen. I thought he was asleep and wondered that mother did not put him on the bed.

For a few years we had a great variety of music, not on the organ, but in the woods. In the evening we would stand at the door and hear, south of the house, an oriole sing who, who, who, who-o-o-o; then, north of the house, the chorus hah, hah, hah, hah, ah-ah, ah-ah. The oriole south of the house sang soprano and the one north alto. Next a fox would bark a little way from the barn. A little further off the wolves would howl. Sometimes they would make a horrid noise. I think the wolves sang bass, while the foxes sang tenor.

November 11th, 1820, father went out to the barn in the morning and found two sheep the wolves had killed in the night. I think that was all he lost by them. In 1821 father sent me through the woods to one of the neighbors. I had gone part way through the woods when I heard a little noise and turned my head to see what it was. Well, about three rods from the road there were three wolves looking at me. Then they went one way, and I went on my way where I had started. When I came back I did not see them. I was not afraid of them, as I had never heard of their hurting any one. Bears were not very plenty here in those days, but one day I was standing out doors a little way from the house, and I saw an old bear come out of the woods and walk across a little pasture to another piece of woods. That was the only wild bear that

I ever saw. Deer were very plenty then. They would come into the pasture and eat grass with the cows. One day father went out to the edge of the woods and found an old deer dead and a little fawn standing by her. When it saw him it lay down by its mother. He took it up and brought it to the house and taught it to drink milk. It grew to be a large deer. Then father sold it; it was so full of mischief.

In 1817 a Methodist minister came to Rushford. He came to my father's house. His name was Story. He was the first minister I ever saw. I think he was a missionary. Then in 1821 he came here to preach. His first name was Cyrus. He had a camp meeting that summer. It must have been near where Mrs. Elbert Hardy's house now stands. At that time, from the corner where Mr. Taylor's store stands up to near the Baptist parsonage, was a swamp. Logs were cut and laid down for a bridge for teams to cross on. Then north of this were logs laid the other way for people to walk on. What a change! In the place of log bridges, iron bridges; in the place of forests, churches and school-houses; all this because the people had a mind to work.

Years ago we did not hear little girls say, "Oh, I am so tired I don't know what to do." Never until I was over thirty-five years old did I hear a woman say, "I am so nervous I can't work."

I have some pieces of a dress and apron, that I wore to school when I was a little girl, that was made from flax that grew on Bowen Gordon's farm. Mother spun and colored it.

I remember the first murder that was committed in Allegany County, but I don't remember the date. My father was going to see Howe hung, He got most ready to go, then thought he could not see a man hung by the neck till he was dead, so he stayed at home.

In 1832 there were six cases of typhus fever in Rushford. One little girl died of it.

In 1825 Cyrus Eaton was killed in the Pine Woods by a tree. They were cutting pine trees for lumber. The tree struck another tree that threw the butt around. It struck him on the head, killing him instantly. I have always remembered the text that was used at the funeral. It was, "Be ye also ready, for in such hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

One little incident which occurred when I was eight or nine years old, which I had forgotten till four years ago as I was thinking over my early life in the woods, came to my mind. It was this: My father was coming down town to Thursday night prayer-meeting. I asked him if I could go with him. He said yes, if I wanted to. It was light when we went down. There was no moon, so it was dark when we came back; the wolves howling in different directions, but we were not afraid of their noise. When we were near a quarter of a mile from home we had to turn from the road and walk through the woods by a little foot-path. Father said to me, "I don't know whether we can follow the path." I stepped in front of him and said, "I can." I had been through there several times. I had learned the shape of the openings in the tops of the trees; one place one-half of one tree top was broken off. There was no moon to give light; all the light came through these little openings. If I had looked down I could not have followed the path. As long as I looked up I was all right. I thought then that father meant what he said. I think now he did it to see what I would do or say. When Noah was in the Ark he could see no light, only when he looked up. That is the way to get the true light.

In the year 1841 we had a very early spring, snow gone, roads dry. The month of April was like summer—thunder showers and very warm,

trees leaved out. I think it was about the tenth, or twelfth of May we had a snowstorm, then a freeze that killed all the leaves on the trees. Then they had to leave out the second time.

July 11th, 1848, Rev. Harris's little boy died. Four o'clock the same morning Mrs. Nancy Rowley died. Both of them were carried to the church at the same time, the only time I ever saw two caskets in the church at the same time.

I think those old settlers were a more neighborly class of people than the people of the present day. Then if one were sick the others would turn out and help. Now if one is sick, perhaps the next door neighbors won't see them for weeks; but One said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Memories.

M. B. D.

The memories of my childhood passed in Rushford are very pleasant—the riding with my father on his business trips to the various towns, riding on loads of hay, and the school days. One noon all the school went to the creek to slide and skate and were all late. I shall never forget the line across the room when the teacher strapped our hands. As I was one of the smaller ones, I thought he would be tired before he came to me. Lewellen Chamberlin told me a few years ago in Kalamazoo, Mich., that I broke his sled that day and he had always wanted to tell my mother. One time the Sunday-School went down to D. B. Sill's on a sleighride. A chicken pie was served for the children and a dove flew out when it was cut.

My sister and I enjoyed driving all over the hills in an old buggy and the music of the wheels

was so painful to us that it was a great pleasure when we were permitted the use of a better one.

Barnum's Circus came to Caneadea, and of course the parents must take the children to see the animals, so we all went. Lucia Green, Allie Lathrop and I think Frank Higgins was one of the boys who was with us that day.

When I was twelve years old, I went with my parents to Goffstown, N. H., to the farm where my father was born. Our trip on the cars and the boat from New York City were wonderful to me. I went up the stairs to go to our state-room and saw 63 on the door and walked into a large mirror. I looked around to see if anyone saw me and there stood my father laughing at me. I afterwards found out he had just done the same thing. We visited the cemetery where my grandfather was buried, and copied this epitaph from his tombstone: "Jonathan Bell, June 10, 1844. Age 89. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill and afterwards served in the army of the Revolution."

Another one of my pleasant memories was the annual visit to the Bells in New Hudson. There was a crowd of cousins who gathered at Thanksgiving or Christmas to a dinner which Aunt Rebecca knew so well how to prepare and which was much enjoyed after a ride over the hills. I remember Nellie came home one day and said they went to New Hudson, but New Hudson wasn't at home, so they went to Charles. We were at Uncle Rodney's when a peddler brought the news of Lincoln's assassination, and we went home and found it was not yet known in Rushford, as the stage had not yet arrived.

Another of our pleasures was the singing school, where our dreams of singing in the choir, as our mothers had, were encouraged by H. R. Palmer.



A GROUP OF RUSHFORD GIRLS IN THE SEVENTIES

Then the never-to-be-forgotten day we girls all went to Portage Falls. There was a joke that one of our drivers had been told by a phrenologist that if all the girls left town he would want to go too, and I think nearly all went that day. I remember James Benjamin took the "Adams girls," Allie Lathrop, my sister, myself and one or two others. We had our luncheon at the Lower Falls, then came up to Glen Iris and across the wooden bridge—that was so wonderful—to the hotel, where we had our dinner and then arrived home in the early morning.

I believe the memories of my childhood and friends in Rushford are the most precious to me.

Personal Recollections.

C. M. DAMON.

My recollections of Rushford, name ever dear during forty years of wanderings, go back to from fifty to just sixty years ago, when first I "saw the elephant" come down from Colonel Hardy's, past Joseph Bell's (where years later "Jimmie" was so sadly mangled and killed by an explosion of the boiler in the tannery) to the corner now occupied by the Tarbell house. "Uncle" Lucius Kimball, the old Town Clerk, worked at chair making for Mr. Root. Aunt Lavinia Kimball took me across the street to the second floor of "the Tavern" to see the circus come into town, about as near as I ever was to one. I was born on Israel Thompson's place, about eighty rods toward Rushford from Hardy's Corners, and from two to twelve I lived a half mile south of the Corners. Going to town, we passed Enoch Richardson's, Alpheus Wiltsey's, Kingbury Howe's, William Kingsbury's, Warren's, Benham's, Armstrong's, Chamberlain's (earlier Grimard's), Robert English's, Belknap's, Robert Morrow's, Judge Lyon's, Rev. Thomas Pratt's (Uncle

Tom's), and William Gordon's (Uncle Bill's). We generally took the "Lower street," past Dolan's shoe shop, whose sign read,

" I work for those who pay the best,
And when I've time, I'll serve the rest.
I've trusted many to my sorrow;
Pay to-day, I'll trust to-morrow."

Turning up street from the corner in town, we passed our staid Methodist blacksmith Thompson on the right, and How's blacksmith shop on the left, and then the most familiar places to my recollection were the Churches, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian.

Once a year, in childhood, we used to take the road from William Kingsbury's, past "Uncle Johnnie Moore's," Kimber Smith's and his father's, to visit N. C. Kimball, our mother's father. The next day we would go east past Nahum Ames', down past Norman Beecher's, and cross-lots to Uncle Alonzo Damon's, on "the Creek road," then home through the village. It was a fine walk for young boys. In Uncle Alonzo's neighborhood were John Hill, Columbus Ely, Elijah Lyman and Alonzo Farwell. From near Farwell's a road went to "Old Father Metcalf's" and Levi's. Toward the village were Eliab Benjamin and his boys, Lucian and James,—our intimate friends.

When Elder Simpson, the energetic Pastor of the Baptist Church, came around on horseback raising a subscription to build the Academy, father subscribed according to his limited ability, and worked it out with his team. In later years, after Professor Sayles had gone, just before the fiftieth year celebration of the settlement of the town, he traded farms with Robert Morrow, that we might more conveniently get the benefit of the school. Those were the days when Professor Buck, who seemed literally to "know everything," was in charge, and Professors Bean and Alby

were teachers. No reminiscences of the Academy can separate it from the old Philomathean Lyceum, with the Bonds, Morgan, Latham Higgins, Hiram Coats and other famous orators and debaters of that day. I have a program of a later Public debate, when I drove a considerable distance to get Will Crawford to come to beat me in the same debate. It was honor enough to be defeated by such as he.

Among the most prominent memories of those days are the funerals of Grandfather Kimball, Judge McCall, other prominent citizens, church members and the children of our own neighborhood.

The Methodist Pastors were McEwen, Shelling, Roberts, Cheney, Hunt, Scott and Miller. The great revival held by the latter in 1857-8 stirred the town and surrounding country profoundly, and added large numbers to the church and to a steadfast religious life. There were ten or twelve local preachers and exhorters, regularly traveling a circuit of outlying school houses for many miles around.

There is one dark feature in the recollections of my childhood. Despite the great growth of the power and influence of the liquor traffic, I doubt not the state of things in Rushford has greatly improved in half a century. In our immediate school district, or adjoining it so closely as to pass through going to and from the village, were several who were dead drunk or foolishly so often—and I think there were several others accustomed to drink more or less. When we moved nearer the village, a team used to go by on a dead run, regularly and often, with the owner practically dead drunk in the wagon. This was a sad and shameful example to be placed before the young. The Sabbath schools and annual celebrations, however, by the churches in union, were fruitful in impressions in favor of piety and Sabbath ob-

servance, and against drinking habits, the use of tobacco and profane language.

Elder Simpson aroused some prejudice and animosity against himself by his determined and radical efforts to prevent Church members attending the circus. This I think he counted a badge of honor.

The course of lectures one winter were delivered by Horace Greeley, the great editor; Horace Mann, father of American education, and Fred Douglass, the marvelous colored orator. They made powerful addresses; and at other times Prof. Sayles shed the light of his learning on the mysteries of science, or entertained us with travels and history. These are pleasant memories. Rushford did much for our instruction and pleasure those days.

Then came distracting times of discord and turmoil in church when, as in other days and on varied occasions in the history of the religious world, some sought to bear witness to their faith by bold rebuke of sin and suffering of reproach; and the strife of Civil War in the nation, calling for patriotic sacrifice and martyrdom for the liberty of the slave and the unity of the nation. Rushford bore her part of the burden. What a record would be made were the full history of the boys who went from among us written! Why does not my old classmate, the Rev. H. C. Woods, undertake the work? A few, perhaps, came home sound in body, but ah, how many with wounds and disease! How many fell in battle or died in hospital; or still worse, perished like Warren Persons by slow starvation amid the dreadful horrors of a Southern prison pen!

If the history of Rushford is truly written, there will be a wonderful and inspiring record of heroic men and deeds in private life, from fifty to one hundred years ago, deeds of able and devoted ministers along down the generations, triumphs of scholars, statesmen and publicists raised up there,

or educated in her public schools. And the list of the departed, who shall make it? And what a record it will be!

Space fails to speak of the strong men who lived in the village, north toward Centerville on both roads, on Taylor Hill, in East Rushford, and beyond; and to recall the teachers of common schools, Amanda Squires (Mrs. M. A. Rood), Esther Woods, Lydia and Nathan Lyman, the Williams girls; County Superintendents like Robert Norton, L. L. Benjamin; Sabbath School Superintendents, of whom greatest and best was Avery Washburn. Then of the names of classmates and Academy students,

With one suggestion I close. Those who received birth, education and character training in a place like Rushford, if blessed with means to do it, owe it to themselves in point of gratitude and honor, like D. L. Moody, to remember the home of their childhood and youth with substantial gifts—their own monument, and instruments of material, educational and religious blessing to the generations which shall be born.

Mitchell, South Dakota.

Reminiscences of Podonque.

MRS. ESTHER B. ELDRIDGE.

In early times Podonque was called the "Woods Settlement" and the cemetery the "Woods Cemetery." The French language was quite popular about that time, and H. C. Woods says that some persons wanted to spell it Peaudonque, but finally it was decided to make it a little more like English, and it was written Podonque. The name Podonque was given by a debating club, of which Watson Woods, Daniel Leavens, Nehemiah Horton and, I think, Horace Babbitt and Dodge Persons were members, with other young men of their age, between the years

1830 and 1845. A man from the western portion of the town, in speaking of the debating club, said that some of them became so accustomed to the parliamentary style of language that in after years when one's wife pulled his hair severely he shouted, "Eglantine, desist!"

One of the best families who lived in that neighborhood in the early days were Mr. and Mrs. Swallow, from Vermont. She was a niece of the renowned Ethan Allen. Their daughter Fanny was well educated and a great reader. She could debate learnedly on any question of the day, and was better informed in politics than most men. She married Gilbert Wheeler, and their grandson, Clyde Wheeler, graduated from the Rushford High School only a few years ago, and is now a lawyer in New York.

"Uncle Daniel" Woods, as he was always called, deserved much credit for the wideawake Methodism he first introduced into the town. He prayed and sang and exhorted the people, and his rich, sonorous voice resounded over hill and dale for two or three miles, it was said. The "first white woman" was converted through his preaching, and lived the happy life of a Christian about fifty years, and fell asleep in Jesus in 1869. Her name was Esther Garey. She was ever ready and willing to do all that she could, and the text at her funeral was very appropriate: "She hath done what she could."

Elder Warren Bannister was the first exhorter and had an ingenious way of making comparisons. He declared in one of his sermons that when Baptist and Methodist preachers got to arguing on doctrines (which I can remember they often did), it was like a hen scratching a skein of yarn—the more she scratches the more it snarls.

The mothers of the Woods children and the Bannister children had a brother who was a

noted school teacher in those days. His name was Abishai Ely, but he was called by all his numerous relatives "Uncle Bish." His name was a household word with the Woods boys, and their children never tired of hearing about him and his unique way of managing his pupils. They had to chew wormwood or sit on the end of a ruler for punishment. His knowledge seemed to know no bounds. I heard Col. Fuller say as late as our Civil War that if he desired light on any subject he always wrote to "Uncle Bish" Ely.

The tooting of a dinner horn at any other time of day than the dinner hour was understood in the Woods settlement as an alarm of fire or some other calamity, so when Ely Woods was digging a well and the pet mare slipped in backwards his wife took down the dinner horn, stood at the head of the horse to keep it quiet, and tooted for the neighbors, who soon put in an appearance and safely landed the beast above ground. If kodaks had been in vogue we might now have a picture of the scene, but our lively imaginations are with us and we will laugh at the picture we can conjure up.

I am the oldest living daughter of Nancy Gary Woods, and I remember many things she told us. The first merchant we heard of was Deacon Kimball. He brought his goods from Pike on horseback, and had no need for a store, as he might dispose of the whole lot before he reached home.

The Caneadea Indians often visited the town. They would shake the big pockets worn by the women to see if a coin would be given them for whiskey. One called on Uncle Daniel Woods for some whiskey for a sick toe he had. Uncle Daniel thought it no go, but old Shongo said he **would** drink the whiskey, and it would go ker-chunk, chunk, chunk, right down to his toe.

Mother learned to talk with them, and sometimes they would sing and dance around us and give a whoop, which, though it frightened us, amused us. As to their food, I did not hear any complaints, yet all could repeat,

"Bean porridge hot, bean porridge cold,
Bean porridge best when nine days old."

In 1828, when I arrived in town, there was no scarcity at our house. There was always pork in the barrel, sugar in the tub, chickens and lambs, with veals in the spring, milk, butter and cheese. Cornmeal and flour were seldom lacking.

Settling in a forest was more desirable than on a prairie, because game was abundant. As late as 1835 or 1840, I saw deer feeding in our pasture. Partridges were plentiful in the woods. The streams abounded in trout, and no one froze to death for want of firewood. Crabapples, wild plums, grapes and berries furnished sauce and jelly. In the winter the farmers made sap troughs and spouts. The Vermonters laughed when an Irishman, speaking of making sugar, said if he liked the business he should continue it all summer.

Our amusements consisted in elections, town-meetings, training days, camp-meetings, logging bees, husking bees and quiltings.

In the winter we rode in a sled drawn by oxen, and there were no accidents, except perhaps a tipover into a snowdrift. Mother said that one time she sat in a rocking-chair on a sled, and as they were going uphill her chair fell off. She was so overcome by laughter that she could not call father, who was driving the oxen. On reaching the top of the hill he was greatly surprised to find his load at the bottom of the hill.

It was sometimes dangerous work burning off the wood lots. Your house or your cattle might be surrounded by fire. When Mr. Hill arrived

in Rushford from England, he said he thought it was wicked to burn up such beautiful trees. We laughed, but we can now agree with him. When he first brought logs to the sawmill they asked him how he wanted them sawed. "Right through and through," was the reply. He and his wife were lovely Christians, and a great help to the Church.

I was the namesake of Esther Buckingham Gary. She said they always named the homeliest after her, but she never forgot my birthday and always had a nice gift for me. Their visits to our home were great occasions, for they never forgot to bring candies and sweetmeats.

Life seems short to us old people, and I am reminded of the sayings of Maltbie Babcock: "Life is what we are alive to. It is not length, but breadth. To be alive only to appetite, pleasure, pride, money-making, and not to goodness and kindness, purity and to love history, poetry, music, flowers, stars, God and eternal hopes, is to be almost dead."

Reminiscences of Rushford.

CORNELIA GILMAN GREEN.

As I am called upon for reminiscences I conclude I am numbered among the centenarians. My recollections carry me back to childhood days. About my first recollections are when my dear parents were invited to parties, and sister and I were left in the motherly care of Aunt Young, who was ever ready to do kind deeds.

The neighbors, Mehitavelle, Mary and Charles Smith, are any of them living?

There were Mr. James Thirds, with his tailor shop, and Aunt Thirds, with her lovely hats. I imagined the flowers grew on the almond shrubs that were in her yard. Nan and Belle are still living and should be here to-day. Of the Parker

family not many are left. The Carpenters, with Miss Caroline Smith, who became Mrs. Adolphus Scrogs, I have visited in their Buffalo home. Next, the dearest of all, the Remingtons! Who could ever forget the musical family, the father, the son Samuel and my loved friend Marcia, who became Mrs. Wilson Gordon? On trips to Po-dunk or the Woods Settlement, where the Remingtons taught the singing school, noble-hearted Cyrus Gordon used to take us over with his handsome team of horses. A jollier party could not be found; we sang all the way over and back again. I am thankful for those happy days for sad ones came later to all, and the memory of those days seem all the brighter. In the White family, Stella, or Mrs. Blanchard, was my own age, and we celebrated our birthdays together.

Mrs. Osborn was a very dear friend of my mother's, and was beloved by all. My admiration for horses was increased every time I saw Mr. Osborn with his fine team, for which he was noted. Mr. Lyman Congdon always had a habit, when he met me as a little girl, of raising me in his arms, giving me a kiss and setting me down again.

The Post Office on the corner was owned by the Boardman family. I never remember the Post Office being anywhere else. Across the way was the Oramel Griffin home, and it was a great treat to be invited to the home and hear Miss Achsah, now Mrs. Marshall B. Champlin, play on the piano. Who could ever forget the courtly Lanings? both looked as if they stepped out of an old time picture that we have occasionally seen. This allusion calls up Mrs. Boman Laning and her old time friend, Cynthia Woodworth, just as I saw them in my girlhood days, with their never-to-be-forgotten pink and blue hats, so coquettish and becoming that we forgot our Sunday School lessons in admiration of the hats and the faces under them.

Next in memory is Aunt Clarissa Griffin, who, when she laughed, shook everybody around her. Who has remembered "Grandpa" Hammond, the deaf man who regularly attended the Presbyterian Church? In the kindness of his heart he made for sister and me some little benches for our swinging feet to rest upon, surprising us one Sunday morning as we were about to sing, "Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear my voice ascending high." My thanks went higher that morning than usual. Dear good Father Hammond!

I cannot omit speaking of our good singing teacher, Horatio Palmer, whom we had hoped would be with us to-day. I also must speak of the Bradley family. Juliette and Augusta were play-mates never to be forgotten. I also recall Addison Freeman, Isaac Bradley, and Harrison Noble, who married Aldura Bell. Later she became the mother-in-law of our excellent Governor Higgins.

Auntie Stewart, the good motherly soul, could never be forgotten, nor John, her son, one of the brightest boys in school. We prophesied for him a bright future, but he died young.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Norton claim a place in our memory. A letter received from Mrs. Norton since the death of her husband shows her mental faculties still unimpaired, a beautiful letter, prized highly. Judge McCall, his wife and large family, were among the friends of old time. Judge Eben Lyon, whom my father admired for his good sense, Uncle Bill Gordon and Sampson Hardy were among my father's friends, also Harmon Hyde.

Time forbids my mentioning more, except my last tribute shall be to Orrin Thrall Higgins, whom my father loved as his own son. He began his business career here with my father when very young. He possessed noble principles, devotion to business interests, and uprightness in all relations as well as other fine traits of manhood.

Early Recollections of Rushford.

J. B. JEWEL.

My recollections date back no further than 1833, when Rushford was composed of Upper and Lower streets with now and then a house between them, and at times rivalry ran high between the two localities. Lower street had such men as Bates Turner Hapgood, Israel Thompson, Sampson Hardy, Joseph Bell, Cady, Isaiah Lathrop, John Holmes, Chapman Brooks, Nathaniel James, Rufus Jewell and John and William Merrifield, all very straight-laced men, with a temperance hotel in their end of town; while Upper street had Mr. Boardman, Mr. Knickerbocker, Oramel Griffin, Esq. White, True Swift, Cephas Young, William Woodworth, John Osborn and others, with two hotels kept respectively by Mr. Young and Mr. Knickerbocker, which were not considered quite up to the standard of morals of Lower street.

Some parts of Division street, as I shall now call it, was at that time fenced with rails. In front of Dr. Wm. Smith's residence, where the Academy now stands, the doctor's mare was often hitched to the top rail of the fence. While hitched there one day, Mrs. Thompson came up the street and was about to get over the fence when the mare sprang back with the rail, which hit her on the side of the head, injuring her quite badly. Another peculiarity of the mare was that when the doctor turned her out to graze she would lop her ears and chase him.

Rushford and vicinity at this time and along in the forties could very properly be divided into two classes. One class could see nothing on Sunday but a church spire and always shut their eyes when the contribution box came around, although they made lavish requests to the Great Giver for good situations after this life. The other class made but few professions, but tried to get all the

pleasures that nature affords. They were visitors at Rushford on Saturdays, and their headquarters was usually at Cephas Young's tavern on Upper street, where they would read newspapers and tell stories of pioneer life. Of course, during their afternoon exercises one of them might get ducked in Knickerbocker's watering trough if a good opportunity was presented.

Another class of every-day Christians were William Gordon, Sr., Mr. Goff, Daniel Woods, Oliver Jennison, Wilson Gordon, Sr., and Judge McCall.

Now I will present it so we can draw a conclusion. I will take William Gordon, Sr., in the woods at a camp meeting, singing and shouting, and John Gordon, his brother, at a circus, being hoisted on the shoulders of his nephews, with nothing on but a palm-leaf hat, linen pants, cotton shirt open at the neck, and barefoot, whooping and laughing. Who gets the most of life? While boys, William and John had the same parental training. William was endowed with great reverence for things unseen, and John was so constituted as to enjoy life as it appeared to him best suited.

From 1838 to 1850 and later, Rushford had more than its quota of intelligent men and women, but of her present population, modesty forbids me to speak. Among her lawyers were A. P. Lanning, Charles Woodworth, Grover Leavens, Gideon L. Walker and Mr. Stewart, men competent to represent their constituents at any court. Among her physicians were William Smith, William McCall, J. P. Bixby and Dr. Alley, all men celebrated in their profession. Rushford's manufacturers were Selah Root, chairs; Merrifield Bros., later Wier & Bixby, tables; Joseph Bell, leather; Mr. Hyde, jeweler; White & White, farm implements; the Gordons, cloth, lumber and flour; I. Thompson, A. Houser, John Osborn, C.

McDonald and Mr. Bresler, blacksmiths; Harry Howe, harnesses. This is a partial list of the business once carried on in Rushford, but it has long since become the home of retired farmers and other well-to-do men. Fifty years seems a long time, but men and incidents appear to my mind more vivid and with much pleasanter recollections than in later years of life.

Recollections and Characteristics.

HELEN McDONALD JUDD.

From the sombre light of age we look back fondly upon the brightness of early days; it being a law of nature that bright things are better seen in gloom.

I will speak only of things that were and have gone. My earliest recollections of Rushford life are rather vague, for the child is careless of surroundings which only shape themselves as years are added. Everything is taken for granted, the world and all that surrounds us. Ego is the center of this mundane stage, and all is for us. Life and people and the town do not interest us, and if only a few memories are recorded here of the long ago they may interest those who may call them to remembrance.

Outside of the family life my first vivid memories are of school, a Select School taught by Miss Margaret Boardman in the chamber of her father's general store and Post Office. A choice few were there introduced to the alphabet, reading, spelling and a dust or faint odor of arithmetic.

Now, to show that Rushford possessed originality and invention, and almost threatened to forestall the great Froebel, the father of the kindergarten, I will say that whenever the day was rainy we pupils employed the recess time in making paper baskets, such as "My Lady" serves the dessert or confections in at her fash-

ionable dinners. We also made Lucifer matches. Sticks prepared in a block by being split the proper size we broke off and dipped in the igniting paste, and carefully laid them side by side upon a paper to dry; when dry we put them in boxes ready for disposal. Then we sang songs, marched, and were taught to walk and stand properly. We were taught to draw angles; further that that the teacher had no artistic leaning.

Having begun with this store as a landmark, I will mention a few others that are gone. Diagonally opposite, on the east side, was a tavern (long since removed), managed or mismanaged, as the case may be, by Mr. Knickerbocker. I have little recollection, except that personally he did not resemble the historic Diedrich.

On the other corner diagonally opposite stood the Dry Goods store belonging to Mr. Oramel Griffin. I never remember being inside, but thought everything that the world knew could be purchased there. A few scattering dwellings were along that side of the street and near the slope of the hill stood the Youngs' Hotel. They didn't call it Inn or Tavern, for the French word more fitly denoted its great ability to serve the public to rest, refreshment and the "needful beverages." No wave of Temperance had penetrated these conservative regions then. Cephas Young had formerly been the landlord, or, as he was familiarly called, "Uncle Cephas," but landlord or not, he spent most of his time there "taking mine ease in mine Inn," and was a merry companion to the others who spent their leisure there. He seemed to enjoy life and, it is hoped, lived up to his epitaph.

From the Post Office corner west, on the south side of the street, another landmark disappears; the old Methodist church, which could no longer hold the flock, moved down the street nearly op-

posite the Baptist Church and was used for a Musical School. The eccentric professor, his spectacled eyes always to the front, I remember well. When the Pro-Slavery trouble was in Kansas he was heard to exclaim: "O, it's all Kansas, Kansas. What do I care for Kansas? Just give me plenty of music pupils and when the time comes I'll vote all right."

Nearly opposite, just east of the Baptist church, was the grocery store of Clark McCall. I think every one will remember the sign painted on the side under the cornice: "Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs." What good paint it must have been to endure so long! Mr. McCall possessed a large flock of children, and as they were play-fellows, the majority of the school children gave their patronage to the store in the shape of slates, pencils, candy, licorice and nuts.

The next building that I recollect on that side of the street was a long, low building containing stores and shops which has given place to other buildings; also, the store and shop owned by Mr. Lathrop, which was replaced by a new one that in time disappeared by fire or flood.

That side of the street and the one running north were not much different from their present appearance only there seemed to be more *life* there then. The street leading West on the right hand side was nearly as it is to-day but the other side was far different. The store kept by Mr. Bates T. Hapgood stood on the corner just east of the bridge or between bridges; its ghost stands there yet. Beyond the bridge was the great Elm tree in its majesty then, and one house and the School House of the District No. 2. There may be those present who received their first instruction there and some attended who there absorbed all the school education of their lives. The pupils were many and of ascending ages, and I remember the girls in summer sought for their playground



WEST MAIN STREET



UPPER STREET

the Cemetery's sacred haunts among the myrtle and the ponderous cherry trees. If they had any particular ideas concerning the fitness of things, they thought the weary were resting in celestial realms. At this time the street leading south contained six houses and a barn on the one side, and four houses and two barns on the other. In recalling these times and bringing judgment to bear on it I see that the inhabitants were individually and collectively a fair representation of Uncle Sam. Physically, they were inclined to be slim instead of portly and were invariably slow of speech. The men loved to sit at the grocery door at evening and tell tales and with corkscrew inquisitiveness, learn their neighbor's business.

Under the aspect of simplicity they were wonderfully shrewd at a bargain and quick to discover the "main chance." Yet when charity was solicited they were open-handed and willing. No village could surpass them in their care for the needy.

At this time what were called "amusements" were few. The arrival and departure of the stage elicited interest; a traveller with a trunk was interesting; where they hailed from and their destination. A crowd rushed out to listen to a foreign Missionary lecture. Once in a while a Temperance lecturer came, and also Anti-Slavery speakers were listened to. I remember Frederick Douglas lecturing in 1846, I think, to an enthusiastic audience in the Baptist Church. Once in a while there came a concert by the Hutchinson Family and other travelling companies, but a "Theatre Play" was an unknown quantity. A sleight-of-hand performance followed by a Magic Lantern exhibition would fill our very souls with joy, and all the boys of the neighborhood would be "doing tricks" for the next six months. The coming of the circus was, to the youth of the town, the acme of delight, and many a boy determined to

seek renown, when he was older, in the circus ring. If there were animals they had a crowd in attendance, for parents, you know, went "just to please the children." Yet when it arrived and the procession passed no one had the hardihood to go out on the street to view it. I once asked after seeing crowds represented on the bills, if people ever went out on the street like that, dressed in their holiday attire. The reply was: "Not by any means; that was only an advertising scheme." The yearly camp meeting came to the young as an amusement, for I suspect they went more to witness the intense religious excitement than to hear the Gospel.

It was a great event when the Town Clock was purchased, and Rushford was very proud of it and justly so. Directing attention to the clock reminds me of the old custom of the tolling of the bell when any person died, and their age was counted off by strokes. What a terrible feeling it always gave the children; they would group together, wild eyed and sober, and realize the sorrow and grimness of the visitation of the Death Presence.

One pronounced peculiarity of the people was a division of religious belief in families. A man would drive into town, turn and leave his wife and daughter at the Baptist church and accompanied by his sons go on to the Methodist church. Another father, with his two daughters would go to the Methodist church for spiritual comfort; the mother and son and daughter, seek consolation at the Presbyterian. Another husband would seek the shelter of the broad gauge Universalist, while wife and children would sit under the Baptist teachings; and so on among many more through the speeding years.

They saw their neighbors' creed kindly, but believed their own bore more substantial fruits. These good people have all long ago sailed across

the unknown Sea to the "Blessed Isles" where they have found that both are right, perhaps.

In the stirring times of the founding of Telegraph lines we had a prophet, Chauncey McDonald, who was quite prone to speak in hyperbole, who said:

"I have faith to think that we shall yet talk by *word of mouth* and have our streets lighted by electricity."

He lived to see his prophecy fulfilled; he foretold better than he knew. Another prophet said he thought that we would "yet subsist on the elements" but that hasn't quite arrived. Still the scientists are finding so much poison in what we consider harmless, that we may come to it sooner or later.

There were some very eccentric people among us. On the west street in the solitary house on the left near the great Elm tree, dwelt a woman, not old then, but thinking herself *so*, who struggled with the world, and school children in particular. She imagined that both were her enemies and that both would eventually beat her in the struggle. She magnified the children's pranks and considered them insults, and made her resistance manifest when she could capture a mischievous boy with an application of the switch or the omnipresent slipper. Boys were no different then than now; they only laughed and jeered while she mentally consigned them to the prison or the gallows. And yet two of these boys became ministers of the gospel. The boys considered her a great amusement.

There was a man in town noted for his long prayers. One morning the hired man unnoticed slipped out of doors before prayers. There he met a man at the shop who wished to see the proprietor immediately. The hired man said: "You can't; he is at prayers." The man said: "How long, do you suppose, before I can see him?"

"Well," said the hired man, "I'll see." He stepped to the window and listened. "Well," he said returning, "He has just got to the Heathen and he will be here in ten minutes."

Another man gloried in religious phrases and exclamations. He one morning entered the store, exclaiming: "Hallelujah to the Lamb. Give me half a pound of your good two shilling tea."

At one time one of the churches was agitating the question of buying a chandelier. A man said: "What's the use of spending your money for such a thing? When you get it, there is no one here that knows enough to play on it." He was the man who said he "played the bugle for his own conversion."

Later, when Mr. Lincoln was nominated for President, a man inquired: "Who might this Abraham Lincoln be? I never read of him in history. Another wondered what they did at a caucus—"Did they sing?"

One strong-minded woman went out to dinner and supper, leaving her mate to pick up his meals. When she returned he suggested supper.

"Oh, my dear," said she, "you just go and pop you some corn and I will get you a fine breakfast in the morning." He obeyed.

The Methodist Church Society desired an organ, for which they were to raise the money by subscriptions from the members and as many outsiders as possible. Approaching one of the oldest and most responsible members, they broached the subject to him. He said he would subscribe a liberal amount conditionally; that is, that there should be no fiddling between the singing, meaning the preludes and interludes. I never knew whether those "conditions" were accepted.

In larger towns, more friction caused by rubbing against each other mentally, a certain conceit inherent to the isolated life is ground away,

but when one lives alone, there being no counter-action, a person is likely to become an egoist and occasionally eccentric, and obtains satisfaction in "springing a trap" upon both friends and strangers. A bachelor, living alone among the Rushford hills, received one morning a call from a Peddler, who inquired if his wife was at home; he would be glad to sell her some wearing apparel. The man replied that he would call her, as she was down cellar churning. He stepped to the door and told the invisible wife to come up and buy herself a new dress. There was no response or appearance. Then the man remarked that she was mad about something and wouldn't answer. The Peddler went away, but inquired at the next house what manner of woman lived in the preceding farm house, who wouldn't come upstairs to buy a dress. They laughingly informed him that the woman could not "materialize, as the man was a bachelor and lived alone with his jokes."

When the Temperance movement began in Rushford, an innkeeper at East Rushford learned that the Women Crusaders would visit him, to talk with him on the discontinuance of selling "The Ardent." He sent word to them that if they came near his place they would all walk home dead corpses.

When the Academy was started, preparations were made for a new life. Everything was changed. It was truly a Renaissance; life and action everywhere; new energy in business; a general "fin de siecle" pervading. To the young people each day was a holiday, no matter how strenuous their tasks. The curtain was lifted; we saw way down the vista of the future with hope our only spiritual possession, the Valley of Diamonds, the learning we had longed for.

Those happy days and enthusiastic pupils soon passed along to make room for the entering crowd. Some went to the Civil War; others to

the many professions; some to the Legislature or to Congress; some to be Governors of States; some to the Camp or the Sea, and others to the Court of Foreign Countries; the women to be teachers, musicians, artists, poets, journalists, wives and mothers.

And now over fifty years have cast their gleams of brightness and clouds of gloom; comparatively few teachers or pupils remain, and nearly all these have wandered to seek their homes far away from the Alma Mater.

"And some we knew, the loveliest and the best,
That from the vintage, rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their cup, a round or two before,
And one by one crept silent from the door."

Franklinville, N. Y., July 21, 1908.

Rushford and Rushford People.

MARY E. LANE, WIDOW OF REV. JOHN LANE.

The little white village among the hills, a name of my own bestowing which I sometimes use in speaking of Rushford, is a place around which many memories cluster, and where many of the affections and friendships of my life were born. A ministerial friend, who used to visit us in Rushford, once called upon me here. He was asking me about one of our villages and I replied: "It is not a pretty place like Rushford. At least I always thought Rushford a pretty village," and he said: "It is. I always thought so too." I was pleased to hear this expression of opinion corroborative of mine, as the gentleman is a born artist, and I knew that a sketch of this village from his fingers would be a little gem. It was picturesque in approaching it from whichever direction. The houses were mostly white, the school building centrally located, and the churches, of which there were four, were also white, while the green hills

rose lovingly around it as though they thought it worthy of their protection and caresses. The house we owned and lived in for seven years showed us a view from our sitting-room window of the old cemetery and the ascent beyond. There were many trees there; some of them seemed to be of the aspen variety, which, when clothed with their summer verdure, twinkled and quivered with a silvery, frost-like appearance in the sunlight, while beyond it the slope arose gracefully and gradually to distant hill-tops crowned with majestic elms. There are plenty of elms in this level country and near where I live, but they never seem so stately as those growing in the hill-tops of old Allegany County, which was my home for so many years. I began to know Rushford in 1859, the year of my marriage, in our frequent drives from Centreville, where my husband was then preaching and where he had been seven years, and in that time he had formed quite a large acquaintance with the people of the neighboring towns. We were invited there often upon occasions of interest, or socially, as the case might be, and we usually stopped at Mr. Galpin's. Mrs. Galpin was my first acquaintance and friend in Rushford. To use an old-fashioned but expressive phrase, their "latchstring was always out," and they had a ready and delightful hospitality for guest and friend, which we always shared and deeply appreciated. How many friends of "auld lang syne" we met there—how many precious ties were cemented in that home. They were a family never to be forgotten, around whom tender recollections cling. Upon the numerous occasions when we were invited to Mr. Galpin's, I recall one which was quite memorable which occurred before we came to Rushford to live. It was one Fourth of July and we were to come there to meet other friends, and from Mr. Galpin's we were to repair to a nearby orchard to listen to the

orator of the day, a gentleman from New York whose name I do not now remember, and who had consented to come for a consideration of one hundred dollars. Great preparations had been made. There were brass bands and other music, and singing, and a large audience that filled every seat. The crowd was enthusiastic and patriotic. The ministers and other dignitaries were present, adding whatever interest they might to the occasion. The national colors were in evidence.

Naught lacked they in that splendid show,
Of pomp or color, gleam or glow.

Among other features were young ladies representing the States in number, and attired in white, fresh as the morning, with sashes of red, white, and blue draped diagonally over one shoulder and floating gracefully away below the waist, with an effect which was very pleasing and unique. All the preliminaries having been fitly attended to, the speaker began his address. But just at the moment when the attention was fairly arrested, and expectation was at its height, an imperative whisper from my husband warned me to flee. "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once"; this seemed to be the spirit of the command. So, unable to resist, I went in haste and our little party reached Mr. Galpin's door just in time to escape the onslaught of the unwelcome downpour which broke up the well-planned order of the day. The people fled pell-mell, and the poor "States" went scurrying by, their white garments clung around them, but their colors were intensified by the unsparing rain. Every one who wore a color looked brilliant, however, despoiled of all starchiness of their attire. There was not an umbrella to lend protection to the fugitives and really no help for it. All sought shelter as best they might. The speaker, with such gentlemen as were so inclined, went to the

town-hall, where he pieced together his discourse as well as he could, but the heavens were no respecters that day of the "glorious fourth." But for us, at least, things did not turn out ill, for a large company went to the house of Mr. Stebbins, where we had a fine time, and partook of a splendid repast. As with many other troubles, we can laugh at the rain when it is over, and that is the only time I remember when it badly interfered with the plans or pleasures of the people of Rushford. I think it may have been about the year 1866 that Mr. Lane was called to assume the charge of the Presbyterian Church of Rushford, where he preached for nine years, and I remember well the friendly faces of those who greeted us on our arrival. The people preceded us to the house, and when we came everything had been arranged as nicely as possible, and a beautiful tea was served; no one knew better how to do that than the ladies I knew so well in that little church. Introductions seemed almost unnecessary, so cordial was their greeting, and such bright good-will appeared in every countenance and was uttered by every voice. Those voices are silent in this world, but they still speak in the memory and heart. The house where we lived for two years belonged to Henry Kirke White, and living near the White family led to an acquaintance which was a delightful one. Mr. Lane greatly esteemed each of the brothers, Washington, Quincy and Henry Kirke. The father and mother were living at that time with their daughter, Mrs. Stella Blanchard, and her husband, Barnes Blanchard, also valued friends. In an obituary notice of Samuel White, whose death occurred in 1874, Mr. Lane speaks of officiating at his funeral. The text given is from 1st Cor. 15: 20-28, the points given thus: 1. Power infinite can raise the dead. 2. Suffering life is death; not mere natural change, unburdened and unaccelerated. 3. A self-determined life is also a

subordinate life. Source and sequence cannot be parted. We are the offspring of God. In Him we live and move and have our being. Hence, immortality is certain, for, however long life may travel, it cannot annul its connection with its cause. God cannot be transcended; all things shall be subject unto Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all. After speaking of the widow and other members of the family, the obituary closes with these words: "Rushford has lost a citizen, a man superior, just, temperate, virtuous, faithful without ostentation in every public or private station. He was a thorough gentleman of the older school of man." We were also guests at his golden wedding in 1868. In those years there was steady preaching at the Presbyterian Church—usually morning and evening; and Sabbath School and Bible classes were maintained; also a weekly prayer meeting, and other stated meetings were observed. Usually the singing was exceptionally good. There were good voices, and our choir was often praised. Those who played the organ at different times were Misses Marion Woodworth, Julia Thompson, Myra Blanchard, Della Hauser and May White. While we were there the church was put in beautiful order; papered in fresco, as was then suitable; furnished with new and handsome pulpit chairs, carpet, new organ and a fine bell. There was also purchased an excellent Sabbath School Library. This was not done by a church board, but through the interest which had been awakened and at the expense of the people. They also raised such a salary as they were able for the minister, and contributed largely to the various benevolences of the church. The Elders were Wm. T. Galpin, David Thomas, Jr., and Archibald Adams. There were also Deacon David Thomas, Sr., Deacon Barnes Blanchard and Deacon Peck, all of them men of sterling charac-

ter and greatly respected in the community. Nelson Blanchard was Sabbath School Superintendent and I was assistant until the last year of Mr. Lane's ministry, when, owing to the failure of Mr. Blanchard's health, he resigned, as I also did, and David Thomas, Jr., and Mrs. Cynthia Woodworth were selected in our stead. The Rushford people were very social. There were teas, dinners and other events almost constantly going on, to call people together, and it would take much time to relate in how many homes and with what friends we were so pleasantly entertained. The ladies of the church and congregation made me at least one visit every year, and frequently they came oftener. They served the tea themselves, always a very nice one and we were treated as invited guests. This hospitality was charming and in it they never failed. They were a self-constituted committee to see that everything was as it should be, and it always was. They devised many ways of enjoying life in a neighborly way, but more than anything I enjoyed the Christmas Tree occasions of the church. Not being a large building it was possible to decorate it beautifully, and I used to delight in twining wreaths over doors and windows; in fact, the church would look like a perfect bower. I have never seen anything prettier than it was in any church before or since. I remember one Christmas we were to have a tree, and I wanted a new dress for that occasion. I went to the store of Mr. Higgins and my mind was made up to be contented with lower-priced goods, which I was looking at when Mrs. Homer Brooks came in. She saw the material I was selecting and she called my attention to a beautiful dark-blue cashmere. It was a lovely piece in color and texture. It was held before me alluringly but I resolutely turned from the bait, purchased my cheap dress, and had it ready to wear when the time came; and I wore it con-

tentedly, thinking it would do for me. But when it came to the distribution of the gifts, a package was placed in my hands and upon opening it there was the beautiful dark-blue cashmere itself, a present to me from my friend. I expressed my surprise and pleasure as best I might, and Mrs. Brooks said: "As soon as I saw you looking at that cheap piece I made up my mind you should have the other." You may be sure it was very much appreciated, and did me great service for a long time. The community generally were considerate of those who needed assistance, and I remember how once two young ladies, namely, Miss Mary Lanthop and Miss Green, afterward Mrs. Nye, called upon me just as I was upon the eve of departure for a little journey we were about to take, and I would be away from home for several days. They were arranging their program for a benefit, the proceeds to go to aid a family, and they desired me to contribute something which I was to write. I did not venture an actual promise fearing that I would not be back in time, but I did not quite refuse, only it seemed impossible for me to write anything very worthy when I returned, the event planned for would be so immediately near. But no sooner had I entered my door, not having removed my bonnet even, than both young ladies appeared again. They knew what they wanted and how to win. This time I promised, and casting housekeeping and other cares to the winds, I settled down to writing poetry, feeling very sure I had no time to lose, and I was ready at the moment when called for, and not much before. My poem, I remember, was in two parts, and it was written in Rushford and for Rushford. It may add some interest if I copy part first in this manuscript.

Softly now the morning light
 Ushers in the blushing May,
 Twining in her tresses bright
 Buds and blossoms gay.

Mark the rainbow round her head,
 See the emerald robe she wears,
 Let the music of her tread
 Drive away our cares.

Smiling April would not wait,
 But through sunset's open door,
 Fled and closed the outer gate,
 Just the day before.

But the bees a welcome bring
 In a hum of happy words,
 And the brightening woodlands ring
 With the songs of birds.

Burst from bondage leaps the brook,
 Laughing to the balmy morn,
 And in many a fragrant nook,
 Violets are born.

In the forests cool and deep,
 Where the warbling waters glide,
 Where the tender ivies creep,
 And the mosses hide,

Crowned and kingly elms arise,
 With their coronals of green,
 Towering to the far-off skies,
 And the clouds between.

Clouds that break in freshening showers,
 Watering all the verdant earth,
 Baptism of the blessed hours,
 And the world's new birth.

Born again to beauty bright,
 Out of winter's frozen tomb,
 Into loveliness and light,
 Into joy and bloom.

Blossoms blushing underfoot,
 Blossoms breaking from the sod,
 Blossoms pregnant with the fruit,
 From the heart of God.

Fragrant orchards bend and sway
 Sweetly to the sighing gale,
 And the whispering zephyrs play,
 With their branches pale.

Lilacs lift their purple freight,
 While by some Eolian tune
 Lulled, the slumbering roses wait
 For the kiss of June.

Sunshine tinges all the plains,
 Woos the verdure on the hills,
 Warms the maples' flowing veins,
 Sparkles in the rills.

Decks the daisy-haunted spots,
 Lingers in the leafy shades,
 Courts the blue forget-me-nots,
 On the upland glades.

Throbs and thrills in nature's heart,
 Reaches to its inmost shrine,
 Makes its quickened pulses start,
 With a life divine.

With unstinted hand adorns,
 Showers around a wealth untold,
 Spreads with white the crested thorns,
 Dots the meads with gold.

Sights and sounds and scents of spring,
 Varied with delicious grace,
 Breathe and move in everything,
 And through every place.

If on embassy divine,
 Some fair seraph staid his flight,
 Where these glowing landscapes shine,
 Bathed in golden light ;

Would he deem earth's Eden vales
 Seared by sin and dark with death ;
 Or in Spring's serenest gales,
 Feel the winter's breath ?

Question we, while human flowers
 Which have made our gardens dear,
 Perish from our earthly bowers,
 Shall they reappear ?

From our ears a song is fled,
 From our sight a form is gone,
 Lost and hidden with the dead,
 Yet do they live on ?

Yes, for though the flickering breath
 Flees away mid throes of pain,
 After life and after death,
 Comes the life again.

Tender treasures fade and fall
 Blasted 'neath the wintry sky ;
 God who is the life of all
 Will not let them die.

While the unfailing fountain flows
 Still the Elysian fields shall bloom
 Vernal in serene repose,
 Freshness and perfume.

Planted on a deathless shore,
 Thriving in perennial bliss
 Live they, reign they evermore
 Whom we mourn and miss.

Aye this miracle of love
 Wrought around us year by year,
 Doth the eternal problem prove;
 Makes the answer clear.

Emblem of that coming day,
 When the world renewed shall shine,
 Garlanded by endless May,
 Hailed by hymns divine.

Among the prominent families of Rushford were the Stacy's, well known to Mr. Lane, with friends and relatives of theirs, for many years. The father of Dr. Orrin T. Stacy was one of his oldest friends, he having practiced medicine in Centreville when my husband first came there, and he was very widely known and highly esteemed by the people of that town and vicinity. He died I think in Rushford at his son's, and I remember my husband delivered an address in his memory at the Centreville Presbyterian Church, which was largely attended. One of the older sisters of Dr. Orrin T. Stacy joined the church in Centreville under his ministry. This was Mrs. Minerva Blodgett, who did not live long after her christian profession. He also officiated at the marriage of another sister, Mrs. Mary Hubbard, and in after years he attended her burial from the house of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Kyes. We also knew Ellen Stacy, and she with Mrs. Kyes were at one time members of my Bible Class. Mrs. Orrin T. Stacy was also one of my personal friends. A cousin of Dr. Stacy, Harlan Hopkins, married the daughter of Washington White, Miss Viola, the marriage ceremony being performed by Mr. Lane.

The Talcotts were a family very much beloved by us, and closely associated with us in church and society. Mrs. Talcott was living with her children when we came to Rushford, her husband having died, and they lived a short distance from

the village. They were a very popular family. Everybody liked to go to their house, and they were sure of a welcome. Mrs. Talcott was a woman of beautiful christian character, loving her church and working unselfishly to promote its interests. She had been away and was returning home enfeebled in health when she saw the light from the church windows. She knew the people were assembled in the prayer meeting and would gladly have been among them, but that was not to be, for she had returned only to die, and I remember well in visiting her the calm and beautiful expression of her sweet face when she spoke of departing to be with Christ, saying "that would be better." Only one of that household remains, the youngest daughter, now Mrs. McKee. The other daughter, Mrs. Homer Brooks, was one whom I can never forget. How much I could relate of her sympathy, her kindness, her hospitality. If even now I dwell upon the specialties of my acquaintance with her the tears will be falling upon my paper. She was with me when my husband died. She came to me in my great loneliness. Her table was the last I sat down to in Rushford. She never failed me, and truly it has been said, "We know not until we behold the parting wing that an angel has been with us." The two brothers, Samuel and Henry, are remembered by me with affection, two young men, warm friends of Mr. Lane, as I know he was of them. The last funeral service performed by him was that of Henry Talcott. The day before he had attended the funeral of Mrs. Laura Higgins, of Higgins Mills, one of his oldest and most loyal friends, a woman of interesting personality, and it was also in Centreville that he first knew Mr. Orrin T. Higgins, who was engaged in the mercantile business there, before he came to Rushford. Mr. Higgins was a prosperous merchant, who

had hewed out his own fortune with consummate business ability from his earliest youth, and was a man of refined manners, pleasing address and sterling integrity. We frequently had proof of his kindly interest shown in many ways, and always regarded him not only as a friend but as one of Rushford's best and most upright citizens. And Rushford may well be proud of such a one as his son, Frank Wayland Higgins, born among them, who spent much of his early life there, and who became so eminent as chief executive of the State of New York. There is no one whom I remember better, just entering as he was upon early manhood, and filled with the bright enthusiasm, courage and earnest purpose of youth. Many were the occasions when we met him, and even then he was recognized as one of the leading spirits in the community, giving promise which was fulfilled in later years. He was in the Higgins Land Company office at Olean at the time of my husband's death. In the preceding months I remember the kindness of himself and Samuel Talcott in sending boxes of delicacies, which I acknowledged in hurried notes, but which I have never forgotten, although the donors may have done so. How I watched every event of his public career; how rejoiced I was when he was elected Governor. And when at last he was so ill how I hoped against hope for his recovery, for it seemed to me that his life-work had yet to be completed, but in this life his labor was done and well done. Of blessed memory—and he is happy I doubt not in the life beyond. Miss Clara, she then was, I was privileged to know, and in the intimacies of Rushford society we shared her graceful hospitality as the young mistress of her father's house.

Of Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Charles I would also speak. They were for a long time our nearest neighbors and intimate and beloved friends. In

coming to Rushford she presented a letter from the church in Angelica, and ever after she was an influential worker in Church and Sabbath School, and she was one of those greatly endeared to me by her presence and sympathy in the sorrowful event of my husband's death, as was also Mrs. Stella Blanchard, Mrs. Mary Thomas, Mrs. Galpin and Mrs. Cynthia Woodworth. And it is only fitting that I mention Louis, our son, as he lived in Rushford in those days, sharing in the interests and friendships of his father and mother, a student in school and at home, as long as we were there.

Of how many friends I have written, and still they come. They throng the halls of memory and knock softly upon the door of the heart. And each one is pleading, "Have you forgotten me?" and I reply, "No, I have forgotten none." But time presses and weariness urges me to drop the pen. And so Rushford, and dear people of Rushford, good-bye, good-bye. But partings are not forever, and some glad day I shall see you all again.

For love outlives the years,
 Outlasts our flowing tears,
 Smiles when we weep above the silent grave,
 When life's most sacred trust
 Doth crumble into dust,
 She builds anew, she doth confirm and save.

And you who come to-day,
 Flowers of a long-lost May,
 Wearing so well the semblance of the past,
 Shall prove me yet again,
 Where life, not death shall reign,
 In perfect real truth how love doth last.

For you beloved and dear,
 Haply in memory near,
 And speaking soul to soul with olden art,
 In yet a little while
 We shall clasp hand and smile,
 And glance to glance shall answer, heart to heart.

Memories.

AUGUSTA SEARLE SHELDON.

My earliest memory is of trying to sit alone and handle playthings. Mother sat sewing by a window; she turned white, and beckoned to father outside, as an Indian stole in and laid down on the hearthstone. Father came with a horsewhip and lashed the intruder out.

The second memory is of a garden of fragrant flowers, into which my half-grown nurse took me upon her back, and lifted me to a sunflower. Milton McCall's house stood near, and Aunt Lucy (Searle) McCall was watching us as I toddled down a slope, fell into a tiny stream, and shrieked with fright. It was in 1826. Later, Nelson McCall's store and dwelling house were built across the street; Rosina Bell became his wife, and blessed his life. East Rushford was begun.

Singing was the usual pastime, and the old Baptist Meeting House was a favorite resort. By appointment, people came at "early candle light," bringing their closely wrapped up babies, who, on the back seats, were made comfortable, to reach out little hands and whisper, or to sleep, while around a table the parents were rehearsing for the Sabbath service. None of us wee ones cried there.

Another memory was a Sabbath scene. Many people were singing beside a stream. Father held me in his arms. Mother was led down and buried in baptism. As she was raised, the seraphic look on her face and the burst of sacred song "Oh how happy are they, Who their Saviour obey," thrilled my innermost being.

People sang at home also. Mother led with the treble, father sang tenor and played the bass-viol in "While thee I seek, protecting power," "Vital spark of heavenly flame," or the "Judgment Anthem," in which the "holy, holy," and woe!

woe! of that resonant bass-viol were unforgettable. (About fifty years later, the Anthem was brought out as *new* and *very* fine, in one of our most musical cities.) Grandfather McCall thought some of the Rushford voices were fully equal to the distinguished vocalists he had heard in Albany and New York City.

Aunt Maria McCall returned home from Cazenovia Seminary, and was married to the Rev. Absalom Miner. I could not understand the long address, or the crowd of guests. There were heavy silks and satins—some of the bonnets had been brought by stage, all the way from Albany.

I think neither of us was past four years old, when a beautiful little boy said to me, "When I'm a big man I'll be your little husband, if you'll be my little wife".

One of the best formative influences in early Rushford was the "House to House Prayer-meeting". The very children enjoyed the evening; the hearty sympathy of friends, and the informal uplifting devotions.

In 1828 and later we lived nearly opposite Luther Woodworth. Eliza Ann, Newell Catherine and Jacob McCall, my youngest uncles and aunts, led me to school in a small red building, four-roofed and tipped with a shaft and ball. Theodosia Babcock was our teacher; dear little Achsah Griffin and I were learning to spell. Later Oramel Griffin's store was built near.

My father, David Searle, prepared for the ministry in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary (now Colgate University). The second year mother accompanied him. Elder Absalom Miner supplied alternately the church in Rushford and in Friendship. In the latter place a couple from New York City had opened a Ladies' Seminary; there I was cared for two years.

On July 4th, 1833, my excellent grandmother, Elizabeth Deye McCall, was laid to rest.

A reunited family, father, mother and I, moved to Springville, Erie County, N. Y., on July 12th, 1833. Thereafter I was rarely in Rushford. It was a small community, but had the church records been carefully kept would have been published as a stimulating example.

I gratefully remember that from my birth-place went Elbert Clark as Pastor of a church in Buffalo; Lenas Freeman as Professor in a theological seminary in Rochester; also the "Home Missionaries"—Freeman to Michigan; Stedman B. Searle and Simon G. Miner to Indiana; Eliab Going to Illinois; Absalom Miner to Wisconsin; and that Peter Conrad and many others found in Rushford added stimulus for striving to "lay foundations" in the Great West. David Searle was ranging a large region to raise the necessary funds for the work.

Recollections of a Physician.

O. T. STACY, M. D.

The spirit which animated the medical profession and the service which they gave in the pioneer days of Western New York are worthy of consideration in any review of those times.

The services of a physician were at times of epidemics in almost constant requisition night and day. All the roads were miserable, and some were merely log-ways or trails through large tracts of forest, so that horse-back riding was the only practical way the physician could make the rounds among his patients. Fatigue and loss of sleep did not excuse the pioneer physician, in his own mind, from responding to the call of the sick.

The pay of the pioneer physician was painfully small and totally inadequate to properly provide for the needs of a large family. Any physician who collected one-half of his small fees would have made a Major-General of finance if he had lived in



O. T. STACEY, M. D.

these times. There was a prevailing feeling of sympathy and comradeship among the early settlers. If a man was sick his neighbors planted, cultivated and harvested his crops freely, without pay. Why should not the physician doctor him without fees?

In the absence of any records to consult I am obliged to write wholly from memory, and I wish it understood that the physicians mentioned and incidents related are typical, and that many physicians were animated by the same spirit, were equally well qualified, and met with similar experiences.

It happened that the first physician with whom I became acquainted was my father, Dr. William Allen Stacy. He took three courses of lectures at the Castleton Medical Academy and the University of Vermont in 1822-1823 and 1824. In the intervals between the lectures he studied in the office of a physician in Hamilton, Vermont. He was twenty-six years old when he commenced to study medicine. He had a good academic education, had taught school, and was therefore fitted by age and discipline to profit by his medical instruction. In 1824 he married Nancy Bingham, only child of Nathan Bingham.

As soon as arrangements could be completed he, with his bride, seventeen years of age, with her parents, started in a land-schooner for the Holland Purchase in New York State. They reached Centerville the last of October, and on election day he attended the election to meet the people. In those days every man went to the election in the morning and stayed until night, devoting the whole day to athletic sports and corn spirits. Dr. Stacy was soon challenged to wrestle with some local athlete. Fortunately, that part of a boy's education was not neglected at that time in Vermont. The challenger was thrown to the frozen ground with such force that

his kneecap was broken. He became the patient of the new doctor, who thus won his first patient by his muscle. Dr. Stacy soon had a practice sufficient to tax to the utmost his hardy constitution. His practice extended into all the surrounding towns, including a considerable portion of the town of Rushford. Probably at that time more than half of that country was covered with dense forest.

At one time night overtook him in the woods near Crystal Lake, and he found himself traveling in a circle, was unable to get out of the woods, and was obliged to hitch his horse and spend the night sitting on a log.

At another time he was riding on a road through woods late at night, when his horse and he were frightened by a menacing growl of some wild animal but a few feet from the road. The horse turned in a flash and raced back to the house they had started from. In the morning some hunters and dogs traced the animal to the east side of the Genesee River, found him in a treetop and shot him. It was a lynx.

In November, 1833, Dr. Stacy was riding home from Rushford about three o'clock in the morning, when he witnessed the most startling and brilliant natural phenomena recorded in history—the great storm of meteors of that year.

In 1856 Dr. Stacy moved to Rushford, and continued the practice of medicine. He had a keen sense of humor, and was usually able to get some fun out of the most vexatious circumstances. After attending a family in which the various members had taken turns in having typhoid fever, the sickness covering a period of about four months, the first payment he received on the bill came in the shape of a dressed pig so poor and skinny that he credited the debtor with one hundred and sixty-five pounds of pork rind. He never made any complaint to the man, but got full value re-

ceived in the amusement he received from the transaction.

He was merciful to his horse. Some patients thought a little too much so. He left Elijah Metcalf's house on the Creek road one dark night, and had been but a short time on the road when the horse stopped. He hit the horse a gentle cut with the whip. He started off again on a trot, but after going a few rods stopped again. The Doctor got out and investigated, and found that one of the thills was not in the loop, and the horse had recognized the mistake. The Doctor said that he took off his hat and made all the apologies due from one gentleman to another, and never afterwards put bits in his mouth or hitched him.

On one occasion when the spring mud was deepest he drove this same horse out of town up a heavy grade, and overtook a farmer who had come to town on foot, because it was too muddy to take his own horses out. The farmer asked for a ride; the Doctor said, "Certainly," and as the farmer was getting in on one side of the single-seated buckboard the Doctor stepped out of the other side, and started the horse. The farmer said, "Aren't you going to ride?" "No," the Doctor said, "one man is all my horse can draw in such mud. I will take turns with you." The man concluded to walk.

Dr. Stacy more than sixty years ago stoutly maintained, and ever after maintained, his absolute certainty that pulmonary consumption was an infectious disease; although it is not more than thirty years since the physician to the great Brompton Hospital of England as stoutly maintained that pulmonary consumption was not infectious, and it is less than thirty years since the infectiousness of consumption was generally accepted by the medical profession. He also believed and maintained as much as sixty years ago that all infectious diseases were produced by a germ.

After forty-one years of service among the sick I do not think that he ever was accused of slighting any patient because there was no prospect of pay. His last illness was caused by blood poisoning, contracted from a patient whom he was attending.

One of the oldest physicians I remember in Rushford was Dr. William Smith. I only knew him by the general reputation which he bore when I first went to Rushford, fifty-eight years ago. I think he came from New York City. He had a very large practice, and was so entirely devoted to it that in busy times he made no charges on his books. People paid him when and what they saw fit. It was said that every spring he got sick trying to eat the veal that his patrons brought him. He was a well qualified physician, of excellent natural ability.

Dr. John Saunders, of Belfast, studied medicine with him, and imbibed a large share of his spirit of devotion to the duties of his profession.

In length of practice and constancy to his calling, through more than half a century, I think Dr. Jesse P. Bixby takes precedence over all the physicians who have lived in Rushford. He has many of the elements of a skillful surgeon.

When I commenced practice in Rushford, forty-eight years ago, good enough pioneer conditions existed in spots, especially in what was known as the Pine Woods. Two or three instances which I will mention will serve to illustrate the beauties of medical practice in the "good old days."

In the first month of my practice, March, I received a call in the night to go to Porter Swift's; was told to go to East Rushford, turn to the right, and go up the hill to the second house. There was a violent storm of snow and sleet, and the darkness was complete. I got to the top of the hill without seeing a house. My horse ran into some object, which I got out of my sulky to

examine, and found it was an old-fashioned drag. When on the ground I discovered a house but a few feet away. I aroused the occupant, who informed me that I was on the wrong road. I started to go back, and had gone but a few rods in the total darkness, when suddenly horse, sulky and I were pitched into the corner of a fence in a heap. Finally I was able to crawl out. The horse floundered, the sulky cracked, and I could smell from the wreck all sorts of odors which came from my demolished medicine case. After quite a long struggle the horse gave it up, and quieted down. By the sense of feeling I unbuckled, unhooked and cut straps enough so that I could pull the sulky away. After getting the horse on his feet, I got upon the horse in quite a dilapidated condition and rode home, leaving the patient to get well without my interference. I went back the next day, and found that I had tried to run over a pine stump about four feet high and three and a half feet in diameter. This stump stood in the center of the road.

The next month I reached home at ten o'clock one night after having driven that day to New Hudson, Houghton, and home by the way of Pondouque. There were about four inches of snow on the same amount of mud. By the time I got home it was freezing, and the buggy wheels were loaded with a mixture of frozen mud and snow. I found at home a boy from the top of Lyndon Hills, who had come for me with instructions not to leave until he saw me started, as the patient, a woman, was desperately sick. After feeding my horse I commenced the dreary journey, arriving at the summit of Lyndon Hills about one or two o'clock. There was no "light in the window for me." I knocked loudly at the door, but got no response. A few kicks on the door brought the proprietor, who unlocked the door, opened it about two inches and informed me that his wife

was better, evidently meaning to imply that there was nothing for me to do but to go home, and apparently thinking that if he kept me out of the house he would have no fee to pay. I afterwards found out that he was proof against all fees. I went in and found that his wife merely had a sick headache, from which she had recovered in due time. There had been no fire in the house for several hours. I was nearly frozen and demanded that a fire be built, which was done out of green wood, and my horse put in the barn and fed. I reached home at daylight. All the pay I ever received was the valuable moral lesson. All physicians have such moral lessons very often, which accounts for the exalted state of moral excellence to which many of them attain unless "they watch out."

In 1863 my father was called to visit Mrs. Watson Woods, and found that she had confluent small-pox. At that time no vaccine farms existed, and vaccination was done from arm to arm, or from the dried scale. Several persons had been exposed to the infection, and Lemuel Farewell was dispatched to Portage to find some scale, as small-pox had recently visited that town. He returned in the evening without having met with success. About ten o'clock in the evening I was driving up Main Street and met my father, who said I must go to Hornellsville at once to get some vaccine virus. I protested that I had had no sleep in thirty-six hours, and was then on my way to McGrawville. My father said that if he sent any one else they would fail; that the people looked to us for protection, and that I must go. I turned around and drove to Cuba. It was mid-winter and very cold. I got the horse into the hotel barn, and hastened to the Erie Station, which was closed. I walked the platform until a freight train came along, and got into a cold caboose, reaching Hornellsville at daylight; got a physician up, and without stopping for any

breakfast went with him in pursuit of a vaccine scale that was at just the right stage to be taken off. We drove constantly through the streets of Hornellsville until three P. M., when I succeeded in finding a boy from whom I obtained the scale with great difficulty. I made immediate inquiries for the quickest way to get home, and found that I could get home the soonest by taking a freight train that was then nearly ready to start. I had time only to take a dish of raw oysters and some crackers. I found the caboose unheated; rode in it to Cuba; got my horse at the hotel without going into a warm room; drove home and passed my own house to the neighborhood of the small-pox patient. I vaccinated everyone who had been exposed, and then had a square meal after daylight at the house of Oliver Benjamin. I had then been seventy-two hours without sleep or rest, the last thirty-six of which were passed without eating anything except that dish of raw oysters.

My twenty-five years of medical practice in Rushford was at times strenuous and exhausting, but on the whole I thoroughly enjoyed it. All the unpleasant features have long been forgotten, and a thousand memories remain. All the gratitude and appreciation which I ever deserved were freely given. The intimacies with so many families, which only the physician enjoys, served to increase my respect for human nature, and led me to believe that I was fortunate in the people with whom I lived and worked the best part of my life.

Reminiscences.

E. O. TAYLOR.

In the spring of 1862, when but a mere boy, I caught my first glimpse of the great world outside of Allegany County, N. Y. It came about in this

way: Having been in school for several successive terms, and not being in very good health that summer, I was open to any suggestion, coming from almost any source, that would suit a somewhat adventurous disposition (inherited perchance from my American ancestor, John Taylor of Hadley, Massachusetts, who was described in the pioneer records as an "adventurous youth"), and at the same time contribute somewhat to health, pleasure and profit. Accordingly, when Manny McDonald, a well known Rushford boy, proposed that we take a tramp together to see something of the world outside the place where we were born, it did not take very long to decide upon a program. The scheme involved a journey of no less magnitude than a trip to Washington, D. C., particularly to see, if possible, President Lincoln in the White House, and to visit the Capitol and other government buildings and places of interest. Absolute secrecy was our watchword lest our plans should become foiled by the pater familias. We had no money and did not propose to ask for any. How to "get there" and back again under these circumstances did not disturb us in the least, except to supply us with stimulation and determination, for we were bound to go just the same. Our motto reminds us of that famous placard on a western "Prairie Schooner" in pioneer days—"To Pike's Peak or Bust." A little money, however was a necessity, for while we were perfectly willing and expected to "rough it" the greater part of the way, safety in traveling through Maryland, already hostile through the secession movement, would require passage by rail through that State into the Capitol City and out again. To meet this emergency we conceived the idea of canvassing the farm houses and smaller towns *en route* for the sale of stationery, including letter paper, envelopes, pens, holders, ink, pencils, erasers, etc. This in turn required some kind of

a case in which to carry our stock. We, therefore, confided our cause to Galpin and Tubbs, cabinet makers in Rushford, who made us each a small hand trunk, about the size and shape of a physician's medicine case. The work was done in the back part of the building now standing on the site of O. T. Higgins' store. With these in hand and a very scanty stock of goods to begin with, we started out on our long journey, making our way through Caneadea, Belfast, Angelica, Alfred, Wellsville and so on toward the South. We had succeeded well enough by this time to assure us of success, when we began to plan for the enlargement of our business somewhat. Preparations for war on the part of the government having progressed so far as to necessitate the raising of additional revenue for anticipated military operations, special "tax lists" were published, showing "rates" on taxable property. Those, and "war maps" showing the places where battles had already taken place, and the relative position of the contending troops, were in great demand. Our opportunity was to supply that demand. A good stock of "lists" and "maps" was accordingly laid in, which proved to be a great bonanza for us. Often a "list" or a "map" which cost from one to three cents would sell for ten, or keep us over night at some farmhouse, including supper and breakfast. The "war maps" were published by Lloyd & Co., New York City, who offered a leather bound copy of Shakespeare for every five-dollar order of maps. In this way I secured the first copy of Shakespeare I ever owned, and which, because of this incident, has been carefully preserved, and still occupies a safe place in my library. The little hand case is still in existence, duly preserved and labelled as a souvenir of the occasion when I first saw the world outside of Rushford.

While never lacking shelter at night, we were

occasionally furnished variety by sleeping in a box-car.

When, once we failed to secure lodging at a farmhouse down among the "Pennsylvania Dutch," we betook ourselves to railroad ties as a short-cut route to the nearest town—ten miles distant—which we reached long after dark, weary and hungry beyond description, with the toes of our shoes "befrazzled" by the rock ballast between the railroad ties. Upon reaching Williamsport, Pa., I made a detour to find a cousin whom I had never seen. Unfortunately, as we usually say, but fortunately in adding to my stock of experience, he was conducting a logging camp in the pine woods, fifty miles or more away. I set out at once to take that in as a part of my itinerary. To my surprise, when I reached the latter part of the journey, I found the camp located five miles in the dense forest beyond any dwelling-house, and was obliged to guess my way between the ever diverging log roads till at last I reached the cabin, where I staid over night with my cousin, meantime enjoying the lumbermen's *menu* of pork and beans and black coffee; sleeping in a bunk, what time I was not kept awake by the weird sounds of wildcats and other animals of the forest.

Joining company again with my friend McDonald, who had gone on before me to Harrisburg, we worked our way, sometimes by tramping, sometimes by "stealing a ride" on a freight car, until we came to York, Pa., near the border line of Maryland, where it became necessary for us to board a passenger train to take us safely through Maryland, which had already become an enemy's country, to Washington, D. C. Fortunately, we had succeeded sufficiently well in the "peddling" business to assure us of covering expenses, on a very economical scale, until we should return to York.

I shall never forget the sensation as we crossed the line into a Southern State where slavery actually existed. On to Washington we went. The Capitol and all the other government buildings were visited, including, of course, the White House. To see the inside of this, and to catch at least a glimpse of President Lincoln, was our supreme desire. Being green country boys, minus dress suits, kid gloves and polished shoes, we experienced a good deal of anxiety as to whether or not we would be admitted, and if so, on what kind of an excuse. Fortunately we learned that the day on which we were there was the President's reception day, when all who desired to see the President could do so. Our breath was quite taken away, however, when about to enter we were asked for our cards. We had no cards, but presented our faces and were passed in without further question. We did not know exactly what to do, now that we were inside the White House, but we followed the example of others and took our seats and waited for the appearance of President Lincoln. At last he came into the room. I think it was the "Blue Room." As I recollect, there did not appear to be any formal presentations. He began mingling with the people, shaking hands and talking with them in the most informal way. We were just dying to shake hands with him also, but being deceived into supposing that we should have some definite and important errand with him else we had no business to be there we began to feel nervously guilty and embarrassed so that when Mr. Lincoln appeared to be approaching us, and not knowing what excuse we could offer for being there, we found it convenient to suddenly and quietly withdraw, thus, through a mistaken notion, missing the greatest opportunity of the entire trip—that of shaking hands with the great President Lincoln. For had we known as much of him then as we do

now we would have been assured of his kindly greeting and congratulation upon saying to him: "President Lincoln, we have no other excuse for being here than that of seeing and shaking hands with you, and have traveled three hundred miles, mostly on foot, to do so."

After leaving the White House we started to visit Alexandria, Virginia, which took us across the "long bridge" fifteen miles away, expecting to walk the distance. We were fortunate in going on that particular day, inasmuch as the famous war order was issued the next day closing the bridge to all without passports. When nearing the Virginia end of the bridge a detached engine and tender overtook us. We asked the engineer if we might ride with him to Alexandria. He replied affirmatively with a roguish twinkle in his eye. After being seated on top of the tender full of coal, he pulled the throttle and away we sped at the rate of a mile a minute, every moment fearing lest we be dashed to pieces by being blown from our insecure positions. When asked if we would not like to return with him, we said: "No, thank you, not at that rate."

While in Alexandria we visited the famous Marshall House, where we saw the stairway on which Col. Ellsworth had been shot a few days before while attempting to replace the United States flag which the rebels had hauled down.

Coming back to Washington, we boarded the train for York, Pennsylvania, having had just money enough to take us out of the "war zone," when the homeward jaunt began, and the "peddling" was resumed.

The experiences of that trip and the knowledge gained of the world at large were worth more to me than an "acre of diamonds."

According to the school records of District No. 11, I began to attend school five months before I was four years old. It is related by some of the

older scholars, Elvie among the number, that the teacher on the first day of my attendance tried to get me to "say my letters," but failing, opened the stove door and threatened to throw me into the fire. The story does not relate the result.

The first coal oil lamp that was brought into my father's house was one I bought during one winter when I was not well enough to attend school and proposed to master elementary algebra and higher arithmetic by myself at home. The lamp was bought without permission, for which I received a good scolding, with the remark that it was "very extravagant and unnecessary," but it lighted my way successfully to the mastery of those two studies and marked the transit from the candle to the lamp in our home.

It was during that same winter that I had a curious experience in solving a difficult mathematical problem in a dream. I had worked hard over the problem all the night until four o'clock in the morning without result, when I retired and fell into a dream in which I wrought out the result correctly, and when I awoke wrote it out as I had dreamed.

"Good Times."

SOPHIA E. TAYLOR.

In telling the story of the hardships and struggles of the beginnings of life in a new country as Rushford was a century ago, perhaps we may leave the impression that it was all hard and disagreeable, which may be a fact, until they got a shelter for their heads, and land enough cleared upon which they could raise provisions for daily sustenance. We presume, however, that the old saying "Misery loves company" gave them a common sympathy and a spirit of helpfulness toward all. Their first crop was undoubtedly corn, and after a few years with larger fields cleared,

came the increased crop of corn. The inherent social nature, naturally led them to devise ways by which the drudgery of corn husking was made more endurable. It was a long evening when a man went alone to the barn, even if there were a son or two with him to husk the corn two or three hours, so they changed work, made "corn husking bees" and the neighbors turned in and helped each other. The women folks often came along to make a little visit in the house. If the season had been propitious for pumpkins the huskers were treated to pumpkin pie. How good they tasted to the tired huskers; with what gladness they remembered the large piles of yellow corn at the barn. Now a day is set apart for gathering in the corn, cutting it up and filling the silo; all done so quickly. In process of time orchards were grown, and apples produced in abundance. For want of a better way the surplus crop was made into dried apples. These fireside family gatherings which lasted for weeks, became monotonous, so again they resorted to the co-operative system: invited in the neighbors, young folks and all, and great piles of apples were gotten ready for drying. Many a kitchen was festooned with long strings of apples hung everywhere, racks were suspended high over head and filled with the fruit, which when ready for market represented more or less purchasing power and helped to supply family needs. Lots of work, but when the best fellows were there to help the best girls, who cared for the work. Refreshments followed, then lots of fun, and such good times! Now the apples are barrelled, put into cold storage to await the opportunity for a good sale. Lots of work saved but where is the fun?

Quilting bees were quite popular. The neighboring women were all invited to help a friend in this time of need, for a quilt meant a good many stitches. The men folks came to supper. It was often left

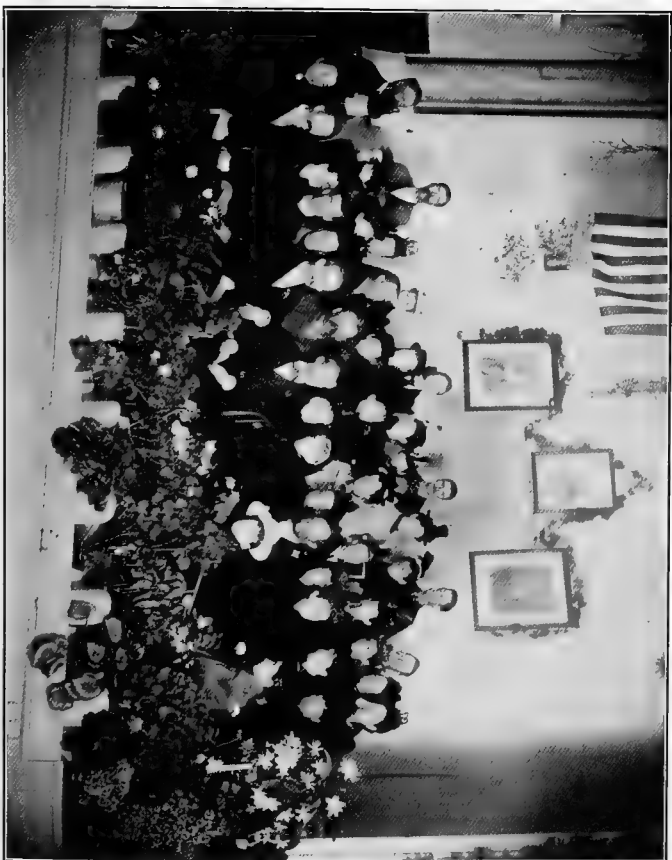
for them to remove the quilt from the frames. A social evening and then the good nights.

The "bees" had their day and uses supplying recreation for those times. However the love for association remained, so the neighborhood families exchanged hospitality, and great sleighloads of jolly people would visit the several homes during the winter season. The good housewives vied with each other in furnishing refreshments and entertainment. With the growth of the new generation came the demand for better educational facilities, which the wise fathers were not slow to provide. When Rushford Academy became an established fact, quite a change was evident. With the influx of foreign pupils came the stimulus of intellectual life. Aspirations were awakened and a number of individuals who have taken high rank as statesmen, lawyers, in fact, in many avocations in life, made their first speeches, took part in their first debates, in the Lyceum rooms of the old Academy. In the early fifties Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony graced the platform, evoking some admiration but more criticism by their earnest words on the then unpopular subject of "Women's Rights", and by their words and illustrations on dress reform. They were pioneers on the suffrage which is not settled yet. Lecture courses were inaugurated, and men of national reputation, such as Fred Douglas, Horace Greeley, Horace Mann, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips and others, spoke from our platform, and the audiences listened with intense interest. They put high ideals before the young people and inspired them to higher aims and a determination to climb to them. Many lecture courses have followed, bringing talent and entertainment to the people. During much of the time in the last fifty years Rushford has maintained some temperance organization: Sons of Temperance,

Daughters of Temperance, Good Templar organizations, a pledge signing campaign under the leadership of H. P. Burdick, and last, but not least, The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with a small local organization, but belonging to the largest woman's organization the world has ever known. These have resulted in keeping temperance education and agitation continuously within hearing.

Study Clubs have kept alive the desire to keep in touch with advancing ideas. In the sixties some of the young ladies with Miss Sarah Ford, a teacher in the school, banded themselves together for the study of Shakespeare. Later The Historical Society was organized among those no longer students in the school, but who desired by faithful work to keep up to their standard. For several years this society enjoyed the instruction of Prof. Maguire. In 1892 and '93 a University Extension course was maintained with an Instructor from the Regent's Department for those who were no longer school girls. The subject was Pre-Historic America, and as a result of examinations some received pass cards from the Regent's Department who never had one before. In time the gentlemen dropped out, and a re-organization found the members all women, with Mrs. Cynthia Woodruff as President, and took the name of The Cynthian Club, which has always been popular, consequently a growing institution, and last came the Sesames, who organized for earnest work and self-culture. These clubs have furnished delightful social events and kept the old folks young.

The One Hundredth Anniversary or "Home Coming Week" brought together friends of the oldest days and revived old loves, and was also the occasion of new loves, for descendants of some of the first families (Woods and McCall) met and admired each other, and finally loved



THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

and married. And we expect these will always remember Rushford with gratitude as the home of their ancestors and the place of their first meeting.

In Honor of Washington.

The husbands and friends of the Cynthian Club who received invitations to the open meeting of the club in honor of Washington's Birthday, Friday evening, were indeed very fortunate, as the occasion was one of much enjoyment.

The pleasant and commodious home of Mrs. Margaret Benjamin was tastefully decorated with the "Colors of Our Country," large flags being used very effectively for the draperies. Pictures of General and Mrs. Washington adorned the walls and the china and bric-a-brac included many rare articles preserved from the early days. Tallow candles in holders used long ago added much to the effect of the decorations and kept the General's servants busy with the snuffers.

George W. Hall and Mrs. Cora Benjamin, attired in the costumes of General and Mrs. Washington, occupied the places of honor and received the guests with rare grace and dignity. They looked and acted well their parts. The ladies of the club were dressed in quaint old gowns and the whole made a scene of much interest and merriment.

When the meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. Ida Leavens, each member responded to roll call with a quotation from Washington, following which was an interesting sketch of the life of Washington by Mrs. Maude Brady, which closed with the well-known lines from Byron, beginning with:

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great?"

The lesson was on the Philippines and brought out many curious facts about the races and tribes of our citizens across the waters which would have been news to even Gen. Washington.

The miscellaneous exercises included a recitation by Miss Erna Mulliken, entitled the "Photograph Album," which she rendered in an excellent manner and was heartily applauded.

The program was interspersed with jolly, old-time songs by a trio composed of Mrs. Minnie Woods, Mrs. Margaret Benjamin and Miss Bessie Thomas, with Mrs. Lena Werries as accompanist. Their voices harmonized beautifully and the music was one of the features of the evening.

The favors were the programs. The covers were a faithful representation of the "Old Liberty Bell," done in water colors, and the leaves on which was the program were the colonial colors. The whole was tied with ribbons also of the colonial colors and made a very artistic and novel souvenir.

At the close of the literary exercises, Mrs. Leavens announced that in the next number on the program, all would be expected to take part, and it proved to be something for which everybody seemed to come prepared and no excuses were heard. Supper was served, after which "America," was sung by the whole company, closing the evening's entertainment, which was fraught with much pleasure and inspiration for love of country and admiration for that noble man who was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Some Memories.

ANNIE M. WIER THOMAS.

When Capt. Woodworth recruited his company in 1862 the young women gave a banquet at the Globe Hotel. The good things to eat

were contributed by both town and country people. As the dining room was in use until after the supper hour, it made lively work for willing hands to get the tables ready by 9 o'clock. If I remember correctly, they were relaid three times, and when the last lad had eaten, the dishes washed, and room left in good order for breakfast, it was in the "wee sma' hours." Of the speeches and war songs that were listened to in the ballroom on the third floor we only remember by hearsay. The soldiers and their friends that had gathered from Farmersville, Freedom, Centreville, New Hudson and other near-by places were ordered out early the following morning for their long drive to Cuba, where they took an east-bound train to the Elmira rendezvous. This was the sad part, the farewells, the last that some ever saw of their loved ones.

The social events of these times consisted of balls given on New Years, Fourth of July and other holidays, given at the hotels. These often brought the young people from the neighboring towns. On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Rushford, dancing was kept up all day and the following night at both hotels. The more staid events were the church social and annual donation visit to the different pastors. The most vivid of the latter was held at the Methodist parsonage during Major L.'s pastorate. Mrs. L. owned a fine Persian cat. Holding it in her arms she approached Rev. C., of the Baptist Church, and said to the good gentleman: "This cat has never been baptised." He replied: "Madam, any time you will hold the cat I will be pleased to immerse it." But the most amusing donation was one given Cynthia Woodworth after she had read sermons in the Presbyterian Church for a long time. This took the form of a burlesque donation—a pint of beans in a grain sack with a note pinned to the sack, "to

be returned to the giver." A donation was made to the Rev. Henry, who was shipwrecked off the coast of Oregon, when he lost his library and nearly lost his life. The citizens met and had a supper, and collected a sum of money to send him.

Donation Visit.

In consideration of the loss sustained by Rev. J. H. HENRY, in consequence of the wreck of the NORTHERNER, on the Pacific coast, his friends are invited to attend a DONATION VISIT,

AT MUSIC HALL, RUSHFORD,

ON THE AFTERNOON AND EVENING OF MARCH 23d.

to repair, as far as possible, his losses on that occasion, which are understood to include all his effects except the clothing he wore at the time.

All who know Mr. Henry, have the satisfaction to know that whatever they may contribute for this purpose will be not only thankfully received, but most worthily bestowed.

Committee of Arrangements.

J. T. WIER AND LADY.	L. CONGDON AND LADY.	REV. I. SIMPSON AND LADY.
M. D. HIGGINS "	J. A. HUBBELL "	" J. W. READY "
G. HOWARD "	D. CARPENTER "	" F. L. PRATT "
DOCT. BOND "	T. CUMMINGS "	" G. W. TERRY "
J. W. HILL "	A. FARWELL "	J. G. OSFORN "
W. WHITE "	W. T. GALPIN "	D. OGDEN "
J. TUBBS "	C. J. ELMER "	CHAS. BENJAMIN "
A. WASHBURN "	A. BENJAMIN "	W. WOODWORTH "
J. C. FITTS "	B. GEORGE	J. G. MORGAN.
D. H. BROOKS.	DOCT. BIXBY.	MISS LUTHERA GORDON.
MISS M. MITCHELL.	MISS AMELIA COOLEY.	

Rushford, March 9th, 1860.

Chapin, Printer, Rushford, N. Y.

Reminiscences.

ANNIE WIER THOMAS.

When the streets of Rushford were first called "Upper Street" and "Lower Street," and what led to the feud between them, dates back of my



ANNIE M. WIER—AGE SIX
(MRS. J. W. THOMAS.)

memory. That such a feeling did exist, is one of my clear recollections. It was often manifested at the birthday gatherings among the children. The feud was not so deep seated as to exclude "Upper Street" girls and boys from "Lower Street" parties. If the discussion as to which was the better street to live on and the best District School to attend did not wax too warm before supper, the invited number sat down together. Sometimes an "Upper Street" girl's feelings were so hurt that she would announce her determination to go home before the birthday feast was ready. Then the hostess would enumerate the good things that would be set before her friends in due time, and in other ways appeal to her disgruntled visitor, and prevail upon her to stay. If the discussion became too general, the hostess, instead of being conciliatory, would quell the disturbance by saying: "I shall let the party right out if you cannot behave." When the party was over the children would march two by two through the village to let it be known that little Miss So-and-so had had a party. How else could they know it? There was no paper to publish the social events.

The *Republican Era*, published in Oramel, by H. E. Purdy, furnished news of the County and sometimes a serial story. "Little Marlboro" or the "Silver Bottle" must have been intensely exciting by the interest which was shown on the arrival of the stage that brought the weekly edition. The first copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was read and loaned until it was in tatters.

The building of the Academy was a great event, the framing and raising a wonder to the youth, many of whom had never seen so large a building. In the spring of '64 Mr. O. T. Higgins took his son, seven years old, the late Governor Frank Wayland Higgins, to Niagara Falls. When asked on his return what he thought of the Falls, he re-

plied, "Oh, I thought they would be as big as two academies and they are not much bigger than one." When the upper plate of the Academy was in place, Arch Adams, Jr., was seen to climb the long ladder and walk around the entire structure, encouraged by the shouts of his father. This for a lad of ten years was considered a remarkable feat. In the third or fourth year of the school Miss Jane Hammond taught in the preparatory department. During one of her terms the children were playing "funeral." Tommy Norton was laid upon the front bench covered with a newspaper, and Adelpia Green, as chief mourner, with her Shaker bonnet, had the cape over her face for a veil. A young McCaw was the preacher. Mr. Root, the undertaker, was impersonated by another small boy. He took off the paper, and the chief mourner was led up to take a last look, when the solemnity was disturbed by Adelpia exclaiming, "The corpse is chewing gum."

When the old Methodist church was moved to give place to the present building it stood one night facing the Baptist church. At midnight the town clock on the Baptist church struck one hundred, and it was never known whether it was indignation or McDonald, the bell ringer.

During the short pastorate of Major Lyon, a donation was given him, and Elder Cole of the Baptist church was present with other members of that denomination. Rev. McCuen, who followed Major Lyon, could not see through a joke evidently, for when told by a lady whose husband had returned from New York without the Rev. Mr. Noble, who had accompanied him, that the last seen of the Reverend he was in the "Tombs," he was so disturbed by the remark that he was unable to preach the following day. When a Methodist Conference was held in Rushford, Bishop Simpson was present. Mrs. Higgins, although not a member of the church or

congregation, offered to entertain him, as she did his family and several others at the same time. Needing additional help in the house, a woman was asked to come in who consented readily. She said she had often worked in families that had entertained "Methodist 'disorders,'" meaning "exhorters."

A Christmas tree in the Academy chapel was an event long to be remembered, the first thing of its kind ever seen by many of the students. That all should have a gift hung upon the tree led to many consultations and great preparations. Each young man was given a pair of slippers, and the shoemakers were busy night and day for weeks putting soles to the often shapeless things that unskilled schoolgirls had cut and embroidered. Bottles of perfumery and books of sentimental poetry in gay binding made the tree a thing of beauty and evidently "a joy forever," as the custom is still kept up.

Endowed schools became rivals of the once famous Rushford Academy, and in 1867 it was decided to vote to unite the two school districts into a graded high school. The Academy is centrally located and has not ceased to be the center of interest to the entire village. It has been kept in good repair and the grounds made attractive in various ways. May "Ichabod" never be written upon her walls.

Wolves in Rushford.

REV. F. E. WOODS.

In the early forties a dense pine forest skirted the entire eastern boundary of Rushford. It was a mile and a half across it. This and adjacent forests afforded ample space to prowling wolves for covert, roaming and retreat after attacks on domestic animals. In the early evenings just

about dusk the wolves began their nightly concert. First, in the northeast corner of the town one would be heard in the deep pines, barking much like a dog; then another, and others till a wild chorus was heard on every side, the forests resounding with the din of their yelping and growling for an hour, when it gradually ceased. I recall covering my ears with my hands when a child to shut out the prevailing re-echoes.

Mr. Asa Benjamin, of District No. 6, numbering among other useful vocations that of house plasterer, was returning through the great forests about dusk from Caneadea and encountered a wolf sitting contentedly in the narrow road before him. Each watched the other awhile with no change of position. Finally Mr. Benjamin, pulling the bag of tools from his shoulder, threw it down in front of this unwelcome watcher, which, startled by the rattling trowels, marched off into the thicket. The workman picked up his burden, and feeling considerably relieved, resumed his homeward journey.

A WOMAN OF COURAGE.

On the hillside southwest of Rushford, an early settler had built a log house, the rear of which was several feet from the ground, but enclosed, and entered by a small gate, which one morning was left open. While the men and a helper were some distance away chopping for clearing, his wife, busy at her spinning wheel, heard a noise under the floor. Floors then were made of the halves of logs that had been split and the halves laid together as closely as possible, but leaving open spaces here and there as such floors must. The spinner, stopping to ascertain what that noise meant, saw a wolf underneath, devouring her soap grease scraps, a needful material in those days for making soap with lye. The brave woman did not faint or scream, but glided quickly around

the house, closed the gate and penned Mr. Wolf in. Then, taking down the tin dinner horn that all families kept by the door, she gave it no uncertain sound. Her husband, listening, said: "I'll bet Sal. has treed a bear." The men came, dispatched the wolf, and the woman received a handsome bounty from the State.

Times Seventy Years Ago.

WM. GUILFORD.

How things have changed in seventy years
 No one can hardly tell;
 But few log houses now are left
 Where people used to dwell.

All the houses then were built
 Of logs just as they grew;
 They did not stop to peel the bark,
 Or even try to hew.

A big stone chimney all must have,
 Built up straight through the "peak,"
 Covered with shingles two feet long,
 So they would never leak.

They had to have an iron crane,
 And six or seven hooks
 To hang the kettles 'round the fire
 And accommodate the cooks.

The pots and kettles all were made
 Of iron, thick and stout;
 Tea kettles weighing twenty pounds,
 With great long iron spouts.

Old-fashioned griddles two feet wide
 (But few now can be found),
 All had a swivel in the bail
 So they could turn them 'round.

Bake kettles, too, they always had
 To bake big loaves of bread;
 They set them on live coals of fire,
 With coals upon the head.

Six or seven kitchen chairs,
 Most always painted red;
 And big and clumsy bedstead
 With dashboard at the head.

Most every house had spinning wheels
 For spinning wool and flax.
 Our mothers had to make the cloth
 To clothe the numerous backs.

See how they had to spin and weave,
 And had to knit and sew;
 Make all the stockings and the clothes,
 How can this all be so?

To see the tools they used to use,
 'Twould almost make you ache
 To see the swinging knives and board,
 And the old flax break.

To see the warping bars they had,
 Those old long spools and "scarn,"
 And see the big and little wheels
 They used to spin their yarn.

Some are wishing for old times,
 But ah! they do not know
 The burdens that our parents bore
 Some seventy years ago.

The Wind Storm of 1837.

MRS. E. R. BELKNAP.

In the summer of 1837 a terrible storm visited the town of Rushford. Rain fell in torrents, trees were uprooted, fences leveled, and one house on Rush Creek completely demolished. It was owned and occupied by John Bosworth, whose wife, Maria Belknap, was the daughter of one of the town's earliest settlers.

Mr. Bosworth had gone to the village blacksmith shop, leaving his wife and two children alone. He little thought, as he bade them good-bye, that his home was so soon to be wrecked. Upon reaching town, he noticed the dark cloud

rapidly coming up, but did not think it near enough to damage his home, until his brother-in-law, A. Belknap, appeared on his other horse, telling him to hurry home, that his house was blown to pieces. As fast as possible he did so, and sure enough, the little home was a complete wreck and one child, a little girl of about two years old, dead, buried under the ruins of the great fireplace chimney. A neighbor, by the name of Waterbury, lifted unaided the mantle-piece that partly covered her. The next day he could not move it an inch. Mrs. Bosworth with the other child, a baby of six months, was at the door, and so escaped death, but she received injuries that hastened her death a few years later. The babe, Nancy, escaped and is still living, hale and hearty at seventy-one, the wife of Norris Cleveland, of Farmersville Centre.

The wind did some strange things then, as it does now. A large grindstone was blown a long distance, and the flour barrel, kept upstairs, was blown to pieces, the staves being found many miles away. The effects of this storm were seen many years after, where the wind mowed the trees down, making a path through the heavy timber.

Flood of 1859.

J. G. BENJAMIN.

The first flood that gave Rushford very much damage occurred June 5th, 1859. The most of the damage occurred at East Rushford. A small house, occupied by a Mr. Welch, with his wife and two children, standing about south of the mill now owned by Mr. McElhaney, on a point of land or elbow in the Creek, was surrounded by the water, which rose so rapidly they had no way of escape. The water, continually rising, soon surrounded their home and it floated out into the

stream, and down with the current. As it came near the Point of the Hill, on the Wilson Gordon farm, it floated up near the shore. The husband, Mr. Welch, wished to throw the children on the shore. Their mother objected, and they were carried down the stream to Kellogg's mill dam. There the house struck a rock and went to pieces. The mother and one of the children were never seen. The body of one child was found some time afterward. The father stayed by a part of the floating home, and as he passed by a tree hanging over the water in Kellogg's mill dam, he caught hold of a limb of the tree, pulled himself up and came to land—his family all gone.

The Flood of August, 1864.

Rev. J. McEWEN.

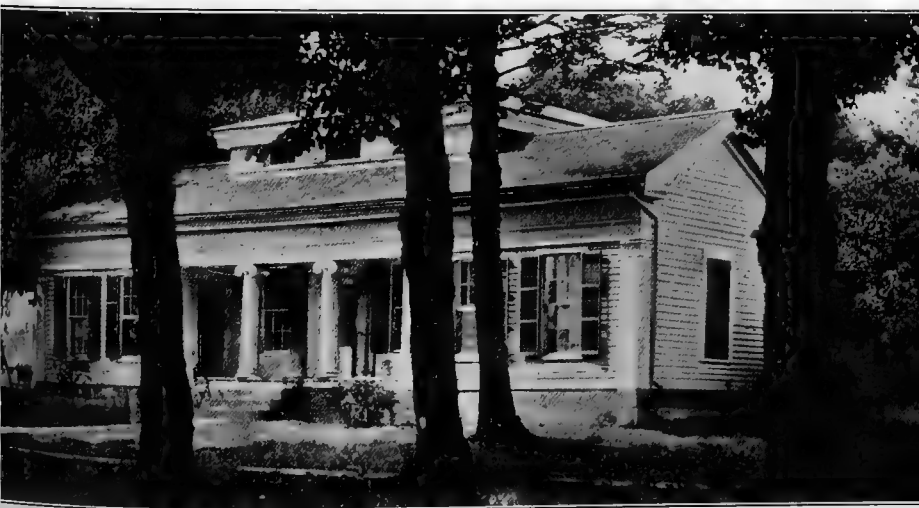
Taken from scrap book of Ellen E. Gordon.

This morning Rushford presents a sight terrible to behold. We have been visited by one of those fearful floods which sometimes happen in hilly countries. It commenced raining last night. I awoke this morning at one o'clock, and hearing an unusual noise, rose and rushed through water to the front door, and opening it saw that the whole of the lower part of Rushford was a lake. The water at one time was as high as the top of the fences, and rushing with apparent impetuosity of a Niagara Falls rapid. It was the most appalling spectacle I ever beheld, and how it was that so many of our dwellings escaped destruction is a mystery. As it was, several have been destroyed, but thanks be to God and to daring men, as his instruments, not a single human life was lost.

You remember the fine building of O. T. Higgins, where Bishop Simpson and Dr. Fillmore were entertained during conference? The main part of that house went down at one crash, a few



ISAIAH LATHROP HOUSE



BATES TURNER HAPGOOD HOUSE

minutes after Mr. Higgins had taken his lady out of a bedroom window, and carried her on his back through the water to a place of safety. The upper story, which the Bishop and his cabinet occupied, now stands in the middle of the street. Another building which stood on the same side of the street occupies a place with it. A small building owned by a pious widow lady, Sister Gillis, also went down a few moments after she was rescued from it by our mutual friend, Brother Nobles. A large barn belonging to I. Thompson, was carried off. Mr. Thompson's loss is very heavy. In addition to the loss of his barn and hay, the wing of his blacksmith shop, in which was a coal house and counting room, was taken away. All his account books were lost. Several other buildings were greatly injured. The hotel is quite a wreck. The stores of O. T. Higgins and Wolcott Griffin were greatly injured. A part of Mr. Griffin's went off. Dr. Bixby lost a building which he was fitting up for a drug store. Dr. Orrin Stacy has also suffered pretty severely. A house belonging to an old gentleman on the west side of the creek was moved several yards; he and his aged wife were in it and barely escaped. In East Rushford I understand that six houses have been lost. Messrs. Gordon and Washburn lost three thousand pounds of wool. I am informed there is not a bridge left on the creek for several miles. You cannot conceive of the destruction which has been wrought here within a period of three or four hours. One dwelling, the parsonage, is completely blockaded. Logs from two or three feet in thickness are lying upon our door, and above them all and directly against the house is the roof of a building which has been carried down stream. The parsonage lot is a heap of stone and sand. But how grateful should we be to that good Providence which saw and delivered us in our hour of peril. The loss of the town cannot be well estimated. Bridges, mill

dam and fences contiguous to the creek have all been swept away. There were many who exposed themselves and exerted all strength to save others. We are indeed "smitten, stricken and afflicted," but thank God we yet live.

Letter L. C. Higgins Concerning Flood, 1864.

AUGUST, 1864.

Your note of yesterday is just received, and I hasten to reply, though it will be in a most disconnected manner.

As you are aware, our pleasant home and *all* its treasures, save our own lives, are gone. No, I will not say all, for we have a few things left which we can make of some service, and even *these* will be treasures to us *now*.

The water commenced rising in the creek about nine o'clock, and the little foot-bridge above us on the West street was started from its foundation, but we anticipated no serious trouble. Orrin had been sick during the day, and felt rather nervous with regard to the large bridge near us; said it was possible if the water continued to rise that it might be carried away. I had no fears, but told him if he would go to bed I would lounge down and not go to sleep, and give the alarm if there were any trouble. He accordingly went to bed and to sleep. I lay down without undressing, and left my lamp burning. After a little time, I got up and looked out, and found the rain subsiding and the water in the stream very much lower. People who had been out watching had gone home, and all was quiet. I went to bed, fell into a drowse, but was soon awakened by a sudden crash. I hastened to the door, and to my utter astonishment the large bridge was gone. Imagine, if you can, my feelings at that moment. The waves dashing and tumbling on every side of us; my husband hardly able to think of helping

himself, to say nothing of helping me to escape, and seemingly no possibility of our friends reaching us to afford us any relief. But venture we must, or perish where we were. Orrin put on his trousers, plunged from our bedroom window into the water, and carried me upon his back to Mr. Lathrop's (Frank, fortunately, was upon the hill at Uncle Taylor's). We had not been there over twenty minutes when the waves came dashing through the windows of our house, and not over half an hour from the time when we were first aroused. By this time the whole street was aroused, but many to find themselves in a most perilous situation, with no possible chance of escape. A mother took two small children and forded the stream until someone met her and took them from her. Then she returned to the chamber of the house, which was being washed from its very foundation, as she supposed to perish with her three older children.

Bells were being rung in several houses; shrieks and cries for help filled the air from those whom it was impossible to reach or render any assistance. But again the waves subsided, and we were happy again in hope. Then it would have been possible for us to have made our escape to higher ground, but we felt quite secure and made no effort to do so. Suddenly it commenced raining again, and such a rain may I never witness! With one mighty rush, as it were, the waves came dashing against our house, and creak, creak, crash, crash, and soon the house—our own pleasant home—was racking, tumbling into the dreadful current. O, mother, you can never imagine what a sound that crashing was to me! Yet, we hoped even after the foundation had given away that possibly some part of it would remain, with its contents, unharmed. Thus, between hope and fear, we watched the dear old home until we saw

the lower part of it dashed to atoms. Then we began to fear again for our own safety. The upper chambers of the upright part moved down the stream a little way, turned with the current in another direction, and sent the waves tumbling and dashing against the house in which we were. Within twenty minutes the stream, or rather the whole body of water, came up over two feet. Now was our greatest peril. Until then we had hoped to escape with our lives. But, O, what a moment of despair! Never before did we realize our utter helplessness as then. We gathered in the chamber of Mr. Lathrop's house, and tried to prepare our minds as best we could for the worst. We thought not only of ourselves, but of our dear parents and our darling orphan children. "Why is it," we said, "that they should happen to be spared *alone*?" We tried to recognize in it the hand of Providence, but it seemed so dreadful. I said to Orrin, "Can you see one ray of light?" His reply was, "Only that we are in the hands of a just God. We may go down in fifteen minutes."

There was but one sentence that seemed to afford me any consolation, and that was, "*Be still, and know that I am God.*" This in a measure quieted me and quelled my fears. A strange confidence seemed to take possession of me which I had never known before, and while in the most intense anxiety I was yet perfectly calm.

But, thanks to a merciful Providence, once more the waves subsided, and Elder Nobles came to our relief. He took me from a window and brought me on his back to father's, with the water still above his hips. Orrin came with us, and a happier meeting you never witnessed than when we were all together. The loss of property seemed nothing.

When morning dawned and we looked out upon the desolation our hearts grew sick—not for the

amount of property, but the dear *home*, and the thousand little treasures that can never be replaced. The keepsakes, the books, all my beautiful pictures, everything which made *home*, swept away! I will not murmur, but O, the feeling of sadness as one after another of them is presented to my mind by some scattered broken fragment, or some pleasant recollection or association! *You* can appreciate my feelings as another cannot. You know how fondly I cherished so many of these little treasures, but it is vain to mourn. Nothing can bring them back, and we have still everything to be grateful for.

* * * You would not know the place at all. You can form no idea of the utter wreck. * * * Griffin has abandoned his store entirely, and gone up street. Orrin has not decided what to do. * * * I lost nearly all my clothing. Three dresses were found in the upper story, which still stands whole, having been just set off from the lower story and lodged a little below. * * * My broadcloth cloak, broche shawl, velvet mantle, lace mantle, my brown and black silk dresses, and everything that I had in the shape of a bonnet are gone. * * *

It seems perfectly miraculous that not a life was lost. The loss of property throughout the town is estimated at one hundred thousand dollars. Rushford will never recover from the terrible catastrophe.

Fires.

J. G. BENJAMIN.

The fires of this town have been numerous for so small a town. As we have information from others and what we can remember ourselves, we have obtained a record of sixty-eight fires, a very large number. The ground where the Brick block now stands has been burned over three times.

In 1864 were burned the Methodist Church, W. E. Keys' store, H. Howe's harness shop, L. E. Tarbell's grocery, C. W. Woodworth's law office, the Post Office, and the store of Tousley & Chamberlain, as well as the bakery and candy manufactory. Some of these burned again when owned by W. E. Keys and others.

December 20th, 1883, the building owned by Pratt & Colburn, W. W. Merrill's hardware store and the Woodworth building were burned; also John Holmes' dwelling house, the *Spectator* office, McDonald's blacksmith shop, Alfred Green's building and the Smith Fuller house.

April 10th, 1885, another large fire occurred, when I. Lathrop's Block, S. Root's furniture store, C. Mason's feed store and office and A. Howser's blacksmith shop were destroyed.

January 23rd, 1886, O. T. Higgins' store, occupied by C. D. Shaw as a hardware store, was burned; also Parker's Hotel.

The Globe Hotel has been burned twice.

Other Rushford fires were as follows: The Searl's Block on corner of Main and Upper streets; bakery owned by Tousley & Chamberlain.

The three fires that were most detrimental to the largest number of people were Gordons' Woolen Mill, Gordons' Grist Mill, and the Grist Mill at East Rushford.

The Rushford Cornet Band.

Tune, "My Maryland."

REV. F. E. G. WOODS.

We've honored here with praises high
 The deeds of men in days gone by, '
 Who left a noble heritage
 That grows with each succeeding age;
 Withhold no praise for place they won,
 Give merit due to every one.
 Let on that roll of worthies stand
 The name of Rushford's Cornet Band.

O, have you heard the Rushford Band
 Render our national anthems grand?
 They raise the patriots' spirits high
 With memories that never die.
 In sweetest strains they speak to me
 Of Home and friends and Liberty;
 Then sound them still throughout the land,
 O, Rushford Band! O, Rushford Band!

When Victory our arms had crowned
 How swiftly sped the joyful sound!
 The crowds poured in from miles around
 And booming cannon shook the ground.
 O, then we heard the oft demand:
 "Bring out the Band!" "Bring out the Band!"
 They struck the notes of "Freedom's Land;"
 They're patriots all, that Rushford Band.

A pebble dropped into the sea,
 Its waves roll through immensity.
 The notes sent forth into the sky,
 They echo still and never die.
 O, let me hear those strains once more
 That charmed the heart in days of yore;
 Still listening ears it doth command
 The music of the Rushford Band.

Passed fifty years again we meet,
 With loving words each other greet.
 But some have gone beyond the skies
 Where heavenly anthems joyful rise.
 Play sweetly soft for them once more
 Who rise in memory o'er and o'er,
 They wait to extend the welcome hand
 O glorious band, celestial band!

History of the Rushford Band.

SUMNER E. KILMER.

Some time away back in the thirties, the first blast of Rushford's pioneer brass band rolled up the long-fenced streets and down the corduroy avenues, and went singing through the virgin forests till echoed back by the grand old sentinel hills. It was truly a gala day. Almost the entire population of the stirring, thriving hamlet that in less than ten years became the Metropolis of the county was in the streets and door-yards. Rushford had a brass band bringing pride and joy to every heart.

Who were those precious fellows who organized so much exultant harmony? Well, the leader was Robert Dennison, one of the most consummate clarionet players ever heard in grand old Allegany. Men and women who remember him say that no other player on that instrument, before or since, has ever tingled their nerves, ravished their ears and dissolved their souls as he did. The members of his band, as far as obtained, were Archibold Adams, Harry Howe, James Jewell, Isaac Noble, William Woodworth, Smith W. Tuller, Ely Gordon, J. B. Gordon, Eben P. Lyon and Andrew Kimball. This band played at the marriage of Marshall B. Champlin, of Cuba, to Achsa Griffin, of Rushford.

After a few years Mr. Dennison, who did not live in Rushford, was succeeded by Archibold Adams as leader of what may be called the second band. It was composed mostly of members of the first, to whom were added Justin Palmer, a man of exquisite ear and taste in music, father of Professor H. R. Palmer, Cyrus Gordon, Justin Delano, Cyrus Maxwell, Jedediah and Riley Hubbard, Lucius E. Kimball, Arthur Hardy and Alfred Maxwell.

Andrew Kimball told of riding to Ellicottville on a hay-rack to a big political meeting to hear

Millard Fillmore speak in 1844. There were sixteen members of the band, which easily took first place in a competition with half a dozen other bands. A Mr. Johnson, who was their teacher for a short time, led them on this occasion.

Rushford was without a band about ten years, until in 1857 a new band was organized under the leadership of H. R. Palmer, and was called Palmer's Cornet Band. At that time the first band-wagon was bought, and Palmer's Rushford Band painted in large letters on each side. The original members of H. R. Palmer's band were as follows: H. R. Palmer, Leader; Barnes Blanchard, Asa Hardy, Dewitt McDonald, Horace Howe, Milton Woods, Bowen Gordon, George Howe and A. J. Lyon.

When Harry Howe, who took Mr. Palmer's place, was leader, Ed. Prior, of Corning, became instructor, and greatly improved the volume and expression of the band.

About 1860 Asa Hardy, who had developed a surprising mastery of the E-flat or leading horn, became leader and gave the Rushford Band the the best standing of any band in Allegany or neighboring counties. Just who of the old members remained is impossible to state, for the nature of all bands, especially country bands, is an almost continuous change. The wonder was that an efficient organization was ever maintained, as it has been in Rushford, for so many years. Asa Hardy was leader and instructor till his death in April, 1886. Members of the band for many years were Barnes Blanchard, Charles Howe, S. A. Hardy, D. C. McDonald, John Quinton, J. F. Wier, Lewis Ely, Clarence Hardy, Irving Hardy, M. M. Tarbell, Albert Bishop and A. J. Lyon, the veteran drummer, who still remains on duty.

During the skating-rink craze, in 1884, a few of

the band under the leadership of Charles Howe furnished music at the rink, in the basement of W. W. Merrill's hardware store.

In 1885, a new organization was perfected, with the personnel of George Parker, W. F. Wells, H. A. Holden, C. C. Colburn, John Quinton, H. E. Tarbell, W. P. Beck, Burton Hardy, Grant Woods, Homer Adams, M. M. Tarbell, A. J. Lyon, S. A. Hardy and W. F. Benjamin. Asa Hardy was then in poor health, and died the following year. W. F. Benjamin, who had been in the old band since 1876, having taken Barnes Blanchard's place, was chosen leader, and has held the position to the present time, excepting a few years when Will Jenks was leader. Under the training of Professor Willey, of Nunda, who was engaged as instructor, the band reached its highest proficiency. The following list of the members after ten years shows the wonderful changes time works: Otis White, William Jenks, Merle Jenks, Will G. Thomas, Roy Keys, Talcott Brooks, Clarence Thomas, W. W. Thomas, Will Ingelby, A. J. Lyon, Will D. Woods and W. F. Benjamin.

The band has paid out in ten years over one thousand dollars for instruments, uniforms, band-wagon, instruction, music, etc. Some of this was earned by playing at picnics, fairs and celebrations, and some by ice-cream festivals. Public-spirited citizens contributed money to build the handsome pagoda on the Academy lawn. It is one of the finest in Western New York. The uniform of the Rushford Cornet Band was regulation West Point Cadet gray trimmed with black. They had the finest band-wagon in Allegany County, drawn by two well-matched teams, with the best plumes on the horses' heads that the band could buy.

Rushford has been noted for its good drummers. A. J. Lyon has played the small drum, Miles Tarbell played the bass, and his time was like clockwork. When the war broke out A. J. Lyon

bade the band good-bye, and enlisted in Company D, Sixty-fourth New York Infantry. He became drum-major of his regiment, and later was promoted to drum-major of the First Division, Second Army Corps. On his return home he took up his position as drummer in the band. He has been a member for over fifty years. He is one of three members of Palmer's Band now living. The others are Dewitt C. McDonald and Bowen Gordon.

Arthur Hardy always sat in the band-wagon with one foot out, ready to jump if anything happened.

Charles Howe was an artist on the B-flat cornet, but he always had a girl on the string. After the Band had waited a long time, and several calls had been blown, Charley would turn up very deliberately. He was the only single man in the Band.

The Band sometimes advertised concerts, to which they charged admission. They started for Arcade one very cold day to hold a concert. Henry Hyde was with his wife in a cutter, following the band. Someone said, "Henry Hyde is freezing." His wife had not realized his condition. He was helpless, but by carrying him into a house and giving him heroic treatment, they succeeded in restoring him. They failed to fill the bill at Arcade.

The Rushford Band had an established rule that no member while on duty should indulge in anything detrimental to the interests or morals of the Band. Their reputation was such that their services were in great demand in all parts of this county, as well as in adjoining ones.

The history of music is as old as that of man. Good music is one of the signs of high civilization. It is high credit to any community to be noted for musical attainments. Rushford would not have been as moral and intelligent without its

Band. It has refined and educated the young, and been a solace and a comfort to all classes. I venture to say that no town in western New York has had a continuous band organization for the same period.

Rushford Band.

J. F. WIER.

The first band I remember in Rushford was at the wedding of Achsah Griffin and Marshall Champlin, which took place, they say, in 1845. It was led by Arch Adams. The members were J. B. Gordon, Stanbury Gordon, Andrew Kimball, Harry Howe, Ely Gordon, George Pettitt, Cyrus Gordon, Ike Nobels and John Merrifield.

The Band known as H. R. Palmer's was the second, and commenced practice in 1856 or '57. The members were Asa Hardy, Arthur Hardy, D. C. McDonald, Barnes Blanchard, Horace Howe, Milton Woods, Albert Bishop, Bowen Gordon, Henry Hyde, Arch Adams, John Quinton, J. A. Lyon, Miles Tarbel, Lucian Benjamin, Harmon Hyde, Wilbur Woods and Charles Howe. I joined in 1866 or after the war.

Bowen Gordon, Albert Bishop and J. A. Lyon enlisted and served as musicians through the war.

Rushford Academy of Music.

This new Institution opens its first term, on Wednesday, the 28th inst., under the supervision and instruction of Prof. John Vickery.

The course of instruction will be as thorough and complete as in any Institution of the kind in this State. In connection with this Institution, a permanent orchestra will be organized, into which young practitioners may be placed for instruction and drill.

The full course will comprise the theory and practice on the following instruments, viz.: Piano

Forte, Organ, Melodeon, Guitar, Violin, Violoncello, Double Bass, Clarionet, and all instruments appropriate to Orchestra Music.

Vocal Music, Thorough Bass and Harmony will receive special attention.

TERMS:

There will be three each year, coinciding with those of the Literary Academy.

PRICES OF TUITION PER TERM:

Instrumental Music	\$12.00
Thorough Bass and Harmony.....	15.00
Vocal Music, in Classes.....	2.00

ROBERT NORTON, HARMON HYDE, ISAIAH LATHROP,	} Trustees.
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Rushford, Nov. 16, 1855.

Music.

COMPILED BY SOPHIA E. B. TAYLOR.

The story of the earlier days of Rushford would not be complete without a few words concerning the ministry of music as a unifying force in family life, an inspiration for good in social life, and the power of God in the beginnings and growth of its church life. The popular thing for young people was "to get together and have a sing." For want of data the subject must be developed in a general way.

We read in the records of the Baptist Church that in July, 1821, Oliver Butterfield was chosen standing chorister.

The few people remaining to tell the story say that among the early worthies who "pitched" the tunes and led the singing were Daniel Woods, Deacon Delano, Levi Benjamin, the McCalls, Eliah Benjamin, the Beechers and others. The hymns were evangelistic in character. The tuning-fork added much to the ease of getting the proper

key. The human voice was the only channel of expression in those days.

Avery Washburn came to town in the thirties, and was chosen chorister in the Methodist Church. He taught singing schools and was interested in the music of the town as long as he lived here. Milton Woods took his place, whose genial temperament and rich tenor voice made him a popular leader, both in the band and in quartette and chorus, and as a soloist. The Methodist choir has been served by him or others of the name of Woods to the present time.

Some time in the forties musical instruments began to be used in the churches. The despised "fiddle" was the first, soon accompanied by the bass viol, played by Justin and Chester Delano in the Baptist Church. We suppose the "fiddle" was depised because of its associations with the dance, and some of the sturdy Christian fathers objected. This prejudice was overcome, and the seraphim was installed in the Baptist Church. This instrument was made in the cabinet shop where Horatio Palmer was an apprentice. It was played by Mrs. Daniel Leavens, and her husband was chorister at the same time.

All these years the candlesticks had to be kept in shining order, both for church meetings and singing schools, for if one expected to see much he had to hold a candle. Memories still linger of how the friend or brother removed the burnt wick with thumb and finger before snuffers came into use.

If the people of those days were telling the story, they would mention the "Old Boston Academy" (the singing book used, with its buckwheat notes and its fugus tunes), and surely the tune and time would be a formidable undertaking in present times.

The grandparents of to-day remember Norman Beecher, who led the Presbyterian hosts in the

service of song, and the "Old Folks Concert," which he led so successfully; also Auntie Goff and Aunt Maria Benjamin, whose effective contralto voices were much admired. As an art, music reached its climax in the fifties, when Rushford Academy maintained a Musical Department, conducted in what was known as the Musical Academy, presided over by Professor Vickery. There were three pianos in as many rooms on the first floor, and a class in vocal music was conducted two evenings each week during the school year on the second floor. Each term closed with a concert, the proceeds of which were always the Professor's. Music was his forte; he loved good harmony. When he left town Mr. Palmer took up the musical work with great vigor. He had been chorister of the Baptist choir for some time. In 1857 he organized the famous Rushford Cornet Band, and brought them to a degree of proficiency that made them popular. In 1859 he brought out the cantata of Queen Esther for the first time in these parts, he himself taking the part of the king; Bowen Gordon, Mordecai; Asa Hardy, Haman; and Minerva Simpson, Queen Esther. This was a great success. His kind-heartedness endeared him to all his pupils. In 1861 and 1862 he attended Bassino's Normal Music School, at Geneseo. This was at great sacrifice for himself and his wife, for up to this time their means were limited. A year or two later he left Rushford, going out to win for himself a name and a place among the most brilliant and successful composers of music and best equipped teachers in this country. Mr. Palmer lived in New York City for many years, and engaged in compiling church music and other musical publications, as well as in composing and editing in those directions. He traveled extensively abroad with his wife.

His "Yield Not to Temptation" has been

translated into several foreign languages and so sung around the world. He was also an eminent chorus leader, serving annually at several Chautauqua Assemblies. He was heard to say in his later years that Elder Simpson and Almon Benjamin were the friends who helped him to believe in himself, and literally pushed him out, to discover the "acre of diamonds" that were his, for their development.

Asa Hardy, whom Mr. Palmer had trained, took his place as chorister of the Baptist choir, where his fine tenor voice was heard to the end of his life, nearly twenty-five years. He also was leader in the band for several years, as was Barnes Blanchard, who had a fine bass voice.

The above mentioned trained others, who have kept up the musical standard, among whom are Will D. Woods, Grant Woods, Stephen Wilmot, Dean Gordon and Robert Warren. Instrumental music was not neglected, for some of the girls were successful teachers, among whom Martha Hardy Claus, Julia Thompson, Alice Lathrop Holden, Alice Williams Brecht and Lena Warren have won honorable mention.

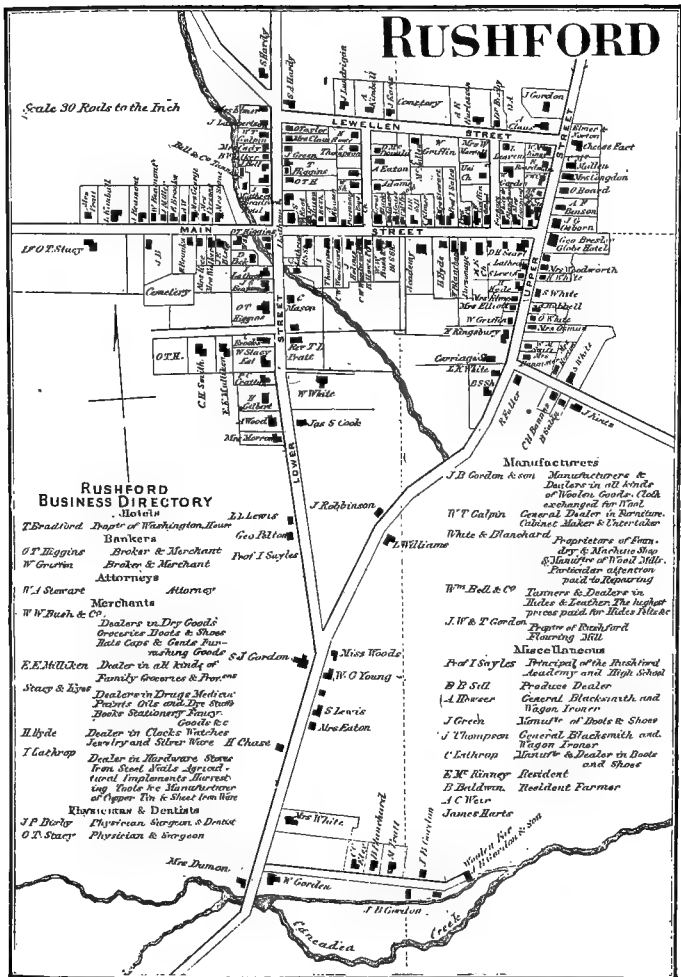
As to the musical standard of the present, the singers, the orchestra and the band have borne witness for themselves during Old Home Coming Week.

Rushford as Seen by One of Her Satirists.

Here the world's sweetest sweets are always landed,
 And the honey of honeymoons never gets candid,
 And love-lit enamoring glances constantly prevail,
 And real well done sweethearts seldom get stale,
 Where things are so up to date and the very hour,
 That really fresh eggs are seldom found sour.
 Where it's no trouble at all for women to be pretty,
 But the deuce of a hard job for men to be witty.

Where people think so much, so fast and so bold,
 They learn foreign languages, to get it half told,
 Even then ; think faster than they can tell it at their best,
 And have to get machines to talk while they rest,
 Until talk has become the easiest kind of play,
 Never stopped ; when they tell all they have to say,
 Although their training and culture is so well preserved,
 That it really seems so ; it was mostly reserved.
 Where things are so harmonious and musically in check,
 That even dogs wear brass bands around their neck.
 And nothing worth remembering is ever forgotten,
 Unless there is something about it a trifle rotten.
 Where the iridescent bloom of youth is quite pronounced,
 And elaborate costumes, still more frilled and flounced,
 But seriously, there is no manifest actual reality,
 Of costumes getting far in excess of personality.
 And the people are so good they never quarrel,
 Unless they want to demonstrate some kind of a moral.
 For none believe in hades, for their own selfish edification,
 But think it a benevolent provision for neighbors' education ;
 And they have so much of this love, with a vengeance,
 That they attend their neighbors' business with loyal allegiance,
 And good deeds are sure to count, and not words of sham,
 Unless you are about to send some kind of a cablegram.
 And such good people have many smart children, of course,
 Although there are many other things they need much worse.
 And here they handle liquor questions, without reticence,
 Always giving a good majority against any kind of license.
 Which makes all classes just perfectly well satisfied,
 And also keeps them all just about as well supplied,
 Far better than any other way you could possibly think,
 For templers have their law and toppers have their drink.
 Here milk and snow must always look kind of white,
 When they are contrasted with the darkness of night ;

And other very odd things about colors may be seen,
 For even blackberries are always red when they are green.
 The whole of Rushford's politics and very much aside
 Is more than all wool and a good full yard wide,
 And there really is not enough; very stupid blundering,
 To fully justify the whole of the unwholesome wondering;
 And their colors take so very many varied hues,
 Their partisans never have a chance to get the blues;
 For Rushford's thought on the great questions of civics
 Is so hedged about and reinforced by metaphysics,
 That on election day they select men to run the town
 right,
 And the rest of the year find fault with them day and
 night.
 But the Republican party would be as happy as a nest
 of rats,
 Were it not for a very few, very troublesome Democrats,
 And the necessity of still more remorseful sighs,
 Over the reckless abandon of the accursed Prohis'.
 But for all that, a great life might begin here barehanded,
 Without much danger of its soul getting stranded.
 Tho' elements are so fertile, that a balmy breeze and
 gentle rain
 Will grow right into hail of a boisterous hurricane;
 Still it is such a good place to just begin life's storm,
 That a late Governor came here on purpose to be born.
 And it is equally as true and straight and just as right.
 That many good people have had the same foresight;
 But never, a right out-and-out, self-confessed trouble-
 breeder,
 For instance, something like the ordinary proof-reader.
 Nor did the town ever make an awkward stammer,
 As birth to a being, that went long upon English Gram-
 mar;
 And it certainly can, with full as much truth aver,
 That it never had a nuisance like Worcester or Webster.
 In other fields of scholarship it has fairly good running,
 And in many it is intrepid, striding and stunning;
 For of its native originality, there is no telling,
 Especially in the matter of English spelling.



MAP OF RUSHFORD VILLAGE, 1869.

If its citizens are slow in either learning or letters,
 They more than make it good, as confirmed forget'ers.
 And Rushford is a place where it can be truthfully said
 That all streams have a mouth that is larger than their
 head;
 That is so funny you scarcely could have thought it,
 But the funniest thing about it is, so many people
 caught it;
 And living right by them, we might perchance find,
 Has given people a complaint of just the same kind.
 But they can, without trouble, cool and refresh their
 sanity,
 By simply retiring into the grateful shade of their own
 vanity.
 And the religion that they want and are really after,
 Is applied to others here, and themselves hereafter;
 And it is so sincere and so little selfish about it,
 You are at a loss for an immediate reason to doubt it.
 And they have so much in every member, limb and joint,
 That it fills their souls quite to the bursting point.
 Being nothing about themselves either brilliant or great,
 And having no promise in posterity, worthy to relate,
 So desperately hung on such dubious precarious hooks,
 About ancestry; they talk, write and publish books.

Concerning the Newspapers of Rushford.

The first newspaper published in Rushford was in 1846, by H. E. Purdy, with the assistance of A. P. Laning. It was called *The Republican Era*. The terms were a dollar and a half per year if paid in advance, two dollars if paid within the year, and twenty-five cents in addition if delivered at the door of village subscribers. In 1848, the price was reduced to one dollar.

The editorials of *The Republican Era* during the Van Buren-Cass campaign, in 1848, were mostly of a political nature.

A call for a Democratic County Convention

was signed by A. P. Laning, as one of the committee.

In August, 1847, the paper said that the oat crop was "bountiful, corn good but potatoes rotting badly."

In another issue the local news is confined to two items—one that the "Abolitioners" commenced "a kind of four-day meeting in this place on Tuesday." The marriage of Andrew Kimball and Maria Hardy was announced.

A. P. Laning, W. A. Stewart, G. L. Walker, D. W. Leavens, George Leavens and George Bishop had advertisements as lawyers in 1847, and as doctors, L. B. Johnson, W. McCall, H. H. Smith, Wm. B. Alley and James Ward. The Empire Dry Goods Store by James and Luthur Gordon; Irwin and Remington, the People's Store; J. D. Boardman; L. A. Soatts, Marble Factory; W. McCall & Co., Drugs and Books; George and Doolittle, "The Little Men," Variety Store; Clark McCall, Variety Store; Miss E. C. Wing, Millinery; H. Hyde, Jewelry; S. Root, Chair Factory; H. Dockstader and C. H. Smith, Tailors, all have notices, as does Israel Thompson, "Carriage Making and Blacksmithing. He also continues the manufacture of Axes and Mechanics' Edge-tools of almost every variety." D. S. Dunham, carriage and wagon manufactory; I. Lathrop, tinware and stove store; Weir and Gage, manufacturers of wagons and carriages; B. F. Lewellen, boots and groceries. N. McCall advertises eight dozen scythe-snaths, six dozen scythes, two and a half dozen forks and ten dozen rakes.

"A live painter caught and tamed so as to be perfectly harmless and of great service to man. A. L. Adams will give his special attention to house-painting on the hook and ladder mop system or with the brush to suit employers. And for beauty and durability of workmanship he chal-

lenges competition. The painter may be seen by calling at the first door east of Clark McCall's store, Main Street, Rushford."

"PRO BONO PUBLICO. People's Emporium. No. 1 Empire Block. N. A. Hume, after many years of patient toil, research and experience has at last discovered the all-important and long-lost secret which has been shrouded in mystery since the days of the immortal Shakespeare that 'there is a cut in the clothes of men which taken at the making lead on to fashion,' and is now prepared to exhibit specimens of his taste in this long-neglected art to the whole civilized world and more particularly to the inhabitants of Rushford and vicinity who may see fit to bestow upon him their patronage in the tailoring line. The antiquated and abused idea that it takes nine tailors to make a man is now exploded. Persons wishing to buy good clothing cheap will find it to their advantage to examine my stock before buying the out-of-style second-hand, miserable and flimsy trash generally kept at clothing-stores."

A notice was published in 1846 that an application would be made to the next Legislature for an act to incorporate the village of Rushford.

Extracts from "Weekly News Letter."

RUSHFORD, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

"If proper indulgence is conceded to the awkwardness of a first obeisance to the public, it will only be necessary for us to state in a few words to our patrons and readers, the object for which our paper is published.

A leading feature of our paper will (as already intimated) be the Home interests of our town and county. To give the Local News of the Day is our primary object. ~~Nothing of a local character to which~~ the least public interest attaches, will fail of a notice in our columns.

We shall also endeavor to present our readers with a weekly summary of such general information as will interest them all. In fine our object is to make the News Letter a useful, readable and interesting paper to all classes of the community, and if energy and active industry can effect this purpose, our patrons and the public will not be disappointed, and at the end of the current year, we shall have experienced no personal regret or incurred any pecuniary loss from our undertaking. We have confidence in ourselves, and shall ardently labor to deserve the confidence and secure the good will of others."

"Our Office is open for the reception of visitors ten hours every day, Sundays excepted. Boys should keep at least four inches from the press and stands and avoid drumming and whistling. All persons are requested not to finger the type or read the proof sheets.

We have lately removed our Office to a pleasant and convenient apartment next door to (in front of) that formerly occupied by us.

Our paper this week does not contain a great deal of news matter, from the fact of our not having an exchange list to copy from. We promise to do better in our next issue."

HUMOROUS.

"WHAT IS LAGER? Lager is said by the medical faculty to be a tonic. Adoniram says he thinks it is too tonic (Teutonic)."

PAT'S APOLOGY. Two men, strangers to one another, met one day, and spoke to each other in mistake. One of them happened to be an Irishman, made his apology in this manner:

"Oh, Gorrah, its all a mistake! I thought it was you, and you thought it was me, but it's nather of us."

"ST. VALENTINE'S BALL. A Ball is advertised to take place at the Globe Hotel, in this village, on Monday evening, the 14th inst. Mr. Gray extends a general invitation to all lovers of dancing. A 'good time' may be expected."

"Mr. Farnsworth, of Illinois, hardly calculated the ultimate effects of his late resolution to annex the Canadas to the U. S. By annexation, all British America, would be brought within the scope of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the negro could find no 'city of refuge' on the continent. The discovery, it is said, has created quite an excitement."

"At the Printer's Festival at Cleveland a letter was read from Horace Greely, with the following sentiment:

Type Metal—Destined to batter the visage of Despotism and perforate the Vitals of Superstition—if the powers of darkness refuse it free course, let way be made for it with shooting-sticks."

"MARRIED. In Warsaw, Wyoming Co., on the 19th of January, '59, by Rev. W. Cormic, Mr. J. Holmes, of Rushford, to Miss L. Windsor, of the former place.

In Rushford, on Thursday, January 27th, by Rev. — Henry, Mr. James Gibby to Miss Mary Thomas, of Rushford."

DIED. In Rushford, on Saturday, Jan. 15th, Mr. John Moore, aged 71 years.

In Rushford, on Thursday, January 27th, Mr. Holton Colburn, aged 53 years."

"RUSHFORD CABINET & CHAIR SHOP

The subscriber begs to tender the compliments of the New Year and thanks to his old patrons

and friends, and announce that he is constantly manufacturing and receiving the most desirable patterns of Plain and Ornamental Chair and Cabinet Work, which he will sell at the lowest remunerative prices and warrant.

S. ROOT."

H. HOWE,
Saddle, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer.

J. A. HUBBELL,
Fashionable Tailor, Corinthian Block, Main street.

GALLERY OF ART.
A few doors west of the Musical Academy, Main street, Rushford.
Ambrographs, Melainotypes, &c.
Call and get your Pictures on
Glass, Iron and Leather.
Pins, Rings and Locketts filled. Don't let the golden opportunity pass without getting a Picture of yourself and friends.
A splendid assortment of cases constantly on hand.

L. G. BEECHER.

IRON FOUNDRY
Corner of Main and E. Cross Sts.
WHITE & BLANCHARD.

GLOBE HOTEL,
Commercial Street, head of Main,
Rushford (Allegany Co.), New York.

RUSHFORD ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
J. Vickery, Principal.



THE LATHROP BUILDING—BURNED APRIL, 1885



THE UNION STORE, GRIFFIN & BUSH



“ BEN FRANKLIN ”

Printing Office.

Corinthian Block, Rushford, New York,
Henry H. Chapin, Proprietor.

REV. B. T. ROBERTS

Will hold a meeting in this village, commencing
February 25th, 1859.

Agreement, Eneas Gearey with Josiah Freeman.

The first “article of agreement” which has been sent to the Committee is that of Eneas Gearey with Josiah Freeman, dated the 24th day of September, 1808. It pertains to “that certain Tract of Land, being in the County of Allegany, in the State of New York, being part or parcel of a certain township” owned by the Holland Land Company, surveyed by Joseph Ellicott and “distinguished by Township No. 5, in the 2nd Range of said Townships,” and which is south of Lot 32, containing 195 acres.

It was farther agreed that Josiah Freeman should, before the 24th day of September following, “erect or cause to be erected on the Tract of Land or Premises * * * or some part thereof, a messuage fit for the habitation of man, not less than 18 feet square, and shall live and reside thereon during the term of three years from thence next ensuing, and shall on or before the 24th day of September next clear and fence * * * not less than five acres of the said Tract of Land, to the satisfaction of the said Wilhem Willink and others.”

It is provided that payments shall be made at different periods, the total sum being \$438.75. In case that all the payments are made and conditions complied with, Wilhem Willink and his

associates agree to "relinquish and release to the said party of the second part all the interest which shall have accrued upon such principal sum of \$341.25 money for the period of two years."

This is signed by Eneas Gearey and Josiah Freeman, and witnessed by Ezra Beckwith. Receipts for payments are endorsed on this Agreement, the first being on the date on which it was given. The last endorsement is dated, "Hamilton, 10th Febr'y., 1813. Received on my own account 1 horse etc. to the amount of \$48. Eneas Gearey."

Town Officers.

COMPILED BY W. W. BUSH.

TOWN MEETING.

Copy of the original records as found in the Town Clerk's office of Rushford, N. Y.

At the first annual town meeting of the town of Rushford, held at the house of Levi Benjamin, in said town, Agreeable to the Act of the Legislature on the (no day given) day of April, A. D. 1816, the town officers for said town were chosen as follows, viz.:

Dr. Dyer Story,	Supervisor.
Pliny Bannister,	Town Clerk.
Roderick Bannister,	Assessor.
Mathew P. Cady,	"
Abel Belknap,	"
Tarbel Gordon,	Com. of Highways.
Jerry White,	" " "
James Orcutt,	" " "
Daniel Woods,	Collector.
Levi Benjamin,	Constable.
Thomas Pratt,	"
Ebenezer P. Perry,	Overseer of the Poor.
Levi Benjamin,	" " " "

Eliab Going,	School Commissioner.
William Vaughn,	" "
William L. Gary,	" "
Dr. Dyer Story,	Inspector of Schools.
Abel Belknap,	" " "
Reuben Bennett,	" " "
Joshua Wilson,	Overseers of Highway.
Daniel Woods,	
Junia Freeman,	Fence Viewers.
Joseph Young,	
Leonard Farwell,	
Jonathan Going,	
Amby Alderman,	Damage Prizers and
Charles Swift, Jr.,	Pound Keepers.
William Vaughan,	
Cromwell Bennett,	
Mathew P. Cady.	

Also the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, that there be raised \$250.00 town money, for the use of the Commissioners of Highways.

Resolved, that Hogs shall not be free Commoners.

Resolved, that our next annual town meeting, shall be held at the house of Sampson Hardy, inn keeper.

The first mention of any Justices of the Peace is in this Appointment:

The Town Clerk being absent, Roderick Banister was appointed to serve in his stead, by James McCall, Eneas Gary, Jesse Bullock, Justices of the Peace, on the first day of March, 1817.

April 1st, 1817.

Resolved, that in case the law granting a State Bounty, for the destruction of Wolves be repealed, this Town give five Dollars, for each and every full grown Wolf killed in this Town, by any person residing in this town, and in case the County bounty for the same purpose be removed, then

this town pay the sum of ten Dollars, in lieu of the aforementioned five.

Resolved, Nevertheless that neither of the aforementioned bounties are taken off, then this resolution to be void and of no effect.

April 7th, 1818.

Resolved, that the Town raise fifty Dollars for school money.

Resolved, that if any of the inhabitants of the town of Rushford, shall knowingly suffer any Canada thistles so called, to go to seed on their farms, shall pay a fine of five Dollars.

Resolved, that if any of the inhabitants of the town of Rushford, shall knowingly let any Tory weed so called, go to seed on their farm, shall pay a fine of five Dollars.

Resolved, that the overseers of the Poor, are hereby directed to give up to Joseph Young and Sampson Hardy, 2 notes in their hand, which is for five Dollars each, which was taken for Licenses.

April 4th, 1820.

Resolved, that the Supervisor raise sixty Dollars and sixty cents, for the use of common schools.

March 6th, 1821.

Resolved, that the town raise school money to the extent of the law.

(The last resolution was repeated many years.)

The following is a list of the names of persons elected to the office of Supervisor and Town Clerk, in the town of Rushford, from 1816 to 1908, also the names of the Justices of the Peace, since the date they were first elected, in 1830.

Year.	Supervisor.	Town Clerk.	Justice of the Peace.
1816.	Dr. Dyer Story,	Pliny Bannister,	
1817.	Cromwell Bennett,	James Going,	
1818.	Cromwell Bennett,	Eneas Gary,	
1819.	Cromwell Bennett,	Mathew P. Cady,	
1820.	Mathew P. Cady,	Chesterfield Persons,	
1821.	Mathew P. Cady,	Chesterfield Persons,	
1822.	Mathew P. Cady,	Eneas Gary,	
1823.	Mathew P. Cady,	Eneas Gary,	
1824.	Mathew P. Cady,	Eneas Gary,	
1825.	William Hull,	Eneas Gary,	
1826.	Samuel White,	Eneas Gary,	
1827.	Samuel White,	Oramel Griffin,	
1828.	Tarbel Gordon,	Orvil Boardman,	
1829.	Tarbel Gordon,	Orvil Boardman,	

Year.	Supervisor.	Town Clerk.	Justice of the Peace.
1830.	Tarbel Gordon,	Orvil Boardman,	Asa Benjamin.
1831.	Sampson Hardy,	Orvil Boardman,	Samuel White.
1832.	Tarbel Gordon,	Orvil Boardman,	Bates T. Hapgood.
1833.	Tarbel Gordon,	Orvil Boardman,	Abraham J. Lyon.
1834.	Tarbel Gordon,	Orvil Boardman,	Daniel Baird.
			Milton McCall.
1835.	John Hammond,	Oramel Griffin,	Mathew P. Cady.
			Charles Swift.
1836.	John Hammond,	Oramel Griffin,	Bates T. Hapgood.
1837.	Sampson Hardy,	Charles Gillman,	Abraham J. Lyon.
1838.	Sampson Hardy,	Charles Gillman,	John Hammond.
1839.	Abraham J. Lyon,	Harmon Hyde,	Daniel H. Searl.
			Ira Bishop.
1840.	Abraham J. Lyon,	Harmon Hyde,	Daniel H. Searl.
1841.	Samuel White,	Charles Gillman,	Grover Leavens.
1842.	Samuel White,	Charles Gillman,	Lyman Hubbard.
1843.	Samuel White,	Isaiah Lathrop,	Nelson Hewett.
1844.	Samuel White,	Isaiah Lathrop,	Grover Leavens.
1845.	Isaiah Lathrop,	Orvil Boardman,	Samuel White.
1846.	Isaiah Lathrop,	Orvil Boardman,	Lyman Hubbard.
1847.	Orvil Boardman,	Harmon Hyde,	Chapman Brooks.
			Gideon L. Walker.
1848.	Orvil Boardman,	Harvey George,	Grover Leavens.
1849.	Jedediah B. Gordon,	Harvey George,	Samuel Remington.
1850.	Jedediah B. Gordon,	Harvey George,	Gideon L. Walker.
			Stephen Y. Hammond.
1851.	James Gordon,	A. W. Colby,	Chapman Brooks.
			Ralph B. Laning.
1852.	James Gordon,	Washington White,	Charles W. Woodworth.
1853.	Avery Washburn,	Washington White,	Ralph B. Laning.
			Oliver D. Benjamin.
1854.	Avery Washburn,	Washington White,	Asaph K. Allen.
1855.	Ebenezer P. Lyon,	Harry Howe,	Randolph Heald.
1856.	John W. Hill,	Washington White,	Charles W. Woodworth.
1857.	Winthrop G. Young,	Washington White,	Asaph K. Allen.
1858.	Winthrop G. Young,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Randolph Heald.
1859.	Washington White,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Thomas Gordon.
			John C. Pitts.
1860.	Washington White,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Charles W. Woodworth.
			Chapman Brooks.
1861.	Bates T. Hapgood,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Chapman Brooks.
1862.	Bates T. Hapgood,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Thomas Gordon.
1863.	Avery Washburn,	Lucius C. Kimball,	John C. Pitts.
1864.	Avery Washburn,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Charles W. Woodworth.
			Otis White.
1865.	Avery Washburn,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Chapman Brooks.
1866.	Charles W. Woodworth,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Otis White.
1867.	Charles W. Woodworth,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Washington White.
1868.	Charles W. Woodworth,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Charles W. Woodworth.
1869.	Charles W. Woodworth,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Washington White.
1870.	Charles W. Woodworth,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Otis White.
			Joseph E. Bixby.
1871.	Charles W. Woodworth,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Willard A. Stone.
			Lyford Leavens.
1872.	Charles W. Woodworth,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Charles W. Woodworth.
1873.	Charles W. Woodworth,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Samuel A. Hardy.
1874.	Charles W. Woodworth,	Lucius C. Kimball,	Barnes Blanchard.
			Gardner George.
1875.	Charles W. Woodworth,	Watson W. Bush,	Nathaniel Jewell.
			Washington White.
1876.	Jedediah B. Gordon,	Watson W. Bush,	Charles W. Woodworth.
1877.	William E. Kyes,	Watson W. Bush,	Gardner George.
1878.	William E. Kyes,	Watson W. Bush,	William S. Mulliken.
1879.	Willard A. Stone,	Watson W. Bush,	William A. Stewart.
1880.	Willard A. Stone,	Watson W. Bush,	Charles W. Woodworth.
1881.	Willard A. Stone,	Watson W. Bush,	Willard A. Stone.
1882.	Charles B. Kendall,	Watson W. Bush,	John R. Heald.
1883.	Alexander L. Litchard,	Watson W. Bush,	Wilber F. Woods.
1884.	Charles W. Woodworth,	Watson W. Bush,	Charles W. Woodworth.
1885.	Charles W. Woodworth,	Watson W. Bush,	Romain W. Benjamin.
1886.	Charles W. Woodworth,	Watson W. Bush,	Henry C. Dresser.
1887.	Henry A. Holden,	Watson W. Bush,	Charles H. Ives.
1888.	Henry A. Holden,	Watson W. Bush,	Charles W. Woodworth.
1889.	Wm. H. Benson,	Watson W. Bush,	Romain W. Benjamin.
1890.	Grover M. Pratt,	Watson W. Bush,	Henry C. Dresser.
1891.	Grover M. Pratt,	Watson W. Bush,	Eddy C. Gilbert.
1892.	Grover M. Pratt,	Watson W. Bush,	Charles H. Ives.
1893.	Henry A. Holden,	Watson W. Bush,	Sumner E. Kilmer.
1894.	Alexander L. Litchard,	Watson W. Bush,	Henry C. Dresser.
1895.	Alexander L. Litchard,	Watson W. Bush,	Eddy C. Gilbert.

Year.	Supervisor.	Town Clerk.	Justice of the Peace.
1896.	Alexander L. Litchard,	Watson W. Bush,	Asa H. Johnson.
1897.	Alexander L. Litchard,	Watson W. Bush,	Sumner E. Kilmer.
1898.	Alexander L. Litchard,	Watson W. Bush,	Henry C. Dresser.
1899.	Alexander L. Litchard,	Watson W. Bush,	Eddy C. Gilbert.
			William Beaumont.
1901.	Alexander L. Litchard,	Watson W. Bush,	Sumner E. Kilmer.
			Henry C. Dresser.
1903.	Alexander L. Litchard,	John A. Benjamin,	William Beaumont.
			Nathan B. Miller.
1905.	Elmer A. Gere (E. A. Gere resigned Oct. 4,		
	1906. Ralph B. Laning appointed to fill vacancy),	John A. Benjamin,	Sumner E. Kilmer.
			Henry C. Dresser.
1907.	Ralph B. Laning,	Frank W. Damon,	William Beaumont.
			Nathan B. Miller.

A Distinguished Visitor.

F. E. W.

The town was early honored by a visit of W. L. Marcy, who was United States Senator, Governor, Secretary of State and in the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce. He was a friend of Judge J. B. Church, of Angelica, who founded Angelica and other towns. His official station and financial standing, owning an estate of fifty thousand acres, made his acquaintance and influence desirable. It was probably while on a visit to the Judge that he rode over to Rushford, doubtless on political matters. He had been defeated in his first running for Governor. Mounted on a lively steed that pranced about considerably, some one called out, "Look out, Marcy, your horse will throw you!" "Oh, no," said he; "I ride better than I run." His humor added to the pleasure of his visit.

Ackerly Family.

Holland was the country from which the Ackerly family came, early in the Eighteenth century. Little is known of the first settlers of that name. William Ackerly settled in the town of Andes, Delaware county, N. Y. He was Justice of the Peace. As there was no church then in that locality, he opened his house and once a month



HOSEA ACKERLY



the circuit minister came on horseback and held services.

His oldest son, William, was born in 1800. Married Alma Berry, who was of English origin, and was born in Conn. Two sons were born to them in Andes, Andrew and Hosea. When the latter was about two years old, the family decided to move to the then Far West, coming to Rushford, Allegany county, in the fall of 1834, the trip being made in heavy wagons and taking about two weeks. William Ackerly bought forty acres of land in the eastern part of the town, paying one hundred dollars for it; but as it needed a great deal of labor spent on it before it would produce anything, he obtained employment of Wilson Gordon in his sawmill on the Caneadea creek, working there in the Spring and going North to work in the wheat fields during the Summer. In time the land was paid for, and he bought fifty acres more of Oramel Griffin for five hundred dollars. Great economy was used until this also was paid for. Farm products did not then bring the prices that they do now. Butter sold for eight or nine cents a pound. Two-year-old steers for twelve or fourteen dollars. Lumber delivered in Buffalo only brought from seven to eight dollars per thousand feet.

At first they lived in a log house, but soon built one of the first frame houses in that section. Flax was raised and spun into linen cloth. Woolen cloth was also made in the home. A blacksmith shop was built, and while the father was busy in this and the sawmill that he built a little later on Rush Creek, the sons were clearing the land and attending to the farming generally. The sawmill was in active operation until the pine and oak timber of that locality was about exhausted.

In 1864 the two sons, Andrew and Hosea, established the second cheese factory of Allegany

county, on the Wm. Simpson farm in New Hudson. This they sold to Nelson Smith and bought what was known as the "Grinard" farm southwest of Rushford, and erected a cheese factory there. After running this factory for three years they sold it to Charles and Henry Pettit. H. B. Ackerly then bought cheese for two years for E. M. Bond.

In 1870 the firm of Ackerly, Sill & Co. was formed, composed of Andrew J., Hosea B. Ackerly and D. B. Sill. They all moved to Cuba, N. Y., and started the wholesale cheese business, which is still in a flourishing condition.

About the same time that the cheese business was established, they became interested with the late O. T. Higgins in buying and selling Western timbered lands; owning with him at various times property in Penn., Mich., Wis. and Minn. This partnership continued for nearly twenty years and was mutually pleasant and profitable. Mr. Higgins and H. B. Ackerly had many interesting and thrilling experiences in the western wildernesses, which then abounded in wild game. Mr. Higgins had a high regard for Mr. Ackerly both as to his integrity and ability. He found him an enthusiastic traveller, as his letters written on birch bark prove, many of which were sent from the depths of the forest.

Later the firm of Ackerly, Sill & Co. bought timber lands in Cattaraugus county. The timber was cut and a lumber yard was opened in Olean under the management of Andrew J. Ackerly.

H. B. Ackerly is the only one of the original firm. He is now in his eightieth year, is still actively engaged in the cheese business, and is president of the Ackerly Lumber Co., a corporation operating near Norfolk, Va. He owns a plantation on the Isle of Pines, and divides his time between there and Norfolk, his farms in Rushford, and his home in Cuba.

WILLIAM ACKERLY—Born in Andes, Del. Co., April 4, 1800. Died in Cuba, N. Y., Dec. —, 1887.

Married: Alma Berry, Feb. 27, 1828. Alma Berry, born in Kent, Ct., May 30, 1806, died in Cuba, N. Y., ——— —, 1895.

Children: Andrew Jonathan Ackerly, Hosea Berry Ackerly, Atwater Ackerly.

ANDREW J. ACKERLY—Born in Andes, N. Y., March 27, 1829. Died in Cuba, N. Y.

Married: Adaline Bishop, ——— —, 1861.

Children: William Bishop Ackerly; Alice Cary Ackerly, born July 26, 1873, died May —, 1877.

HOSEA B. ACKERLY—Born in Andes, N. Y., May 14, 1831.

Married (1st): Augusta J. Woodruff, Oct. 22, 1863.

Children: Charles Andrew Ackerly, Edith Mae Ackerly, Emma Alma Ackerly.

Married (2nd): Elizabeth Rude Haver, Dec. 3, 1878.

ATWATER ACKERLY—Born in Rushford, N. Y., June 25, 1842. Died in Rushford, ——— —, 1846.

WILLIAM B. ACKERLY—Born in Rushford, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1868.

Married: Mary Louise McWhorter, Feb. 17, 1892.

Children: William Bishop Ackerly, Jr., born Aug. 1, 1893; Helen Ackerly, born June 6, 1895; Louisa Ackerly, born Sept. 14, 1897.

CHARLES A. ACKERLY—Born in Rushford, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1865.

Married (1st): Annie Saunders, June 12, 1892.

Children: Frances Elizabeth Ackerly, born March 10, 1893; Charles Edwin Ackerly, born Jan. —, 1898; Robert Saunders Ackerly, born Oct. 31, 1900; Edith Alida Ackerly, born July 3, 1902.

Married (2nd): Ida Achsah Prentiss, Oct. 23, 1907.

EDITH MAE ACKERLY.—Born in Rushford, N. Y., July 26, 1867.

Married: Alva Otis Renwick, May 1, 1890.

Children: Dorothy Ackerly Renwick, born Nov. 4, 1892.

EMMA ALMA ACKERLY.—Born in Cuba, N. Y., March 23, 1877.

Married: John Lockhart Dudley, Oct. 9, 1902.

Children: Alicia Ackerly Dudley, born Aug. 2, 1904; Richard Ackerly Dudley, born Oct. 13, 1907.

David Babbitt.

B. F. BABBITT.

David Babbitt, a cavalier in the war of 1812, moved into Rushford in 1838, and occupied one hundred acres of the farm now owned by the Babbitt family. On his way from Otsego County he tarried a year in Pike, where live the descendants of Stephen Babbitt, the only relatives of the family by that name in this part of the State. His wife's maiden name was Lucy Shipman, which is all that is known of her family except that they were of Puritan lineage. The Babbitts of the fourth generation prior to David were purely Scotch-Irish. David was a confirmed rationalist; his wife equally as devout a churchwoman. They had six children that grew to manhood and womanhood, three of each. The youngest son, Albert, was the first soldier from Allegany County who was actually shot in the Rebellion; some had died in the service before that. The youngest daughter also died young. David was six feet and one and one-half inches tall, twenty inches broad across the shoulders, and of proportionate weight; in his younger days a wrestler, a ball player and athlete. As a practical joke, his brother Steven wrote the name of Thomas Jefferson under one of David's pictures, and presented it to one of the Masonic Lodges of Wyoming County. Eight years later, when David visited

the same Lodge, the long arranged joke was first discovered.

Nature undoubtedly intended David Babbitt for a naturalist. Without question he was the acutest observer of natural phenomena of any resident of the town of his time or since, and knew the peculiarities and distinguishing characteristics, haunts, habits and names of a greater proportion of our insects, reptiles, animals and birds than any other person in this vicinity. He was familiar with the elementary principles of astronomy, locating the position of all the planets of our solar system, visible at any time of the year, as readily as ordinary people can the phases of the moon. Only a few years before his death he began a systematic study and investigation of the geological features of the foothills of the ancient Appalachians in this vicinity.

Explanation of discoveries made since his day, like the X-ray, radium and wireless telegraphy, when shelled out of their technical terms, are nothing more or less than his theory of a fourth state of matter, less complicated, perhaps, than in its universal application to the universe. He hoped and believed, but not with the assurance of certainty, that death was to relieve us of dependence upon matter in its cruder forms, by endowing us with senses acute enough to make use of it in its more refined forms. This belief was derived from a vast multitude of deductions from natural phenomena only.

Mr. Babbitt was a very careful observer of people and believed that the great Iroquois Confederacy had displayed a wonderful capacity in organizing their league of different tribes.

He was a shoemaker by trade, but never worked at it except in inclement weather and sometimes a little evenings. His amusements were mostly confined to investigations of natural phenomena of some kind. Sundays he took his wife

to church, returning for her. In the afternoon and evening he took long walks, mostly in the woods and along the banks of streams, sometimes, but not often, taking a gun, with which to secure specimens, but he never hunted for sport, although he was a perfectly accurate shot at eighty rods with the rifle. He almost invariably carried a newspaper or magazine with him, which he read at intervals through the day, while resting from work or waiting for anything.

Some idea of his reading capacity can be formed from his boast that in just fifty weeks he read all of the first fifty volumes of the old Podonque school library, lacking only three of making the record consecutive, because someone else had all that he had not already read on those weeks. The five volumes of Rollins' Ancient History or Josephus' Works were a fair average of their voluminousness. He was very methodical. Although he attended an old-fashioned district school, he made enough use of that to teach select school in town, that would now be rated several grades higher than those he attended.

No amount of noise disturbed him in the least while reading, but touch his book, chair, candle, or especially the snuffers on the chair arm, and—well, there was considerable to it, with ulterior or posterior inferences when the writer of this was a repenting kid. He died with as much confident assurance that a tallow candle gave a better light to read by than the brighter light of a kerosene lamp does, as he had of the final adoption of his hypothesis concerning geological climatic phenomena and the fourth state of matter. He was very sociable and very fond of visiting with people; and the more radically they differed with him in opinions, especially if they could support those opinions with good logic, the better he liked it. He thought that no two persons of the same identical opinion, on all conceivable questions, had

ever met yet, and probably never would, and it would be an unfortunate occurrence to both of them if they did.

The evening before he died he was visited by a physician and a clergyman. The former frankly told him that he did not think he could live until morning. He replied that he thought he would see another day. The latter inquired if he wanted any advice concerning the hereafter. He replied that it was quite evident that it could be of but little use just then, "for by this time to-morrow I expect to be where I can see more of it in a moment than any live person can tell me in all night, or be forever unconscious." Twelve minutes before death he called the two watchers, and told them that he had always said he would never die in bed if he could help it, and peremptorily commanded them to help him into his reading chair in the next room. With their help at each arm, he walked some twenty feet, took his reading chair, faintly thanked them and expired. He was buried by the Masonic Fraternity.

Satirically Biographical.

Even when so fresh, that nothing embittered,
 And all the world fairly shone and glittered,
 I could surely and truly make the affirmation,
 Without even one single qualifying reservation,
 That Rushford had the handsomest girls, most adorning
 That ever met a springtime or midsummer morning.
 But I could have passed them all with the unruffled ease
 That a thistle down floats on the afternoon breeze.
 But for the satiating bewitchery of a single one,
 That all the retrospective, quite majestically outdone.
 Her pronounced intellectual mien was a day-dream to see,
 Fairer by long and far, than all else of the world to me,
 With eyes so large, so bright, so dashing, flashing black,
 They just fairly reflected all daylight back,
 Like a dazzling aurora borealis ascending high,
 In the moonlit shadows of a midnight sky.

Her glossy black hair was decked with ribbon bow,
 For an exact line, that would let you know,
 Where fatigued and exhausted, adorning nature ends,
 And the trifling frivolities of decorative art begins.
 Beneath her prominent upper face, and nicely dividing,
 Dark eyebrows, were in ellipse circling crescents abiding,
 And when shadows of frontlets, over eyebrows or lashes
 fell,

Which gleamed and glistened blackest, none could tell;
 But giving all a complimentary radiant glow,
 By contrasts and reflections, from a face white as snow,
 So expressive, that no stray glance was ever ended,
 Until with those other charms it was finically blended,
 And then when the merest glance was finally done,
 It was gilded with the brilliance of a midday sun.

Her artistic nose I might perchance mention,
 A trifle pert or perky, as if in rapt attention,
 And as emotions and expressions sought for places,
 For so many animating, blameless, crowding graces,
 As those flitting phantoms of commingling fairy crea-
 tures,

Darted amidst graceful outlines of comely shaped fea-
 tures,

Reverges of playful smiles were modestly hinted,
 From rose-budded lips, usually firm but ruby-tinted,
 And withal a complexion as clear and ruddy fair,
 As any blond freckled rival with sorrel or paint-brush
 hair.

An apotheosis consecrated and canonized, so piously de-
 vout,

By instinct and training, from within and without,
 That you could not even wink toward that fair face
 Without saying the usual stereotyped orthodox grace,
 And even then there was considerable extra toll,
 If it happened to be inspired from an ethical soul,
 Combining to make her countenance a refulgent light,
 That would cast shadows on the darkened depths of night.
 Her carriage, her bearing, her very majestic gait,
 Were all enchantments, it beggars language to relate,

But 'tis folly to recapitulate, worse than vain to tarry ;
 In short, the only girl I had ever wished to marry.
 I was an unrestrained, restless, wayward youth,
 She a maid of ambitious hopes, higher aims and truth ;
 I a lad uncouth, crudely devilish, saucy and rude,
 She so very reverent, refined, elegant and sensitively
 prude,

That she very wisely determined to wait,
 Until she was much nearer heaven, to find her mate,
 And, divining that I should ever be without her,
 She condescended to ever remain my well-wisher.
 To think that she was bad, or to wish her ill,
 I certainly never could ; I certainly never will,
 For she more than filled all of virtues' many bills,
 Then double ruffled them with flounces and frills.
 And as no franchise to a Sadducee can be given,
 When a Pharisee may have the right of way to heaven,
 So it was plain "no such ordinary worldly cuss"
 Could begin to administer virtues in such surplus.
 Although most of the transports giddy youth knows,
 Are but to glide over the crest of radiant rain-bows,
 And are like 'drear, murky night's startling lightning
 blast,

Too vivid in dazzling brightness to very long last.
 Not so the loves that are desperately hard to part,
 They are but guideboards to some warmer heart,
 And keen remorse, that the will can scarcely control,
 Are but the signal fires of a more responsive soul.
 And like a flood of sunshine after dark rain,
 "The dying embers of love were rekindled again,"
 By one cut on a trifling different bias,
 And on the whole not quite so pious.
 Experience had made convictions so hard or brittle,
 That of piety I had not much and wanted little,
 So there was plenty left for her and all such,
 As have but little and think they want much ;
 And so most of the real afflictions of piety,
 In the course of time pass off with gentle quiety.
 When you asked that I, something for the book prepare,
 I really knew of nothing catchy, snatchy, rich or rare,

But did know people have a peculiar aversion against
taking

A great deal of autobiography in advance of its making,
And I never read of but one that told in detail,
All the mourners and the undertaker at his own burial;
But thought they might gladly waiver merits for variety,
And possibly read these random rhymes with forgiving
charity,

Or from the sterner augmenting force of an acquired
habit,

Which be all the same to your friend, B. F. Babbitt.

Bannister Family.

AMELIA DEBERCZY.

Windsor County, Vermont, noted for its staunch patriotism and resolute citizens, became interested in the inducements the Holland Purchase Company held out to settlers to buy their land in Western New York, and their young men, who had grown up in sharing the hardships and industry of their parents, embraced the plan as a desirable method of getting lands and homes of their own. So they came, in some instances many members of the same family. I will mention some of those who had come early: The Bannisters, Woods, Benjamins, Kendalls, Gordons, Elys and Hapgoods from Mass. Nearly all had emigrated first from England and Scotland to Massachusetts, then to Windsor County, which was not declared to be in Vermont until about 1777. They called their settlement Rushford, but it was not set off from Caneadea until 1816.

Pliny Bannister immigrated to the Settlement in 1812; Roderick Bannister in 1813, and Wayne Bannister in 1814. Warren Bannister, formerly a Congregationalist in Vermont, brought his family, consisting of wife (who was Sarah Place of Rochester, Windsor County, Vermont), children and sister-in-law, Miss Lydia Place. Mrs.

Warren Bannister died and was laid in one of the first graves made in the old cemetery, leaving four small children, who in late years were known as Mrs. Pluma Bannister Persons, Mrs. Hester Ann Bannister Richards, Mrs. Sarah Bannister De Lano, and Mr. Clark Bannister, all now deceased.

Pliny Bannister had been a school teacher in Massachusetts, and when there were children to be taught in the new settlement, he was employed, making him among the first school teachers in Rushford. His first school certificate in New York State in existence is dated Caneadea, December 20th, 1815, and is signed by Dyer Story and Abel Belknap, Inspectors of Common Schools.

In April, 1816, Pliny and Wayne Bannister took a tract of land of two hundred acres each, four miles east on Caneadea Creek, on which they builded a saw and grist mill. Lucy Bannister, a sister living at Windsor, Vt., joined them. During the year 1820 Wayne fell from the dam, and when found was dead. His sister could not endure the strain and returned to Windsor, Vermont.

Roderick Bannister, with his wife (née Lydia Place), came to the valley home and formed a partnership with his brother, Pliny Bannister, which continued for a number of years. Later the mills were sold to other parties. Roderick Bannister's children were Mrs. Rowena Bannister Charles, who lived in Rushford for many years, and afterwards moved to Fort Scott, Kansas, where she died in 1893; and Albert Bannister, who now lives at Pasadena, California.

In 1823 Pliny Bannister married the daughter of Stephen Wicher of Rochester, Vt., who was engaged in teaching school in Angelica, N. Y. They lived in the home they made in the valley near the mills forty-three years. Mrs. Pliny Bannister possessed great executive ability, good health, a cheerful disposition and a helpful

willingness to share the burdens that were present in an undeveloped country, not only in her own home, but in the homes of her neighbors, in sickness or trouble. Their family of nine children grew to manhood and womanhood in this home. Their eldest daughter, Esther, was married to Luther Gilman of Centerville, and died at Pasadena, California, in 1907. Silas Bannister married Lucinda Emmerson; he died at Los Angeles in 1894. His family still live there. Henry Clay Bannister died at the old home, age nineteen years; Stephen W. Bannister, age eighteen years. Marriet Bannister, wife of Alfred Kellogg, died in the old home of her parents. Her family live in the vicinity. Amelia Bannister, the only surviving member of the Pliny Bannister family, is the wife of Mr. Charles A. DeBerczy, who live at Fort Scott, Kansas. Fanny Bannister Kendall was the wife of the late Linus Kendall, of Churchville, New York. She died at Fort Scott, Kansas, March 26th, 1876. Their living children are now in Churchville at the Kendall home.

Julia Bannister, wife of Dr. V. W. Sunderlin, died in Pasadena, California, April 18th, 1896. Andrew J. Bannister in 1861 enlisted in Captain Woodworth's Company D, Sixty-first Regiment, New York. He never returned; he died a prisoner of war. His grave is in Richmond, Virginia, in the National Cemetery.

In the childhood days of the Bannister children their acquaintances and friendships were limited in a degree by the school district. It gives me great pleasure to mention the many worthy people we called neighbors, but to us they were like relatives. From the Bannister house we could see "Uncle Bill" Woodworth, Will Wheeler, Will Ackerly, Mr. Pryor, John Orcutt, Dan Balcom and Len Walker. All their children met in a small school-house year after year. They were interested in each other, noting the absence or presence of the

expected. There were no dissensions of a serious nature among the pupils; the little school was a veritable arcadia. Neither is it a wonder; when grand and beautiful scenery surrounding us was ever suggesting the inspiration of changing loveliness. The bright sunshine, the flitting clouds, quick showers, green fields, singing rivulets and cool springs, indulgent teachers and loving homes about us. Truly, it is a beautiful oasis in the retrospection of life in the far-away habitations!

Pliny Bannister was generous and kind to all, a loving friend, good conversationalist and a clear reasoner, which often led him into debates. He would illustrate his point by a telling story, leaving his opponent in good humor, but with something to think of. In that community everybody had opinions of his or her own, and there were often some very spicy debates, at noon recess, or between the hours of preaching, from twelve until one on Sunday. Then the church bell would ring, and all would be seated in expectant silence.

Pliny Bannister was a liberal supporter of all denominations, and later in life was one of the builders of the Universalist Church. He was a fine singer, and trained his own children in devotional music. He was temperate in habits, evenly poised in mind, and was interested in public improvements as well as local development of the country's industries, especially good roads and good schools. Pliny Bannister built a portion of the Plank Road, having a saw and planing mill in the gorge of Caneadea Creek, a tributary of the Genesee, and was a respected and desirable citizen.

After leaving Rushford, he began life anew in the forests of Michigan, but soon was convinced that his strength would not be equal to develop his plans there. From Michigan he moved to

Fort Scott, Kansas, to his daughters, Amelia and Julia.

I am proud to remember the many friends he won in his short life in Fort Scott, where he died in our home. Father and mother passed away in 1870; Pliny Bannister at the age of eighty, Abigail Bannister at seventy.

The Bannister Family.

A. W. BANNISTER.

My grandfather, Silas Bannister, saw some service in the war of the Revolution, as attested in the capture of an English account book. The captor used it as a general account book later, and it has been in my possession for the past half century. It has this obituary by his son Warren: "Silas Bannister"—"a friend of Literature and Science, a believer in Christian Theology and Gospel Ethics. Died in peace April 29—1827—Aged 75 years."

The home of Silas Bannister and his wife, Thankful Ely, in Windsor County, Vt., was the native home of six sons and six daughters; all of them lived to mature age.

Warren joined the troop and won name and fame in that line. He married Sarah Place of Rochester, and they and her sister Lydia were among the first settlers of Rushford. Tradition says he planted a grindstone at the center of the Town; which, although not a conspicuous land mark, may be still in place. His brother Roderick made a long mark, illustrating a mode of transportation a century ago, in driving a pair of steers and sled from Windsor County to Rushford about 1810 or 1812. Pliny and Wayne also joined the colony, and Wayne and Warren's wife were among the first burials in the

westside cemetery. Among the first graves made in West Cemetery is the following inscription:

Sacred
to the
Memory of
Sarah Bannister, wife to
Elder Warren Bannister,
Who was Neat, Industrious,
Economical and PIOUS,
An Ornament to her SEX,
Died Aug. 13th, 1820,
Æ 29 yrs. & 23 dys.
Till CHRIST Returns
Thy dear REMAINS
My BOSOM Friend
Lies here for Worms.

Roderick, who was one of the first Assessors, married Lydia Place, and later he and Pliny built mills at the "Gorge" of Caneadea Creek, where they lived neighbors for a generation, and there was my boyhood home. I do not remember the incident, but tradition says that my father—Roderick—took me to the kitchen to show to the "hired men" December 1st, 1825.

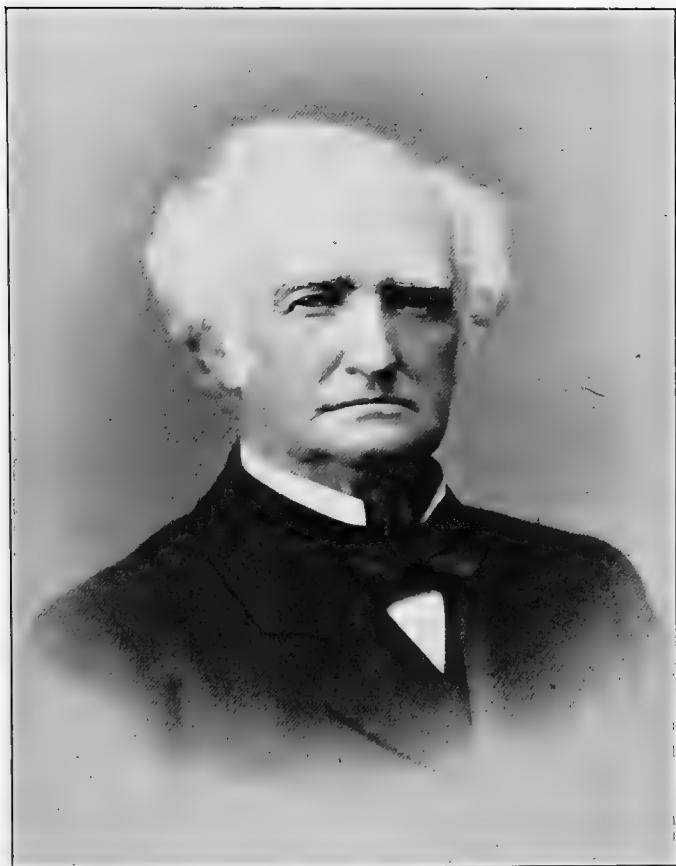
Pliny and wife Abigail raised a large family of children. My only married sister, Mrs. Charles, was born at Rushford about 1820. Pliny Bannister was a pioneer school-teacher, teaching the winter of 1813-14 where the Methodist Church now stands. He was also the first town-clerk. Pliny and Roderick Bannister were Universalists.

We reverently cherish the memory of that noble band of our forefathers with heartiest sympathy for the privations and hardships incident to pioneer life, although there was no doubt a compensating novelty in the simple life, and a sustaining enthusiasm in building homes in a wilderness, surrounded by wild beasts and roaming bands of Indians. But I must leave to abler pens than mine to portray these sturdy virtues that left

their impress upon the intellectual, moral and spiritual growth of Rushford, that has been so important a factor in the development of Allegany County and Western New York.

Alfred Bell.

Alfred Bell was born at Washington, New Hampshire, September 23rd, 1810. He was the eldest son of James Russell and Abigail Bell. When he was a lad, his parents, with their family, which included Alfred, his sister Rosina and brother Nathaniel, moved to a farm then in Rushford, now New Hudson, Allegany County, N. Y. His health was not robust and a year later he went to Rushford village, where he was taught business methods by the late Bates Turner Hapgood. On April 17th, 1837, at Bath, Steuben County, N. Y., he was married to Juliet Dibble. The town records show he was one of the founders of the Presbyterian Church of Rushford, and chosen clerk of that church. His sister, Rosina Bell McCall, and his wife were among the first members of the little church. He and his wife removed to Nunda, Livingston County, N. Y., where their children Charles Alfred, Frederick Alfred, Katherine M. and Charles Edward were born. The eldest and the youngest children died in infancy. The second son, Frederick Alfred, became a member of the largest bituminous coal firm in the country, and with his brother-in-law, George Howard Lewis and Arthur G. Yates, founded the Bell, Lewis and Yates Coal Mining Company. Each member of this firm is now dead. Katherine M. married George Howard Lewis, October 22nd, 1874. Two sons were born to them, one Frederick Howard, who died in infancy, the other Alfred George, who married in 1903, Agnes Bevan Slosson in Geneva, New York. They have two children,



ALFRED BELL

Katherine Bell Lewis, 2nd, and Alfred George, Junior. This grandson, Alfred George, who owns the White Springs Farm, at Geneva, New York, has now the greatest Guernsey herd of cattle in the world.

After Alfred Bell's removal to Nunda, he went into several business enterprises which proved successful. In 1858 he was elected to the State Legislature and served faithfully for two years. He was one of the founders of and the largest giver to the Presbyterian Church at Nunda, and was Superintendent in the Sunday-School for many years. While living in Nunda he made purchases of large timber tracts at Bellport, and at DuBois, Pennsylvania. In 1866, he moved with his family to Rochester, N. Y., and was quite actively engaged in the lumber business at Bellport. After cutting the timber off the lands there, he leased his coal lands at DuBois to the firm of Bell, Lewis and Yates, of which his son and son-in-law were president and vice-president. He was the owner of large tracts of timber lands in Michigan and Wisconsin, which he afterwards sold. He was a philanthropic man, doing always for others, although his later years were not active business years. He died at his beautiful home in Rochester, August 24th, 1892, aged 81 years and 11 months. His wife died December 10th, 1893, at the home of her son, Frederick Alfred Bell, in Buffalo, N. Y. They are buried in the family lot in Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester, N. Y.

In speaking of Mr. and Mrs. Bell, the *Post-Express*, of Rochester, says: "They were prominent and popular members of Rochester society. Their commanding forms, dignified bearing and genial ways made them desirable acquisitions to the social circle. Their manners gentle, refined and courteous, were those of the old school which are

more and more appreciated as its representatives lessen in number. They possessed also the higher graces of kindly, sympathetic natures. Their silent, secret benevolences were many, but were generally unknown to any but themselves and their recipients."

Katherine B., their only daughter, the widow of George Howard Lewis, is still living at the home, Elmstone, Buffalo, New York, where her husband brought her soon after their marriage. Within the past four years she has purchased a country home next to her son, which she has named Bellwood Farms, in memory of her brother's home and of the family name.

Joseph Bell.

MARY BELL DICKEY.

Joseph Bell was the youngest of twelve children, born to Jonathan and Deborah Bell, at Goffstown, New Hampshire, August 10th, 1805. His father was at the battle of Bunker Hill, and afterwards served in the army of the Revolution. Like other lads of his day, he was apprenticed to learn the shoemaker's trade at Manchester, New Hampshire, near his home. When but nineteen years of age he started on horseback for New Hudson, New York, where his older brothers, Russell and Rodney, had settled. On his way a man wished to trade some land in Rochester for his horse. He did not accept the offer, but came on to Rushford in 1824.

He began making shoes for a man who owned the tannery there. By hard toil and close economy, he became a partner, and afterward sole owner.

About 1830 he married Lydia Elvira Dunham. Six children were born to them, Minerva, Martin A., William R., Lois A., James J. and Laurette,

whose death in 1843 was the first in the family. Hers was soon followed by the mother's on March 22nd, 1849. The six children were born in the "old house." Their mother died in the "new house," now occupied by Mrs. Arlie Ives.

On September 14th, 1851, Mr. Bell was married to Matilda M. Coburn at Covert, N. Y., by the Rev. Chauncey Wardner, who had formerly been Pastor of the church at Rushford. Two children were born to them, Mary Coburn and Nellie E.

He was early associated with the Baptist Church, of Rushford, being baptized in the winter of 1838, when it was necessary to cut the ice to administer the ordinance. With the exception of five years, he was a member until his death.

Once when he was enlarging his tannery the citizens, by subscription, bought a steam whistle and placed it on the tannery, to be blown four times a day and in case of fire.

When the family lived in the "old house," the chambers were used for shoemaking and repairing. At this time he made a great many fine boots, with red morocco tops, at five dollars a pair. When the tannery was first purchased by him the bark was ground by horse power, and afterwards as his business prospered steam was put in (1849). He made frequent trips to the West, buying hides for his business. In 1867, his son, James J., was killed by an explosion of a boiler in the tannery. After the death of his son he sold his interest in the tannery to his other sons and A. J. Colburn, who rebuilt it.

During the Civil War he, with several others of his age, used to meet at the store of Hapgood & Higgins, where Mr. O. T. Higgins would read aloud the New York *Tribune*. In an early day he was an Abolitionist, and afterwards a Republican.

For a time Mr. Bell dealt in cows, going to

Canada to buy them, and shipping them to Rushford for the cheese industry.

In 1872, although past the prime of life, he migrated to Michigan and located in the thriving city of Ionia, and from thence to Maple Rapids, where he engaged in mercantile business. While in the West, Mr. D. B. Sill and Mr. O. T. Higgins came there to buy pine land. Mr. O. T. Higgins and his guide were lost for several days in the woods, and afterwards when he was visiting Mr. Bell he said that the bountiful dinner he was partaking of did not taste any better to him than a piece of bacon held on a stick over a fire and dripping into his hardtack, during the time he was lost in the woods.

But nothing could wean Mr. Bell from the associations of former days, and after a residence of five years in Michigan he returned to his home in Rushford, to pass his declining years in the surroundings so interwoven with his experiences. He always enjoyed entertaining his old friends, and was never so happy as when surrounded by his friends and relatives.

While on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Lois Ferguson at Geneseo, he died October 3rd, 1883.

At his death he was known as one of the substantial and honored citizens of Rushford.

The Benjamin Family.

Levi Benjamin, the first of the family known in Rushford, came from Woodstock, Vt., in 1815, and settled on Lot Thirty, one mile north of the village, where he lived and died in 1864, eighty-seven years of age. His family consisted of a wife, Abigail Kendall, whom he married in 1802; Sally, thirteen years old; and two sons, Eliab, three years, and Almon, eighteen months old. Two sons were born in Rushford: Albert,



FRANCES HAMMOND
(MRS. J. G. BENJAMIN)



who died in young manhood, and Charles, born in 1818. Levi was the first Postmaster, and kept the first public house or inn, as it was called at that time. He and his wife were consistent members of the Baptist Church, which began its life in November, 1815. He held several official positions in the Church, and was one who shared in the building up and growth of the new settlement. The daughter married Daniel Chase, living in the vicinity until he with his family removed to Iowa about 1850.

The children of Sally Benjamin Chase were Isaac, who married a Miss Tubbs; Levi married, leaving one son, Arthur, a violinist; Ezra married Naomi, a daughter of James McCall, and had four children. One son went to the war and never returned. A son, James, in Greely, Iowa, has three sons, one a physician. The two daughters settled in the West. Daniel Chase, Jr., married Sally, a daughter of Matilda McCall Howe, settled in Iowa, and died there. There were three others, Elmer, Eliab and Emma.

On January 13th, 1836, Eliab was married to Maria Gordon, daughter of James Gordon, and began housekeeping on what is known as the Talcott farm. Four children came to gladden the home: Julia died in early life. James G. has always lived in Rushford; he was School Commissioner, and has been interested in church and other activities, and a useful member of the Centennial Committee. He married first Frances Hammond, daughter of Augustus Hammond, of distinguished ancestry. She came to Rushford Academy January 1st, 1862, and was a woman of beauty and great loveliness of character. Few women in Rushford have had more grace and charm than she. During the great local flood in August, 1864, two months previous to the birth of her son, her life was in peril by their home

being surrounded by water. Mr. Benjamin was absent, and as soon as it was possible to reach the house, Rev. J. C. Nobles and O. T. Higgins waded through the water, made a chair of their hands and carried her to safety. Their son, W. F. Benjamin, born in 1864, was left motherless when a babe only a few days old. His grandmother cared for him tenderly, but who can name the loss of such a beautiful influence and such lovely sympathy as a mother would have bestowed upon her child?

W. F. Benjamin, after his school days were over, and when only twenty-one years of age, purchased the *Rushford Spectator*, March 1st, 1885. It was founded in 1878. Mr. Benjamin has been its owner and publisher twenty-five years, and it is one of the most breezy newspapers in the County, and undoubtedly has one of the largest circulations. Mr. Benjamin has a furniture store and other business interests in Rushford. He married, April 29th, 1886, Miss Cora Chase.

James G. married for a second wife, Imogene Kingsbury, daughter of Nelson and Emeline Lyon Kingsbury, who is the mother of the other three boys.

John married Margaret Reese, and is in the furniture business. He was Town Clerk for two years.

George graduated in Toronto, and is located at Hamilton, Canada.

Abram married Marie Lewis, and is employed in the *Spectator* office.

Lucian, second son of Eliab, died unmarried in 1867, respected and loved by all who knew him. Burney went to New York when a young man, married and died there, leaving one daughter, Bertha, who married Edward Davis, a very successful business man. They live in Beverly, Cali-

fornia. Their son is in business with his father, and they have one daughter.

Almon, Levi's second son, was married in June, 1835, to Eliza Ann McCall, a daughter of James McCall. After purchasing various farms they went to Erie County for seventeen years, finally returning to Rushford to spend the remainder of their lives. Almon was a total abstainer and an aggressive temperance worker. He "used hospitality without grudging," and was always ready to undertake difficult tasks. He died October 19th, 1893. He had four children. The eldest, Francis, served during the Civil War, enlisting from Rockford, Illinois. At the close of the war he married Mary Poor, of Illinois, and came to Rushford and went from there with his father to Hamburg. A little daughter, too fair for earth, brought much gladness, but only lived a few months, and in March, 1868, the mother followed.

In 1870, he married again and spent the remainder of his life in Erie County, where his five sons were born. Frederick Frank married and lives in Derby. He is a traveling salesman and quite successful. Almon, Jr., was a successful teacher for a few years, and is now proprietor of a hotel in North Dayton, N. Y. He has one daughter.

Roy went to live with his Uncle Frank and Aunt Mary Lyman in Waukesha, Wis., when seventeen, where he was graduated from the High School, and he now has a shoe store in that city.

Earl, the youngest, owns and operates the grocery business formerly owned by his father.

Francis and his son, Fred, were killed on their grocery wagon by a train, May 2d, 1907. Sophia, a daughter of Almon, married A. M. Taylor, of whom further mention is made under the Taylors.

Mary, the second daughter of Almon, had great musical talent and received instruction under Prof. H. R. Palmer and others. She went to Wisconsin to teach music in 1865, where she met and married the next year Frank W. Lyman, who was a railroad man for forty years. In January, 1901, he passed away.

Cloe, the youngest, had a contralto voice and is an attractive woman. She went to Hamburg with her parents, and has since lived there. She married Myron L. Colvin, in December, 1866. They have two daughters, who married Brandel brothers, one an employee of the B. & S. R. R. Company, the other engaged in life insurance business. The oldest daughter has one son, the polar star of the entire family, Myron Philip Brandel.

Charles Benjamin, youngest of Levi's sons, married Huldah Lamberson, daughter of John Lamberson. He was a successful farmer. He cared for his father the last years of his life. The mother, Abigail, died in 1842. Three children, Romaine, Arcelia and Ralph, were born to them. Romaine enlisted in the army in 1861, but from disabilities remained only a few months. He married Ellen Williams of Freedom. They have two sons, Charles, Jr., and Lucian, both engaged in the hardware business in Warren, Pa. Charles married Ella Michael, of Hamburg, and has four children. Lucian remains unmarried. He loves to sing, and does it well. He uses his talent as a church singer. No Rushford parade would be complete without Romaine Benjamin as Marshal.

Arcelia married George Hall; she had six children.

Ralph married Georgie Thomas, of Farmersville, where they lived. They have two children. Harry, who was graduated at Rushford High

School, spent some time at an art school in New York, and is now employed in Canada as a window decorator and advertiser. Agnes is at home.

Fred was for a time in Pittsburg, Pa., where he married. He removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where he is engaged in the real estate business. His wife died in 1908.

Carl, a teacher, died unmarried, as did the only daughter, Lena.

Charles married Jennie Barras, of Rushford, and lives on the old homestead. They have three sons.

Grover, graduated at Rushford High School, taught a few years, is now a grocer in Quincy, Michigan. He married and has four children.

Ralph, the youngest son of Charles, enlisted in the army as soon as he was old enough, and was killed in the battle of Chancellorsville.

Asa Benjamin, a brother of Levi, and Samuel Persons, whose mother was a sister of Levi, came to Rushford about 1818 from Vermont. At one time there were so many families living on the same street in that neighborhood that came from Windsor, Vermont, that they called it Windsor Street.

Asa's children were: Sylvia, married John Neff; Abigail, married John Bishop; Percy, married Seth Colburn, and Harriet, married George Colburn.

Oliver, the son, married Lucia Woods. He came into possession of his father's home, where he lived and died, leaving a daughter, Sylvia, who married Thomas Williams, and in turn came into possession of the family homestead. The girls first lived in Rushford, but after a few years the Neffs went to Cuba, and the Bishops to Coudersport, Pa.

The descendants of Asa Benjamin who are living in Rushford in 1908 are: Sylvia Ben-

jamin Thomas, who had five children; only the youngest, Daniel, remains, and he occupies the O. D. Benjamin place, which was the original Asa Benjamin homestead. Dan married Nellie James, a daughter of E. T. James; they have two daughters. Percy Colburn left three daughters: Gratie; Julia married Nathan Miller and died leaving three children; Ethel married Eben Hynes, has four children and lives near where her grandparents settled.

Julia, second daughter, keeps house for her father. Harriet Benjamin Colburn left two children, an unmarried daughter, Flora, and a son, Homer, who married Flora Alderman, and died leaving a son and daughter, who are unmarried and live at East Rushford.

Those who have lived elsewhere for a long time are equally thrifty people.

Mrs. Stellah Blanchard.

MARCH, 1900.

Stellah White was born in the town of Rushford, July 14th, 1835, and died at her home in Rushford, March 21, 1900.

July 18th, 1855, she was married to Barnes Blanchard, who died April 26, 1880. She was the mother of two children, Homer who died at the age of three years, and George, who at the age of twenty-seven died April 23, 1890, in Tennessee, on his way home from Florida, where he had been spending the winter in hopes of regaining his health.

She came of a family of six children, two daughters and four sons. Her sister, Mrs. Ellen W. Hubbell, has resided in the West for the past seventeen years. Her brothers—Washington, Henry, Quincy and Thomas White—all died in Rushford, except Thomas, who enlisted in the

Civil War in 1862 and died in Andersonville prison in the fall of 1863.

Mrs. Blanchard joined the Presbyterian Church in 1871.

She endured the trials, sufferings and privations of this life with Christian fortitude, and died in the triumphs of a living faith.

David J. Board.

F. M. BOARD.

The first blacksmith in the town of Rushford was born in Castleton, Vermont, July 27, 1792. He came to Rushford about 1816 and started a blacksmith shop on lot 30, on the land now owned by Mrs. George Hall, on the east side of the road, near the south line of the farm. To this day, when the land is ploughed, charcoal, where he burned his pot for charcoal for the forge, bits of iron and cinders show. He went back to Vermont and married Laura Woods in 1818. He settled in East Bloomfield, Ontario Co., N. Y., blacksmithing until about 1823, when he moved to Rushford, so his wife could be near her brothers and sisters, buying an article for tract of land on part of lot 22. Here Mr. Board farmed it the rest of his life. He died on his wedding anniversary, Aug. 2nd, 1877.

During the time they lived at East Bloomfield a son, Oscar F. Board, was born, in 1820. He was nearly four years old at the time his parents moved to Rushford; here he lived on a farm most of his life. He died in 1899 at his residence in town. He was survived by a wife, formerly Miss Clarissa Richards, who was born in Broome County, N. Y., in 1819. She was married in 1848 and died in 1906. Their son, Frank M. Board, born in 1850, and their daughter, Anna Board, born in 1852, died in 1906.

Elmer M. Bond.

Elmer M. Bond is the son of Dr. Hiram Bond and Almeda Slussar. He is descended from Col. William Bond and others who served in the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars. The family early came from London and Dorset, England.

Dr. Hiram Bond, born in Grafton, Vt., in 1801; married October 17th, 1830. He graduated from Middlebury Academy and practised medicine in western New York.

Elmer M. Bond, his son, was born in Farmersville, N. Y., April 16th, 1841, leaving there in 1857 for Rushford, to continue his studies. While there he took up the study of law with Charles Woodruff, and from Rushford entered the Harvard Law School. On account of the confinement and indoor life, he was advised by his physician to leave Harvard. He then went to New York City, where he formed a partnership and engaged in the produce business. He married October 11th, 1864, Sophia Smith, daughter of Charles and Lucy Cady Smith.

Moses Smith, the father of Charles, came from Freehold, N. J., to Charlton, N. Y., where he was an early settler and became Sheriff and Member of Assembly. In the family is still preserved an old cockade with a miniature of Washington.

Sophia Smith was a beautiful girl, and had much talent in painting. She was in school at Gainesville, N. Y., and had other opportunities to cultivate this art.

Mr. and Mrs. Bond had three children, two of whom are living, Jennie Livera Bond and Charles Elmer Bond. Jennie Livera was graduated from Mrs. Reed's famous school in New York. She is now the wife of Edwin Coupland Shaw, General Manager of the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, of Akron, Ohio. She has had much opportunity for travel, both in this country and abroad, and is a woman of engaging personality.



ELMER M. BOND



The surviving son, Charles Elmer Bond, resides with his parents at White Plains, New York.

In 1868, Elmer Bond severed his connection with the New York firm and returned to Rushford to carry on the commission business on an extensive scale, having a New York correspondent. He remained there until 1870, when he removed to Cuba, N. Y., to extend the same business. In 1880, he assisted in organizing the First National Bank of Cuba, and was elected its president, holding that position in connection with his other business interests until he removed to Buffalo, in 1887, where he continued the commission business on probably the largest scale of anyone in Western New York. He was persuaded by owners of large combinations to return to New York to superintend and act as their selling agent. This business grew to such large proportions that it comprised the most important combinations in the State, giving him a powerful influence on the New York market, to the discomfort of many of his competitors, which naturally, as success always does, made them jealous. They said, "He came to New York in a palace car, but we will send him back on foot in sixty days." He acted in that capacity, however, until the time of the Centennial in 1908, when the business became diverted from New York City and was distributed by different cold-storage firms direct from the country districts. He lived in New York City during these years, where he still retains his office. He now has a residence at White Plains, N. Y., where he has been Alderman for the past four years, for the sake of trying to assist in good government and add to civic pride.

Mr. Bond has accomplished much for himself, his family and others, and is one of whom Rushford may well be proud. He and his attractive daughter were present at the Centennial.

Chapman Brooks.

Chapman Brooks was born the year Washington died, 1799, in Paris, Oneida County. Afoot, with a pack on his back, he came to Rushford in 1820. He ate his first meal in town at Ephraim White's on the hill this side of East Rushford. All they had for supper was hulled corn and molasses. He had one acquaintance in town, Dr. Smith. In 1821 he married Maria Roberts of Otisco. They made their journey to town in a lumber wagon. Their first home was on the Cream Ridge road. There he had a log house with two large outside doors, opposite. The family were surprised one day by seeing an Indian walk through with a deer on his back. The neighbors were so far away that after he left home to teach school Monday morning, sometimes his wife would not see a person to speak with until his return Saturday night.

He was Justice of the Peace many years. When he considered himself still a middle-aged man, some one said to him, "Uncle Chapman." He didn't look up. "Uncle Chapman." Still he didn't look up. "Mr. Brooks." Then he heard.

His children were, 1, Caroline (Mrs. W. B. Alley); 2, Cynthia (Mrs. C. W. Woodworth); 3, Mary J. (Mrs. S. R. Remington); 4, Homer Brooks; 5, Amelia (Mrs. D. Atkins).

On this side of the hill south of the village, where there is still an old orchard and where roses still bloom, Mrs. Woodworth was born in a log house. Homer Brooks was born in the Washington house, now the Tarbell house, which his father owned and kept over twenty years. Mrs. Brooks used to tell with pride, in her old age, that she baked a barrel of flour in one day.

Prof. G. W. F. Buck.

G. W. F. Buck was born May 5th, 1833, in Reading, near the foot of the Green Mountains, Windsor County, Vermont. While still a child his parents and several relatives moved to what was quite a remote West, locating in Granger, Allegany County, New York.

He was educated, to a considerable degree, at home, the family and kindred having enjoyed the benefit of the New England schools. Later he attended Nunda Academy, Oberlin and Genesee Colleges. At the latter College, now transformed into Syracuse University, he graduated in 1856. He went South immediately and was tutor for a year in the family of a Southern planter in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, near Winchester, Virginia. Returning North, he was Assistant in Rushford Academy in the fall of 1857; then Principal till the close of the fall term, 1864.

He then went to New York City and spent considerable time continuing his studies in the Modern Languages and History. He also began there newspaper and magazine work, which he followed for several years, with frequent travels and with intervals of teaching in New York and Ohio.

For change of climate he went South in 1887 and has since lived there, not engaged in active pursuit, residing, in general, in a very romantic section of historic Mt. Lookout, a few miles from Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Having recently suffered from a severe attack of la grippe, he is now sojourning in Alabama, with a very skilled physician, his personal friend.

Many tributes have been paid to Professor Buck for his unusual qualities as a teacher and preceptor. While Professor Sayles planted the wise seeds, they produced an abundant harvest under Professor Buck's discriminating care.

There is grace, as well as brilliancy, in his pen pictures, which give pride to all who knew him, and admiration as well as gratitude to those who have the pleasure of reading his contributions. As he has loved the memories, so is he beloved in memory.

Dr. William J. Burr.

Dr. William J. Burr came to Rushford in 1849. He was born, as was his sister Mary, who married Daniel Leavens, at Homer, Cortland County, N. Y. He taught about ten years in Rushford.

Dr. Burr enlisted in the Civil War as Hospital Steward, in the 76th N. Y. V. He was soon promoted to Assistant Surgeon of the 59th N. Y. V.; then Surgeon of the 42nd Regiment. When mustered out of the latter regiment he was appointed Acting Staff Surgeon.

Many have gone out whose names have been connected with Rushford, and it is a pleasure to record Dr. Burr among the number who have won distinction.

His son, George Lincoln Burr, is Professor of Mediæval History at Cornell University.

His daughter, Sarah B., is Mrs. Becker, of Buffalo, N. Y.

The Bush Family.

Conradt Busch, the grandfather of Watson W. Bush, was a Revolutionary soldier, who had more thrilling experiences than fell to the lot of most men, even in those days of action and heroism. He was born at Gir, in Holland, October 29, 1753, and emigrated to the American Colonies in 1770, landing in New York, where he lived until the War of Independence began, when he immediately volunteered and served through the entire war. He describes General Washington at the

time he took command of the army at Cambridge under the historic elm, as "a tall, finely formed, dignified man with noble air, dressed in a blue broadcloth coat, buff knee breeches, silk stockings and a cocked hat."

During the first part of his service, he was one of General Washington's mounted bodyguards, who were nearly all Hollanders or Germans, commanded by Major Barth Van Heer. While serving as such guard he was one of a party of scouts sent out by General Washington to locate the enemy. It was a dark, foggy day, and before they saw the enemy they were in their midst. The British fired upon them, killing all but three, who gave rein to their horses and escaped. On returning to camp they told the General what had happened; he only said: "We'll pay them for that." He sent out a detachment and before dawn they came to the same place, spiked the guns of the British as they slept, and took the whole camp prisoners.

At times he acted as an impromptu secretary for Timothy Pickering, later General Washington's War Secretary. Conradt Busch further served with Pickering in the Quartermaster's Department. He also served with General Lafayette, who recognized his old companion in arms before he reached the dock, on his visit to Syracuse, in 1825. He was in Colonel Lamb's famous Regiment of Artillery, where he rose to be Captain. He was at the battle of Long Island with a company of Pennsylvania Militia under Colonel John Peter Kichlein, also at the battle of Trenton and Princeton, and crossed the Delaware on that bitter cold Christmas night, when the blocks of ice in the river were pushed aside by the cutlasses of the soldiers, and was present at the surrender of Cornwallis.

After the war he returned to New York, choosing the vocation of what would now be

called a country peddler, at that time a traveling merchant. In 1784 he married Mary Watson, the daughter of William Watson, who emigrated from Ireland and took up his residence in Ulster County, N. Y. On July 7th, 1791, he was granted 640 acres of land for his military service, being Lot No. 47, in Pompey Township, N. Y., where he moved in 1800, and made it his future home. Here he died, December 19th, 1855.

He always considered the privilege to vote the most sacred duty he had to perform, and voted at every election as long as he lived. On the morning of Election Day he put on his full military uniform, including his belt and sword. When he presented his vote he always removed his hat and stood at attention until the vote was deposited in the ballot box. On one occasion a young man thought he would have some fun at the old gentleman's expense, so he challenged his vote on the ground that he was a foreigner, and had not been naturalized. The old gentleman did not take it that way; he drew his sword and stood as straight as he did in his younger days, and said: "Young man, I swore my vote in over that blade; if you do not withdraw that challenge, I will swear you into your eternal grave with it." It is not necessary to say that challenge was withdrawn.

Mr. and Mrs. Busch had twelve children, three of whom served in Capt. I. Castle's Company of New York Militia, in the war of 1812, namely, John, Jacob and Alexander.

Alexander Bush, the father of Watson W. Bush (the name having been anglicized), was born August 3rd, 1795, in Ulster County, N. Y., and came to Pompey, Onondaga County, N. Y., in 1800, with his parents. He later helped clear the land where Syracuse now stands. December 16th, 1817, he married Deborah Grimes, the

daughter of Thomas and Mary Greenfield Grimes, of Scotch and English descent. They began housekeeping on a farm he had bought, and also took 40 acres of public land from the State, that adjoined his farm, which is now in Lafayette, N. Y.

In 1825 he was Lieutenant in a Militia Company and had command of the same, acting with the balance of the militia under General Gott, to escort General Lafayette on his visit to Syracuse. In 1826 he sold his farm and moved to Pike, then in Allegany County, where he made his home until 1873; he then came to Rushford to live with his son, where he died, March 26th, 1891, and was buried in Pike, by the side of his wife, Deborah Grimes Bush, who died May 17th, 1862.

To them were born four children, Harriet Jane Bush, September 4, 1818, who married Royal Adams; she died September 28, 1899. Angeline Bush was born February 23, 1821, and married Horace Blodget; she died July 22, 1878. Lucina Grimes Bush was born April 4, 1831, married Wolcott F. Griffin, January 9, 1855, died May 11, 1863. They had one daughter, Ella L. Griffin.

Watson W. Bush was born at Pike, N. Y., August 14, 1841. In the fall of 1857, when he was 16 years old, he engaged in the mercantile business at Pike, under the firm name of Adams & Bush. After the death of his mother, May 17, 1862, he sold his interest in the business, and came to Rushford, on June 5, 1862, entering the store of Wolcott F. Griffin, which was known as The Union Store, and continued in the same until November, 1863, when he entered the Army.

In November, 1862, his first vote was cast in Rushford for James S. Wadsworth for Governor.

In November, 1863, he obtained authority from the Adjutant General of this State to recruit a

company for the Army, and filled the quotas for a number of towns in Allegany, Wyoming and Cattaraugus Counties, and was mustered as First Lieutenant of Company "B," Second New York Mounted Rifles, on January 7, 1864. The company and regiment did duty at Buffalo, N. Y., until March, when they were ordered to report in Washington, D. C., where the month of April was spent in drill and preparing for active service at the front. So many had enlisted in this regiment that had previously served from one to two years in other regiments that it was classed as a Veteran Regiment. On May 2nd they received their orders to join the Army of the Potomac, then commanded by General U. S. Grant, which they did at the Wilderness, on the 7th day of May, 1864. And there Capt. Bush saw the remains of General James S. Wadsworth, who was killed in the hard-fought battle of the 6th, and for whom he had cast his first vote for Governor, in 1862. From thence on he and his regiment shared in the hard fought battles of the Army of the Potomac. On September 30th, at Pegram's farm, he was taken prisoner, after a hard fight and against great odds, where about seventy-five were killed and wounded; about forty, the remainder of the detail, were taken prisoners and were held in the following Confederate prisons, at Petersburg, Va., Libby Prison, at Richmond, Va., Salisbury, N. C., Danville, Va. Capt. Bush was sent to Libby Prison and paroled from there February 22, 1865. A large number of the prisoners who were taken at the same time died in prison, and others, after they had been exchanged in our Government hospitals.

He was promoted to Captain, January 28, 1865. After being exchanged he returned to his company and served with the regiment until it was discharged, on August 28, 1865.

Returning to Rushford, October 1, 1865, he



JENNIE
(MRS. W. W. BUSH)



formed a copartnership with W. F. Griffin under the firm name of Griffin & Bush. In 1868 Mr. Griffin sold his interest to O. T. Stacy and Wm. E. Kyes; the business was then conducted under the name of W. W. Bush & Co. In the fall of 1872 Mr. Bush sold his interest to Stacy & Kyes, and bought the Concrete Store building of Washington White, which he now owns. He was one of the Board of Education of Rushford Union School for ten years, serving one year as President and nine years as Secretary of the Board. He also served as Town Clerk from 1875 to January 1, 1904, twenty-eight years, which is the longest term that any one has held an office in the history of the town. On February 5, 1873, he married Wealtha Jane Hill, the daughter of John W. and Sophia McClure Hill. To them were born two sons, John Alexander and William Watson.

John Alexander Bush was born April 21, 1874, and graduated from the Rushford Union School in the Class of 1893, and went at once to the O. T. Stacy Company, at Rochester, N. Y., where he still remains as Treasurer of the company. June 30, 1902, he married Mary Whitney, the daughter of Wm. Graves and Sylvia Baker Whitney. They have one son, William Watson Bush, born August 21, 1904.

William Watson Bush was born April 17, 1882; he attended school at Rushford, and was graduated from Dental Department of the University of Buffalo in the Class of 1903, and has practiced his profession at Rushford since. On the 12th of November, 1903, he married Myrtie Metcalf, the daughter of Charles Levi and Nellie Persons Metcalf.

Prison Experiences in Civil War.

W. W. BUSH.

By special request I will write a sketch of my experiences while in Libby and other Confederate Prisons. This is a portion of my life that I have always tried to forget, and is a subject that never gives me pleasure to recall. For that reason I seldom say anything about those days of suffering and privation. Perhaps it would be in keeping at this time to give a short sketch of prison life, as quite a number of the boys from Rushford who served in the army had the misfortune of experiencing the same.

On the 29th of September, 1864, we received orders to draw three days' rations and issue to every man sixty rounds of cartridge. On the morning of the 30th we had our breakfast before sunrise, and at about 10 o'clock the line was formed. We passed through the Fifth Army Corps and formed our line in front of them, with our Brigade, commanded by General Curtin, on the right and our regiment at the right of the Brigade. Six companies from the right of our Regiment were taken, and deployed as skirmishers, and advanced, driving back the Rebel line through a field and piece of woods and across a large open field for about three miles, when we came in sight of their main line, about a thousand feet in front of us. We held the line there established until about 5 P. M., when they charged our line on the left and in our front, charging several times, only to be repulsed. As we were armed with the Spencer repeating carbine, and could fire six shots as quickly as the infantry could one with their muzzle-loading muskets, they succeeded in breaking through five double lines of the Fifth Corps on our left, and swung around to their left and surrounded the right end of our line and six officers and about forty men were

captured, with about seventy-five men killed and wounded. That night we were taken to Petersburg and placed on the island. On the morning of October 1st all the prisoners were searched and relieved of their blankets, extra clothing and what Confederate money they had. After the search was completed they were marched to about the center of Petersburg, and near the river, and placed in an old cigar and tobacco factory. The officer that had charge of the guard said, "You'uns needn't be afraid, as the Yanks has only hit this building three times, but have knocked hell out of all the other buildings around it," as we could see. Here we were kept until October 3rd. During the three days they gave us one ration, consisting of three sea biscuits, and removed us to Libby Prison, at Richmond, which was the Waldorf-Astoria of the Confederate prisons. On arriving at Libby they took everything that had been omitted at Petersburg, and told us rations had been issued for that day, so we would have to wait until to-morrow for ours. On the 5th we received a small ration of soft bread. By this time we thought we were getting initiated into prison life. Our stay here was to be short. At half past three P. M., all the officers, who were quartered together, were ordered below, and were given rations for three days, then marched to the Richmond and Danville Railroad, and placed in box cars. Our trip south then began. At 3 o'clock P. M., Sunday the 9th, found us at Greensborough, N. C. At 8 A. M. of the 10th, we were marched to the railroad and placed in box cars and started farther south, arriving at Salisbury, N. C., at 8 o'clock P. M., and marched to the Penitentiary grounds. On entering, the first person I saw was my old friend, Captain Jasper Griggs, of the 104th New York State Infantry, who told me to come with him as he had a good place for me. On arriving there I found the only

place left was under an old building, that was not over two feet from the ground, but it sheltered us from the storm and was far better than many of them had. Here I bought a tin cup, paying five dollars for it. At this prison the officers were separated from the enlisted men, by a space about fifty feet wide, with a light furrow turned on each side, called the "dead line," with guards marching back and forth through the center. The officers and enlisted men were not allowed to speak to each other. The prison was inclosed with a stockade about twelve feet high, on the outside of which were platforms about 50 or 60 feet apart. A guard was stationed on each platform. About 12 feet inside of this stockade was a light furrow turned, called the dead line. If one of the prisoners came to or crossed that line the guard would shoot him. On Sunday, October 16th, Lieutenant Davis, of the 155th N. Y. S. Volunteers, and the writer were standing under an oak tree several feet back from the dead line, when the guard shot Lieut. Davis, in the left breast, grazing a Masonic pin that he wore. It was reported that the punishment that guard received for that brutal act was a promotion to sergeant. Here the prisoners had made plans to escape. October 19th the last word was to be sent across the dead line to the enlisted men. It was placed in a hollow bone, with the ends filled with dirt, to be thrown across the dead line, where it would be picked up by the men, but in throwing the long distance it fell short and dropped between the dead lines, and was picked up by the guard and sent to headquarters. In less than one hour, and between four and five o'clock P. M., the order came for the officers to fall in and they were marched out of the enclosure, placed in box cars, and started for Danville, Va., where we arrived October 20th, at 10:30 A. M.

We were taken to prison building number 3

and placed on the second and third floors of an old tobacco warehouse. There was not floor space to allow them to all lie down at the same time, so some had to stand while the others slept. To this time the hardships had not been great, except from hunger and a lack of water. Now, we were to face another hardship which was to cause more suffering than the short rations. It was the cold we could not escape, as we had nothing but our light summer clothing, consisting of a wool blouse (not lined), a flannel shirt, wool pants, boots or shoes, and many without stockings. The building had most of the windows broken out and slats nailed across the lower half of the windows. It was furnished with one small stove on the second floor, which would not warm twenty feet away, and the rooms were about thirty feet wide by ninety feet long. Here we were to stay for the next four months through the cold winter that was to come. It was so cold the Dan river was frozen over so that they crossed it on the ice with teams. I have no doubt that the cold caused more suffering and death than the poor and scant rations they received—but both did their part. Soon there was room to spare. The rations that were issued here for the most of the time consisted of a piece of corn bread, about two inches square and about four and a half inches long, and about a pint of bean soup, which looked like water with a few black cow beans thrown in, and these were always whole, occasionally a small piece of poor meat not larger than a hen's egg. As for myself I was better off than most of the officers. I had succeeded while on the cars going to Danville, when the guard was not watching, in getting a half of a wool blanket and a rubber one. October 28th, I sold an old watch for \$200.00 (in Confederate money) and bought a wool blanket.

On November 7th I had made a brass ring from the end of a shell fuse, which looked like gold (and I have no doubt I said it was). I traded this ring for a coat made of Kentucky jean, which kept me warm and did me good service. The man with whom I traded promised to let me have the ring back after the war, for \$100.00 in gold. I have never seen the ring from that day to this, and have never tried to find the man. The blankets I had were always shared with others, and were in use both day and night. One blanket would cover three or four at night, as we had to lie so close together to keep warm (we call it spoon fashion) that if one wanted to turn over he would wake the whole line and they would all have to turn over. Sometimes it was not appreciated along the line and there would be some adjectives used to express their displeasure.

November the 8th was election day, and we decided to hold an election in our prison and cast our votes for President, which we did. It resulted as follows:

The whole number of votes cast was.....367
 of which Abraham Lincoln received.....276
 and George B. McClellan..... 91

November 12th the sergeant of the guard reported there were 10,000 letters for the prisoners at Danville to be distributed, and brought in six for Brigadier-General Joseph Hayes, one for Colonel Gilbert Prey, and one for Colonel Hooper, which was all that were received of the 10,000 reported. On November 15th we heard that Lincoln was elected President and Reuben E. Fenton Governor of New York. December 7th flour was selling for \$352.80 per barrel and rice at \$2.00 a pound, in Confederate money. During the whole time I was in prison there were plans being made to make a general break and escape to our lines. The most favorable plan was to

move south and meet Gen. Sherman's army. On the 9th of December a guard of about 150 marched in front of our building and stacked their arms, which caused quite a commotion in our prison. If they had been organized they might have made a break, and taken the chance to secure the arms and ammunition and try to reach Sherman's army. On the morning of the 10th the feeling was stronger than it had been at any time and it was soon decided to take the chance. The plans were all arranged and the whole of our prison organized for the move, which was to be under the command of Brigadier-General Joseph Hayes and Brigadier-General Alfred N. Duffie. Colonel Ralston of the 24th N. Y. Cavalry was to take the outside guard and the extra guns belonging to the extra relief, numbering about forty. About fifteen were to go out after water, and the officers of the 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles were to take the two inside guard, stationed in the lower room. At about 1:30 p. m. Colonel Ralston, with his squad, passed out. When they reached the guard house, which was about thirty feet from our building, they dropped their buckets and took the extra guns. In the meantime the officers of the 2nd N. Y. had done their part of the work. The doors of the prison were thrown open and the prisoners rushed out. The plan was, first, to burn the railroad bridge that crosses the Dan River, take what they could that would be of use in the march, and start for General Sherman's army. The train that had just passed north over the bridge had left a detachment of soldiers, who had not yet stacked their guns. They rushed over the hill. As soon as they came in sight they began firing on the prisoners, and drove them back into the building. When reaching the same they fired many shots through the

windows, wounding quite a number of the prisoners, one of whom was Colonel Ralston, of the 24th N. Y. Cavalry, who died the night of the 15th or 16th from the wound. When asked by the officer of the guard who were responsible for the break, he said, "I am the only one responsible, and I am now past any fear from you." They also brought in the guard that was stationed in the lower room at the foot of the stairs, to identify the three who had taken him, saying they would make examples of them. The guard had received a blow sufficiently hard to render him unable to identify the ones he had encountered. Major Wm. H. Mapes, Captain Henry G. Stebbins and the writer were not molested. On many occasions we would hear the cry near the entrance of the prison, "Fresh Fish," which meant we had a detachment of new prisoners. We were all eager to meet them and hear the news from the outside world. At other times we would learn of some of our number to be returned to our line on a special exchange. Almost every prisoner would have some word he wished to send home. There were many occasions when the guard would announce they had some office work or some other duty to be performed and would give the prisoners a chance to do the work, and have a good place to stay with plenty to eat. They never had the pleasure of finding a man who would do the work, thereby releasing one of their men so that he might be sent to the front. Our answer would be "You can send around your dead-wagon and take us out, but we will not work even if we starve." We always furnished the help to take care of our own sick in the hospital. During the month of January and the fore part of February, '65, we began to hear rumors of exchange and there were special exchanges which helped to give the men new hope. On Feb-

ruary 14th orders came for ten men from our prison to go to Richmond for exchange, and to follow this was the order of the 16th for one thousand from this post to report at Richmond for exchange. From thence on there was nothing else talked of except the exchange. The next day at 10 P. M. we were marched to the railroad station, and took the train for Richmond, where we arrived at 2 P. M. and were met by the Richmond guard, who did not even try to keep the prisoners in line, but said, "If you'uns can get home any quicker than we'uns can send you we have no objection to your going." On the morning of the 20th the parole was signed by the prisoners. At 8 A. M., February 22nd, we left Libby Prison to pass down the James River for exchange at Aikins Landing. On arriving there Colonel Mumford (or Mulford), our commissioner of exchange, said he had made arrangements to take only about three hundred and there were about eight hundred of us. "If the balance will go back to Libby I will meet you to-morrow with suitable accommodations for you all." There was a silence and none responded. Then he said, "I can take all of you, but cannot give you the accommodations and care you deserve, but will do the best I can." There went up one cheer; he raised his hand, saying, "It is against orders to allow any demonstration until you are within our lines." Then we passed off the boat. About a half-mile back from the landing was our picket line. Here we could see the regimental flags as they waved in the gentle breeze along the line. We were once more among our friends and under the folds of the old Flag for which every prisoner was willing to die. I have not tried to describe the sufferings that these men endured. If I did I should fail, for no one can find words to describe them. At Danville and Salisbury the

death rate was larger than at Andersonville. Doubtless this was due to their being farther north. Of all the horrible suffering that I have ever heard of or read, I can say any prisoner who was there for five months or more, has seen a parallel case. Along toward the last of our stay there, in the morning the prisoners would go around to see how many had died during the night. On coming to one you would hear remarks like this: "Poor fellow, he is out of his misery," or another would say, "I wish it was I," or, "In a short time we will all be with him." Many could count the days upon their fingers, others the weeks and only the best the months, when they would join their companions and be at rest. Still they were loyal to their Country and their Flag. During all these sad days there were those who always tried to keep up the courage of their fellow comrades with cheerful songs and story-telling. There were expert chess and checker players and occasionally a few packs of cards found willing hands to shuffle them, and last, but not least, a fine ventriloquist and magician. Each one helped in his own way to shorten the long, dreary hours.

February 22nd, '65, on board the U. S. transport at two P. M., we left Aikins Landing and proceeded down the James River. On passing City Point it was a beautiful sight; every boat was profusely decorated with flags, as well as the buildings on the shore, in honor of the birth of the Father of our Country. As the day passed on there gathered a black cloud in the northwest and soon large flakes of snow began to fall, which added discomfort to the many prisoners who could not get shelter within the cabin. The surgeon placed every hospital steward and nurse on duty, and distributed every blanket on the boat, for the comfort of those on deck. Hot

coffee and bread was passed and urged upon every man; none was allowed to lie down upon the deck. On the morning of the 23rd the snow had fallen to the depth of about two inches. On arriving at Fortress Monroe, those who had died on the boat were removed, and we proceeded to Annapolis, where we arrived about 9 A. M. We were assigned to the U. S. A. Officers' Hospital, where I remained until February 28th, when we were given a leave of absence awaiting the General Order for our exchange. At the date I was captured I weighed 178 pounds. On February 23rd, at Annapolis, I weighed 87½ pounds. I had lost 90½ pounds in weight during the four months and twenty-two days that I was a prisoner. I had eaten every ration that was issued to me, and had used about \$300.00 in Confederate money buying extra rations during the time. The \$300.00 in Confederate money was procured through parties at Danville, Va., for which I gave my note for \$50.00 and paid the same at Annapolis, Md.

This statement of Prison life is not made from memory, but is taken from my diary, which I kept every day I was in prison.

I returned to my company, taking command of the same before I weighed a hundred pounds.

WATSON W. BUSH,
Late First Lieutenant and Captain
of Company "B," 2nd New
York Mounted Rifles.

Mathew P. Cady.

Mathew P. Cady was born in Windsor, Vermont, in 1786. When he came to Rushford, we do not know, but he was elected one of the assessors at the first town meeting in 1816.

His first wife, Lucy Hardy, was the mother of six children, the eldest of whom was Patrick. He

had two children, George Washington and Andrew Jackson, by his second wife, Lucy Tarbell.

He owned land on the west side of the Creek road, and lived where Mrs. Caroline Crocker now lives.

Mathew P. Cady, John Spencer and others built on Caneadea Creek the first saw-mill in Rushford, in 1816.

He caught cold while lumbering in the Pine Woods, and in a week he was gone at fifty-nine years of age. The last day of his life he uttered these words, "Two o'clock and I must give it up."

In 1819 he was town clerk. For five years he was supervisor.

In a book upon "Speculative Masonry," dated 1822, we find the following officers of Rushford Lodge: R. W. John Hammond, William Hull, Levi Benjamin, Eliab Going and Mathew P. Cady. He was one of the trustees of the "First Burying of Rushford," in 1832, where one may read his epitaph, "Though lost to sight to memory dear."

Charles Colburn.

Charles Colburn with his wife and three sons, George, Caleb and Abijah, came from Shrewsbury, Vermont, in 1833 and settled in Podonque. His brother Seth owned the adjoining farm. Two or three years later Holton, the younger and unmarried brother, came, walking over from Rochester with his boots on his back filled with potatoes for seed. He bought the farm south of Seth's. Thus the three Colburn brothers lived near each other for many years.

In 1838 Holton married Phebe Benjamin. In 1840 Charles and Seth built a saw-mill on Thunder Shower Creek. This mill was run incessantly at certain periods of the year. In 1846 Charles, with his sons George and Caleb, built a saw-mill at Kellogsville. They had the first circular saw used

in Rushford. Teams were sent to Rochester after it.

These brothers possessed a combination of faculties that made them desirable citizens. They were good farmers, good mechanics, able to turn their hand to almost any kind of work. They were upright and temperate. They did not desire notoriety, yet they aided in every worthy cause.

The children of Holton were Gratie, Julia (Mrs. Nathan Miller, deceased) and Myra (Mrs. A. Frazer). Gratie and Myra still reside in Rushford.

Adoniram and Henry B. were the sons of Seth.

Sketch of the Damons.

Rushford had in its earlier days many families of Rooseveltian size, whose members in various branches, produced a numerous and honored citizenship. The names of Gordon, McCall, Woods, Persons, Hardy, Benjamin, Lyman, Eaton and many others are familiar in this connection, and among them, perhaps, the Damon brothers. The oldest of these was Warren, always known as A. W. E. Damon. He was born in Reading, Windsor County, Vermont, May 15th, 1812. At thirteen years of age his father, Dimmick, son of another Dimmick, moved to the central part of New York State. After remaining there about two years, he moved with his wife, Debby, a sister of Frazier Eaton, to and located his family on the "Creek," or "Buffalo Road," northwest of Rushford, probably in 1826. Dimmick was an industrious, kindly, well-disposed man, somewhat noted for feats of strength. Later he went to Indiana, with several of the younger of his eight children.

A. W. E. Damon spent his life of fifty-eight years in habits of uniform industry. He was a

man of firm principle and character, of broad intelligence, a great reader, taking a deep interest in public affairs, and in promoting the educational interests of his neighborhood. In politics he was a Democrat till the organization of the Republican Party, after which he voted for Fremont, Lincoln and Grant.

The great social and political upheaval following the abduction and murder of William Morgan in his youth, and which was represented by such statesmen as Thurlow Weed, William H. Seward and John Quincy Adams, impressed upon his mind a settled and lifelong disapproval of Secret Societies, and particularly of Free Masonry. This sentiment was not allowed, however, as later with some of his family, to rupture his relations to Church and society.

His most prominent characteristic was his steadfast religious life. He found a home in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he held an influential position and various offices for many years.

Notwithstanding his strong Methodism, he chose for a companion a deeply conscientious Baptist, Emily, daughter of Nathan C. Kimball, one of Rushford's early and respected citizens, and a pillar in his Church, of whom "Colonel" Hardy once remarked, that if he forgot when Sunday came he could "always tell by seeing Deacon Kimball go to meeting." Later, through the influence of Rev. Nathan Fellows, Pastor of the Methodist Church, and for the sake of united work in the training of their children, she joined her husband in the fellowship of the Methodist Church.

Two or three incidents throw light upon his character and show the esteem in which A. W. E. Damon was held in the community. On a certain occasion, when their five children sat at table as usual, three sons on one side, two

daughters on the other, the conversation turned with a tone of anxiety on the future of the Church. The wife said, "What will become of the Church when we are gone?" With a quick glance of appreciation and cheerful confidence from one side of the table to the other, he remarked, "I expect these to take our places." All were together with them in the Church, at one period, and that "expectation," no doubt, had something to do with it. Family prayer was regular. The team was before the door at exactly nine o'clock on Sabbath morning for the four and a half mile slow drive to church, which was entered before the villagers arrived. The children stayed to the two preaching services, and attended Sabbath School at the same hour as the Class meeting was being held. The home was open for the entertainment of Ministers, to the delight of all the family. On one occasion three Baptist Ministers were so entertained. Not many years since, one of the old and prominent citizens of Rushford remarked the impression on his mind as to the character of the man, both as citizen and Christian, in making a township assessment with him, some forty years ago.

On more than one occasion, when death entered an irreligious home, he was chosen to attend and offer prayer by those who shrank from having a clergyman enter the house. No visiting of neighbors was suffered on the Sabbath, save for necessary entertainment, and novels and games were prohibited in the family. But time and means were freely sacrificed that the children might attend the Academy or prepare for the ministry. When death came, the Rev. C. S. Daley, a warm friend of the family, preached from the text, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

A. W. E. Damon had five children, Mary Rossina, Albert K., De Salvo, Charles M. and Emily.

Rosina, the oldest, became the wife of I. W. Evans, and after residing some years in Olean and later in the States of Nebraska and Iowa, returned to Cuba in the year 1902, and in a few weeks died.

Albert K. was early called of God to the Gospel Ministry, but before he had completed his education his country's need of men appealed to him, and he enlisted in the 8th New York Heavy Artillery. Near the close of the war he received wounds in battle, from which he died at the hospital in New York City, in June, 1864.

D. S. was the next in age, and the only one now residing in the town. He has six children.

Charles Milton, the fourth of A. W. E. Damon's children, has been for many years a devoted minister of the gospel, and is now residing in Mitchell, South Dakota. Of his five sons, three are preachers, and one a teacher in the Philippines. One daughter is a missionary.

The second son of Dimmick was Alonzo H., who was born in Reading, Windsor County, Vt., in the year 1815. After the removal of Dimmick from Rushford to Indiana, the two sons, A. W. E. and Alonzo, remained with their families on the farm which their father had first occupied on the creek road, where Alonzo continued to reside until his death in 1871. A. W. E. removed to Hardy's Corners.

Alonzo Damon was a successful farmer and business man. He was a member of the M. E. Church, to which he contributed freely of his means. His wife was Roxana Metcalf. Their children were Thomas, Rhoda and Riley, all of whom are now deceased.

The third son of Dimmick Damon, Martin, was born in Reading, Vermont, in the year 1825. He came with his parents to Rushford, where he grew to manhood, marrying Caroline Chase, another of the early residents of this town. He was by trade a carpenter, and became an expert. One son,



MRS. CHARLES J. ELMER
(NEE JANE ASHLEY)

Lannis, now a resident of the town, is pursuing with success his father's avocation. Martin died at the early age of forty-three.

DeSalvo and Riley Damon were the twin sons of Dimmick Damon. They were born in Rushford in the year 1828, but Riley did not remain in Rushford many years. DeSalvo lived and died in the town. His wife was Maria Chamberlain. Mrs. Clara Morrison of Franklinville is a daughter.

Dr. H. C. Elmer.

There is throughout the county a strong interest in local history and an evident pride in its leading men. The writer feels sure that a brief note on the career of a promising scholar will be of interest to the people of his native county.

Herbert Charles Elmer, Professor of Latin in Cornell University, was born at Rushford, in 1860. He is the son of C. J. and Jane Ashley Elmer, and a grandson of Joel Elmer, a soldier of the Revolution.

Professor Elmer received his early education at the Rushford Union School, completing his preparation for college under a private tutor. He entered Cornell in 1879, with the Class of 1883, and at once took high rank in his studies, but especially in Latin, under Prof. Tracy Peck, and later under Prof. W. G. Hale, and in Greek under Prof. Isaac Flagg. The required work completed, he took up eagerly all the electives offered in those branches, and before his graduation, in 1883, had made evident that his life work was to be the study of the classical languages and literatures.

Though a most conscientious student, he did not neglect other lines of student activity. By his senior year he had by successive promotions from the ranks upward reached the grade of major of the battalion of cadets. He was Junior

president, a Woodford orator, and one of eight chosen to represent his class on the commencement program. He belonged to the Debating Club, the Classical Society and Beta Theta Pi.

The year after his graduation was spent at Johns Hopkins. Then followed about two years of study and travel in Europe, most of the time being spent at the universities of Gottingen, Bonn and Leipsic. Returning to Johns Hopkins, he took the degree of Ph. D. in 1888, and was immediately given an instructorship in that institution. The next year, on the recommendation of Prof. Hale, Dr. Elmer was made acting head of the Department of Latin.

Dr. Elmer, besides his work as a teacher, has had constantly under way the investigation of some subject of interest to the specialist in Latin, and his rank among specialists is very high. Besides papers for the *American Journal of Philology* and those read before the American Philological Society, he has published, "*Que, Et, Atque* in Inscriptions of the Time of the Republic," "*The Latin Prohibitive*," which has made necessary the revision, in that division, of the standard Latin grammars, and which attracted the attention of scholars everywhere; and an edition of Terence's *Phormio*, now one of the standard editions for English speaking college students. His latest and perhaps his most important work is "*Studies in Latin Moods and Tenses*," which forms Volume VI of the Cornell Studies in Classical Philology. This discussion forms an octavo volume of 231 pages, and its object is, as the author states in his preface, to point out "the erroneous ideas held by modern grammarians regarding the force of the perfect (aorist) tense of the Latin subjunctive in all those expressions in which that tense is used of future time."

As a scholar Dr. Elmer's most striking characteristics are painstaking thoroughness, by which



PROF. H. C. ELMER

he goes to the bottom of every subject he touches, and clear, logical reasoning, by which he is enabled to present his conclusions convincingly. As a teacher he requires thorough, earnest work, never permitting the appearance of it to pass for real knowledge, and yet he is popular among his students. Personally he is a genial, wholesouled man, making warm friends, and retaining them by his tact, affability and modesty.

Dr. Elmer was married first in Baltimore, Md., to Miss Rose Elmore, 1886; second, at East Aurora, N. Y., 1891, to Miss Bertha E. Beebe. Their children are : Basil, born 1892; Charles Wellington, born, 1898; Clarence Jefferson, born 1904.

To those whose place of nativity is Rushford there are gratification and pride in the men, among whom is Dr. Elmer, who have attained reputation and culture in varied walks of life.

Daniel Ely.

JULIA WILLIAMS STREIGHT.

Daniel Ely was born in southern Connecticut in 1787. He was of English descent, one of his ancestors having been of the number who came to America in the historic *Mayflower* in 1620. He was married in 1807. In the course of a couple of years his wife died, leaving him with an infant daughter. Soon after he came to central New York, where he met Mrs. Mary Carrier, a young widow with three children, who had recently come from Massachusetts to that place, and who became his wife. They moved to Rushford in 1815 or 1816, and first settled on the farm, in later years owned and occupied by Lyman Metcalf. While here an Indian family was one of their nearest neighbors, and companies of Indians, with their entire household possessions upon their backs, frequently passed by on their way to better

hunting grounds. Sometimes these companies camped in the neighborhood for a few days, and these were awe-inspiring times, at least to the younger members of Mr. Ely's family. He remained on this farm about twelve years. Only a few years ago an apple orchard still remained there, most of the trees having been grown from seeds brought in Mr. Ely's pocket from his former home.

In 1827 he moved to a farm on the Creek road from Rushford to Fairview. Here Mr. Ely lived until about 1852, when he sold the farm to his eldest son, C. C. Ely; and later bought a small place a half-mile from Fairview, where he resided until his death in August, 1864. After his death, his widow made her home on the old farm with her son and family, moving with them to Rushford village (Gordonville) in 1869, where she died a few years later at the advanced age of ninety years.

Mr. Ely was the father of six children, all but one of whom passed the age of three score years and ten. The youngest and only surviving child, Mrs. Cornelia Bixby, for the past few months, on account of the infirmities of age, has been an inmate of the home of her nephew, Will Ely, of Franklinville.

Mr. and Mrs. Ely lived together for more than fifty years, and three of their children—C. C. Ely, Mrs. Sarepta Williams and Mrs. Cornelia Bixby—also reached and passed their golden wedding anniversaries.

Freeman Family.

HARRIETT A. FREEMAN.

Josiah, son of Juniah Freeman, came to Rushford from Madison County, in September, 1808. He located on Lot No. 32, taking out articles for the whole of the lot. Josiah Freeman died in 1812, and his father came to Rushford in 1814,

and brought his family of seven children. He received a deed of the south half of Lot No. 32, which is two miles north of the village. Josiah Freeman died in April, 1847, and then the farm passed into the hands of his youngest son, Eri B. Freeman. Eri B. Freeman was born 1806, and married Sarepta Bronson, in 1825; their children were Addison and Burton. Addison married Agnes Lloyd. Burton, who is now living in Wisconsin, had two children by his first wife and three by his second wife, who was Martha Claus. Burton Freeman enlisted in the army May 13, 1861, for three years. He was mustered in as Sergeant in Company I, May 21, 1861. He was promoted to Second Lieutenant September 1, 1862, to First Lieutenant February 7, 1862, and to Captain, September 27, 1862. He was mustered out with his company at Elmira, N. Y., May 31, 1863.

Eri B. Freeman's first wife died in 1831, and that same year he married Ann Cowdery, by whom he had four children. Cynthia Freeman was born in 1832. She was for many years a teacher in the Rushford Academy. She married Albert LaSell, and died in 1886.

Albert Freeman was born in 1836, but only lived to reach the age of twelve.

Sarah Freeman was born in 1838, married Asa Hardy, and left three children, who are now living. Irving Hardy of Portville, N. Y., May Hardy Gibbon, of Springville, N. Y., and Bert Hardy, of Olean, N. Y.

Ellen Freeman was born in 1834. She was a teacher in Columbus, Pa., at the time of her death, in 1863.

Ann Cowdery Freeman died in 1847, and a year later Eri Freeman married Harriett Rose Taylor, by whom he had two children.

E. Wilbur Freeman was born in 1854, and is a farmer in Rushford. He married Lydia Brown,

in 1879, and has four children living, Nye, Harriett, Edith and Ralph.

Albert B. Freeman was born in 1855, and lives near Franklinville, N. Y. He married Etta Ryther, in 1884, and has six children: Mrs. Freeman Howlett, of Arcade, Mrs. Leslie McGeorge, Ellen, Mildred, Carrie and Floyd Freeman, of Franklinville.

All of Eri B. Freeman's children were born on the old homestead, which he sold, in the latter years of his life, to his son, Burton. Eri Freeman died in Rushford, in 1864.

I have been told that I must live up to the record, for my great uncles were preachers and my aunts were teachers, and all were Christian men and women.

The Gary Family.

Rev. F. E. G. WOODS.

Eneas Gary, the first settler of the township of Rushford, N. Y., was born in Taunton, Bristol County, Mass., September 23rd, 1757. He, with two brothers, Seth and Loved, and one sister, Hannah, comprised the children of the household. These brothers kept the family lines of their descendants separate by each spelling the surname differently, as, Gary, Garey and Geary, and Governor Gerry of that State, said to be a relative by one versed in Gary genealogy, had still a different spelling of the name. The daughter of the sister Hannah married a Mr. Bridgman. Their daughter, Laura Bridgman, was, in her day, as celebrated as Helen Keller, having been rendered deaf, dumb and blind by scarlet fever when two years of age. Dr. Samuel G. Howe, husband of Julia Ward Howe, won great notoriety by educating Laura Bridgman, and has been called the Cadmus of the blind. Miss Bridgman became a skillful teacher of the blind at Perkins Institute,

Boston. Charles Dickens, the English novelist, visited her and wrote of her in his *American Notes*.

Eneas Gary early moved to Lebanon, Conn. The records in the pension office at Washington, D. C., show that he enlisted at Lebanon when 21 years of age, and during the seven years of the Revolutionary war he enlisted three times. He was in the battle of White Plains when Washington retreated from Long Island.

He was in the mercantile business as an importer. His partner, a relative, took funds to England to pay on account and make purchases, but died while on this business, and as no papers of his payments were found on him, Mr. Gary was again obliged to send funds for settlement, which he made in full, and closed the firm's accounts.

The opening of the Holland Purchase attracted eastern people, and Mr. Gary, as the records in the County Atlas show, took up lot No. 30, about a half a mile north of Rushford Village, in 1808, moving his family from Weathersfield, Vermont, where he had been in business for one year. The journey was made with an ox-team. The party consisted of himself and wife, son William and wife and three children, the youngest being about five years of age. Arriving at Centerville, where Mr. Maxon had, a few months before, begun the settlement of that township, and leaving most of the family there, he and his son William and the lively girl, Nancy, then nearly nine years of age, drove south six miles (having previously blazed the way through the unbroken forest), on January 1st, 1809, to found a home and begin life anew in the wilderness. It was a great change from a mercantile life. On the ox-sled they had brought a kettle of coals, the fire from which was probably kept for many years and kindled again on the hearthstones of many newly arriving settlers. Going to the neighbors to borrow fire was no un-

common thing in those days. The son William felled the first tree. They put up that day a log shanty, a half roof, covered it with cotton cloth and spent the night, having tied the oxen to trees, and built seven fires about to keep off the wild beasts. The rest of the family came soon, and next year his sons-in-law, William Gordon and Josephus Young arrived, and a year and half later, his son Charles Gary and wife also.

With the increase of population, young families growing up, the needs of household articles, especially crockery, were very apparent. But, New York, the city of import, was over four hundred miles distant, ox-cart freight line at that. So, for a while, Mr. Gary associated himself with Mr. Seth Gillett in the manufacture of wooden ware, turning of bowls large and small, which came into extensive use.

After making improvements for five years on this well located place, now the Isaac Weaver farm, Mr. Gary sold it for \$1,000.00, and moved on to the road west, and a half a mile north, to what is now called the Thomas farm. Here he built a two story house and set out an orchard, perhaps the first one in town. His son-in-law, Mr. Young, lived on the same farm on the lower road.

Of course Mr. Gary had to keep open house for the new comers, and as he was very sociable and friendly, his home was somewhat of a hotel for a while. Born about thirty miles from Boston, living in the stormy times that preceded and followed the long struggle for liberty, himself a soldier in it, he had a fund of anecdotes and reminiscences and, withal, business experience, fitting him for an agreeable entertainer.

How he became acquainted with the Gordons is not now known. Mr. James Gordon, a Scotchman, came to this country as a British soldier, but afterwards joined the Revolutionary army. In one

of his genial banters with his friend, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Gary, alluding to Gordon, said to those about, "This is the man I took prisoner." "Well," Mr. Gordon replied, "my son captured two of Mr. Gary's daughters, so I guess we are about even." Just how much of the taking prisoner was war-like, no one now living can say. Mr. Gordon said, as he took his pension, "I came over to fight you Yankees, and now you are paying me for it."

As an item of historical interest in boundary lines it should be stated that the new settlement, just mentioned, was included in a rather large section called Caneadea, now embracing four townships. The western half of this section was set off March 8th, 1816, and called Rushford. It included New Hudson, which was formed from Rushford, April 10, 1825.

Mr. Gary surveyed what is now Rushford township, and marked the center by embedding a grind-stone in the middle of Main Street, a little below the Union School grounds. Nearly opposite this point is a cottage, which is now the rear of the Morgan home, where the early settler and his wife spent some of their later years, till, too old and feeble for household duties, they were tenderly cared for in the home of their son-in-law, William Gordon.

Mrs. Gary, respected and honored, filled well her station, caring for her family and welcoming the new settlers. Before her marriage, she was Miss Esther Buckingham, daughter of Jedediah P. Buckingham, of Lebanon, Conn., a man of large family and noted fame in that state. A letter to Rev. F. E. Woods from the war Governor, William A. Buckingham, also born in Lebanon, states concerning "Gary-Buckingham" genealogy, "No doubt we are relatives, for I have known no person bearing my name, residing in this country, unless it may be a family in Mary-

land, who is not a descendant of Thomas Buckingham, one of the first settlers and one of the seven pillars of the church in Millford, Conn."

Mr. and Mrs. Gary were people of refinement and genteel manners. He wore continental style of clothing (knee breeches with gold buckles), powdered hair and a wig for "dress up." Mrs. Gary had silk and satin dresses. They were Presbyterians and had family prayers. Mrs. M. B. Champlin, of Cuba, when a young girl, called on these, her grandparents, one morning, and finding them at family prayer, waited at the door till their devotions were over.

Mr. Gary was also a member of the Masonic fraternity, record of which is with Miss Ellen Gordon, of Rushford.

Until their golden wedding anniversary and three years after, this worthy couple were permitted to journey together, till at last the beloved wife fell asleep, August 27th, 1841, aged 78 years, and Mr. Gary died three years later, August 17th, 1844, aged 87 years.

On the morning of his departure, he said, "I saw Esther last night, she was just as beautiful as when I married her."

Their remains rest in Rushford cemetery. Seven children and about forty grandchildren survived them.

COMMENDATORY.

With due honor to his helpmeet, we may say of Mr. Gary, that by his loyal service to his country in the long and uncertain struggle of the Revolution; by beginning again, when past fifty years of age, bravely to battle with difficulties and regain a competence; by his service to the community in which he lived; by his love for his fellow-men and to God; by these things, he made himself an honored pioneer in the founding of a well-famed town.

DESCENDANTS.

The children of the first settler were: William, called Capt. Gary; Esther, wife of Josephus Young; Mira, first wife of William Gordon; Charles, Martha, second wife of William Gordon; Nancy, wife of Ely Woods; Caroline, wife of Oramel Griffin.

These all lived and died in Rushford, excepting Charles, who with his family embarked on a raft at Olean, went down the Allegheny and Ohio rivers and settled in Indiana. His eight children grew up to honorable estate; two of them were Methodist preachers in Kansas. Two of Eneas Gary's sons-in-law, William Gordon and Oramel Griffin, were very prominent business men in Rushford; the former building and operating mills, the latter a very prosperous merchant, who earned his first hundred dollars by felling trees for a clearing. With this money he early opened a store in town, continued in that business over twenty-five years, accumulating, it was supposed, \$100,000.

At the opening of the Genesee Valley canal, he moved to Oramel, built there extensively and the village was named for him.

The daughter Nancy, by accompanying her father, Mr. Gary, on the first day of settlement, became, thus, the first white woman, as far as known, to stay in the town over night. At a religious service, probably a prayer-meeting, held at the home of Levi Benjamin—there were no churches in the settlement then—Ely Woods first saw his future wife, then Miss Nancy Gary. Score one, please, for attendance at prayer-meeting. On March 31st, 1818, she was married to Ely Woods. For a wedding trip they drove with an ox-team, from Mr. Young's down to the present site of Rushford, where the people gathered to attend a raising of the first hotel, a log structure, at the present location of the Village.

To begin housekeeping, they placed the furniture on an ox-cart, on which she was seated. They drove to the farm on which they both lived and died, having reared a family of eight children. Until their new house was built, which was the first frame family dwelling-house in the township, they resided in a log-house previously occupied on the place by Richard Goff. A stone mason could not be secured immediately to build the chimney to their new home, and cooking by an out-door fire was the result. The new housekeeper said she burned out seventeen stumps cooking beside them before the chimney was ready. Stick chimneys, built by laying stick piles four square and plastering them over with mud and clay, were often in use and sometimes took fire. A woman noticing her chimney thus afire called to an easy-going neighbor, who was driving by, to come and extinguish the blaze. He came, looked at it, and drawled out, "I guess it will do if you watch it well," and drove on. The woman, disgusted at such neglect to help, then climbed up to the roof and put out the fire herself. The man's laziness was for a long time a by-word.

The grass on the hillside farm was sweet, and Mrs. Woods' butter had ready sale till even after the cheese-making era arrived. H. E. Purdy, editor of Rushford's first paper, was one of her customers. It will surprise present-day people to learn that for many years in the early settlement butter brought only six cents a pound.

A year after celebrating their golden wedding, Mrs. Woods departed this life, aged nearly seventy; Mr. Woods, about ten years later, aged nearly eighty-five. They were both earnest, religious people. He was a class leader in the Methodist Episcopal church nearly forty years.

The Goings.

HARRIET GOING COLBY, EIGHTY-FOUR YEARS OLD.

In 1815, Captain Jonathan Going came from Reading, Vermont, to Rushford, New York, with his wife and four children, James (who married Anna Young in Vermont), Eliab, Ezra and Sarah. He settled on what is now known as the Talcott farm. His son James lived on the southern part of the farm until 1832, when he moved to Pennsylvania with his wife and six children. He had previously been ordained as a Minister in the Baptist Church.

Eliab Going was with Judge McCall for some years. In 1818 he married Sarah Freeman, (daughter of Junia Freeman, of Rushford), by whom he had six children, A. Judson, J. Bradley. Harriett, Kate R., Jonathan R. and J. Freeman. Three are still living. Bradley, who was with Grant in the Ninety-sixth Illinois, lives in Michigan; Harriett Colby in Holland, New York, and Kate in Spokane, Washington.

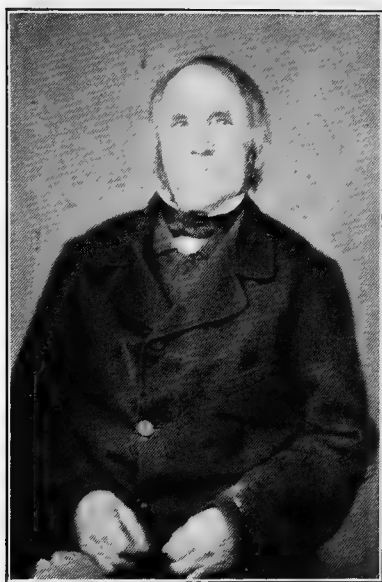
In 1819, Eliab Going's sister married, and his mother died, so he took the farm, and his father lived with him. Captain Jonathan Going died in Aurora, Erie County, in 1848, at the age of eighty-six years. He was buried in the Gordon Cemetery in Rushford. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and one of the first to draw a pension.

Eliab Going commenced preaching about 1820. He was a missionary among the Seneca Indians. He attended the Middlebury Academy under the tuition of Reverend Joshua Bradley. He was ordained in Rushford, and became the pastor of the Baptist Church in Rushford. In 1832 he moved to Franklinville. He organized churches in Hinsdale and Olean, and supplied them. Later he preached in Holland, Aurora, Wales and other places.

He and his wife lived to celebrate their golden wedding, March 5th, 1868. His wife died Tuesday, and he died Thursday of the same week, and they were buried together February 28th, 1869.

Eliab Going was a member of the Masonic Lodge in Rushford in an early day, and as one old lady said, "He never pronounced it." For many years he did not meet with the order, but his views were unchanged. In the time of war they needed a chaplain in the Lodge in the place where he resided, so he met with them. Some two hundred of the order were present and participated in his burial.

He was quite often called upon to marry a couple, and many pleasing incidents occurred. He married a couple one week before he died; they wanted no one else. He stammered quite badly at times. I recall a man coming for him to marry a couple when he was very tired. The man said, "Elder, you can never pronounce them husband and wife, you stammer so. I bet you a quart of wine, you will fail to say husband." But he got the wine. One fellow wanted to be married, and pay the fee when he harvested his beans. Once he had a call to Great Valley, about twelve miles distant, to a stylish wedding. The roads were muddy, so he went on horseback. Everything passed off pleasantly at the wedding. The groom gave him a sealed envelope with the marriage fee in it. The coin seemed like a five dollar gold piece. He did not open the envelope, but when he got home, he, as usual, gave it to his wife. She opened it, and lo! it was a new penny. In after years, when traveling in Michigan, as it was Saturday, he drove up to a fence where he saw a man working in the field, and inquired for a Baptist tavern. The man said, "If I am not mistaken, this is Elder Going. You do not recognize me." He then asked him if he remembered attending a wedding at Great Valley. "I am the man. I thought as I was engaged in a lottery I would venture a penny, but I won a prize. Come and stop with me." He stayed over Sunday, and left with ten dollars.



WILLIAM GORDON



FRED and MARY GORDON

The Gordon Family.

1305-1908.

This great Scottish historical house takes its origin and name from the house of Gordon in Berurdshire. The first traces of it are found in the beginning of the Thirteenth Century, when Gordon witnessed the Charters of the Earls of Dunbar and Marges to the Monks of Kelso. Sir Adam Gordon held under King Edward 1st, 1305 A. D., of England the office of Joint Justicier of Lotham, and sat at Westminster as one of the representatives of Scotland. He was one of the last to join under the banner of Bruce, who rewarded his adherence by a grant of the northern lordships of Stratsbogie.

The present Earl of Aberdeen comes from this distinguished lineage, who is noted for his philanthropy as well as his statesmanship. He is popular in his own country, and has welded many factions in Ireland, where he is for the second time Lord Lieutenant. He was for some years Governor General of Canada.

From the same old lineage came James Gordon, Sr.

The following paper was read by Miss Ellen Gordon at the Rushford Centennial:

James Gordon, Sr., was born in Leeds, Perth County, Scotland, in March, 1752. He came to America as a British soldier under General Burgoyne in May, 1775. Like many other Tories he joined the Americans under Washington. At one time he was aide-de-camp to General Washington. He married Jerusha Tarbell, of Groton, Massachusetts. They had eight children, Thomas, Kastern, James, Jr., Tarbell, William, John, Wilson, Samuel. There were only five of the sons who were connected with the history of Rushford. James, Jr., or as we in Rushford used to call him, "Uncle Jim," was born in Mason, New Hampshire, October 30th, 1783. He married Abigail Bowen, of

Connecticut, January 10th, 1808. They had eleven children, Nancy, Alonzo, Maria, Riley, Fordyce, Fletcher, Mary Ann, Julia Ann, Laura, Bowen and Julia. James, Sr., died December 9th, 1844.

James, Jr., and wife came to Rushford from New Hampshire with an ox-team in 1809. Bowen, their youngest son, lives upon the farm his father acquired from the Holland Land Co. when he first came to Rushford. Mrs. Julia Gordon Fletcher, of Pony, Montana, is their only other surviving child. So far four generations have made this farm their home. James, Jr., died October 24th, 1868, aged eighty-five years.

Tarbell was born in Mason, New Hampshire, January 21st, 1785. He married Lucy Lawrence. They had eleven children, Laura, William, and Laura, born in Cavendish, Vermont, and Simon, Ely, Adaline, Myra, Elvira, Luthera, Salome, and Cyrus, born in Rushford. Tarbell and his family came from Vermont in 1811, and took up the land north of the village. The farm was owned by some member of the family until 1898. Tarbell Gordon was remarkable for his firmness and inflexibility of purpose, when the truth of God and conscience were concerned. He was one of the first who composed the Methodist class organized in 1816.

On the evening of the twentieth of February, 1845, one of his brothers spent the evening with him. Soon after the brother left, he attended family worship, and retired for the night. About two o'clock in the morning, his wife found that he had passed into the spirit world. His death was a great shock to the community, as sudden deaths in those days were not so common as to-day. He was forty years old at the time of his death. All of his children have passed to the other world. He has three grandchildren living in Rushford, Mrs. Lucy Gordon Gant, Mr.



MR. and MRS. AVERY WASHBURN

Willis H. Leavens and Mrs. Flora Metcalf Thomas.

William Gordon, Jr., was born in Mason, New Hampshire, October 7th, 1787. He married for his first wife Mira, second daughter of Eneas and Esther Buckingham Gary. William came to Western New York in company with Eneas Gary to look the country over in 1808, remaining only a short time, when he returned to Vermont. In 1809 he and his wife returned to Rushford and settled upon a farm just north of the village. William finally moved from that farm to a house south of the village. In 1836 he built a grist-mill. This mill was owned by some member of his family, with the exception of a year or two, until it was burned in 1883. He also built a carding mill, where rolls were made for the women to spin and weave into cloth. In 1842, A. Washburn, a son-in-law, became a member of the firm. At this time it was owned by Mr. Washburn, Samuel and J. B. Gordon. Later Samuel was bought out by the other partners, and for many years it was known all over the county as Gordon and Washburn's Woolen Mill. As the time demanded and the business increased, new style looms were added till it was doing an extensive business, making woolen cloths which found a market in many States. In 1873 it was burned. At this time it was owned by J. B. Gordon and Son.

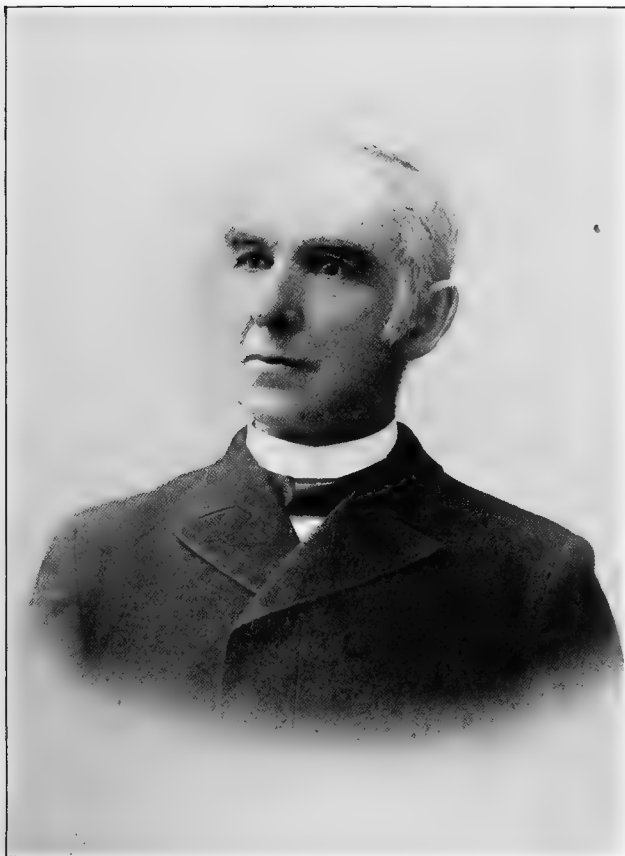
William was a local preacher in the Methodist Church, and he was its first class leader. He had charge of the building of three Methodist churches in Rushford, the present one built in 1854. In the early days of Rushford people had to go to Rochester for their supplies. At one time while there he saw a bake oven. It was a great improvement over the brick oven, and he brought one home. Although very late in the day when he arrived, he must show the family

how the new oven would bake biscuit, so he had some made and set them in front of the fireplace to bake. Another time when in the city he bought a cook-stove and brought it home. He was the first person in town to have either of these improvements. He was a man who kept up with the times.

He had two sons by his first wife. Samuel, 3, born June 12th, 1810, was the first male child born in the town of Rushford. One time when his father was going to Mount Morris for supplies he took Samuel with him. On their return Samuel came very near freezing. His father made him get out of the sleigh, and made him run by whipping him. In this way he was kept from freezing. He married Nancy Griffin. At this time he was in business in Centerville. After the wedding he and his bride rode to their new home horseback, both upon one horse. Later they moved to Rushford, where he was in business with his father and brother, and built a house. In 1851 he and his brother Lorenzo went to Erie, Ill. Later they moved to Sauk Rapids, Minnesota, and he died there December 14th, 1879.

September 7th, 1812, their second child was born. They named him Jedediah Buckingham, after his great-grandfather on his mother's side. When he was only six weeks old his mother died.

"Jed," as he was affectionately called, did not marry as early as some of his brothers. People used to ask him why he did not marry. He replied that he was afraid he would marry some of his relations if he married in Rushford. He attended school in Wyoming. There he met Miss Juliet Hovey, a charming woman, and fell in love with her. February 21st, 1839, they were married, and he brought his wife to Rushford. He built the house where Fred Gordon now lives, about 1841. The first time Mrs. Gordon visited her father's home after her marriage, her grandmother



JEDEDIAH BUCKINGHAM GORDON

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asked her what her husband's name was. She gave his full name. Then she was asked where he got the name of Buckingham. She replied, "From his great-grandfather." Tracing the name back, they found that their great-grandmothers were twin sisters. In the room for old relics at the Centennial was a baby dress which Jedediah wore when a baby. The dress was made from his grandmother Garey's wedding dress. He was Assessor many years, served his town as Supervisor, and was Colonel in the State Militia. He was twice married. His second wife was Mary Thompson, of Rushford. He lived in the house which he built until his death, May 24th, 1898.

Jedediah B. Gordon was destined to become an important factor in the history of the town, almost to the close of the century. At the age of twenty-one he was taken into partnership with his father in his carding mill and he remained in active business in Rushford during the intervening years. He was also interested in western pine lands and grain speculations.

Avery Washburn, of Topeka, Kan., who was associated with Mr. Gordon for nearly a quarter of a century, in writing of him says: "In all this period of our partnership never was there any disagreement or wrangling. It is difficult to conceive, almost, how so long a partnership could exist without more or less jarring or unpleasantness at times, but I attribute it to the very genial disposition of Mr. Gordon. He was possessed of a very mature judgment and, quick to comprehend, he grasped the conditions, and whatever the subject, he seemed to be ready to give his reasons for his belief; he was decided in his statements and the reasons for his faith were hedged about with a good deal of decision and independence. The fact is, he dared to be independent in his sentiments. He thought for himself, reasoned for himself and decided for himself. * * *

At a special meeting of the Rushford Board of Trade, on the 28th day of May, 1898, resolutions were adopted, expressing great esteem and sorrow at his death.

William Gordon married for his second wife Martha Gary, a sister of his first wife. They had ten children, Lorenzo, Kastern, Stanbury, Janetta, Stoddard, Salome, Copeland, Wesley, Asbury and Tarbell. As his children married, he gave each one a lot upon which to build his house. Lorenzo built his where Frank Fuller lives; he moved to Erie, Illinois, in 1851. Mr. Washburn, who married Kastern, built the house where Mr. Dowe lives; they moved to Kansas in 1865. Stanbury built the house where Mrs. Elbert Baker lives. He lived in Rushford, and died February 15th, 1875. Stoddard and Copeland went to Topeka early in life, living there before Kansas became a State. Copeland was proprietor of The Copeland Hotel for many years. Asbury and Tarbell also moved there. Salome, who married Russell Bell, moved to Sterling, Illinois. Wesley lived in Rushford. He died October 4th, 1907.

There are five of William's children living, Mrs. Kastern Gordon Washburn, Mrs. Salome Gordon Bell, John Copeland Gordon, Asbury Bishop Gordon, Tarbell Gordon. William has three grandchildren living in Rushford, Ellen and Fred Gordon, and Mrs. Verna Gordon Tarbell. Mrs. W. H. Acker, another granddaughter, lives in Michigan. William married for a third wife Mrs. Laura Woods. He built his house about 1837, living there the remainder of his life. He died April 5th, 1870, aged eighty-three years. Because so many of his children had homes about him, that part of Rushford was called Gordonville.

John Gordon was born in Cavendish, Vermont, August 4th, 1790. He married Harmony Woodworth January 24th, 1810. They came to



THE GORDON FAMILY, 1882

LEFT TO RIGHT

Standing JOHN C.

G. STODARD.

ASHBURY J.

B.

Sitting

L. D.

EASTERN.

SALOME.

TARBELL.

Rushford in 1811, and took up the farm where Mr. Freeman lives. The farm has always remained in the family; it is now owned by Mrs. Alice Gordon Hooker, of Fairport, New York. They had five children, James, Luther, Matilda, Walter and Wilson. James and Luther were among the stirring business men in Rushford's early history; they were dry-goods merchants for many years. In 1856 they moved to Brockport, where they carried on an extensive lumber business. Luther invented the famous Genesee plow, which to this day is manufactured and extensively sold.

Wilson Gordon, the youngest son of John, is the only living child. His home is in Topeka, Kansas.

Wilson Gordon, the youngest son of James, Sr., was born in Cavendish, Vermont, June 4th, 1794. He married Lydia Pratt; they came to Rushford in 1812. They had four children, Sophia, Jerusha, Thomas and Orson. Wilson's farm has always remained in the family. In company with his brothers, John and William, he built a sawmill about 1830, and ran it some twenty-five years. Wilson was thrice married. His second wife was Mrs. Paulina Walker Brown; his third Mrs. Elizabeth Ward, who is still living. Wilson died February 27th, 1879. None of his children are living.

Three of the original Gordon farms which were bought of the Holland Land Company are still owned by some member of their family. There are eight grandchildren of James and Jerusha Gordon still living. Mrs. Kastern Washburn, in her eighty-ninth year, is the oldest Gordon living, and Tarbell Gordon, in his seventy-first year, is the youngest; both children of William. Their homes are in Topeka, Kansas.

The brothers, James, Tarbell, William and Wilson were old-time Methodists.

Mary Clara Gordon.

Mary Clara Gordon, daughter of Jedediah Buckingham and Juliett Hovey Gordon, was born in Rushford, April 3, 1851.

Her first school was held in the basement of the Academy, where Cornelia Washburn and she, with their blue and white bag filled with books, trudged back and forth, hardly letting a day pass without stopping at the Post Office and asking if there was any mail for the "Dordonville" folks, never getting any mail until on February 14, 1856, Mrs. Cynthia Woodworth, Postmistress, said there were letters for Cornelia Washburn and Mary Gordon; did any persons by that name live there? Of course they did, and two prouder girls never walked that road than those six and five year olds with valentines written by Mrs. Woodworth, ornamented with silver tinsel on pink writing paper. Cornelia was always telling Mary she could never catch up with her, as she was six years old. Mary was very anxious to catch up with her, but God took Cornelia, and it was many years before Mary had another chum. Miss Emma Kilburn, later Mrs. Albion Tourgee, was her governess, after which she attended the Rushford Academy.

Her trunks were packed August 17, 1864, to go to Lima Seminary, N. Y., when the flood of that date prevented. When the bridges were rebuilt she went to Gainesville, N. Y., as that school began later, afterwards attending the Rushford Academy until the fall of 1869, when she went to Rochester, to the Riverside Seminary, where she remained until her mother's death.

September 12, 1871, she with others started for California, returning April, 1872, having seen no snow until her return to Allegany County.

July, 1872, she met one who was to be her future husband on the step of Mrs. Hapgood's



MARY CLARA GORDON
(MRS. W. H. ACKER)

house, the grandmother of the late Governor Higgins, and the house where he was born. She was married to William Henry Acker, June 4, 1873, going to Carson City, Mich., where they lived five years, moving to Richmond, October, 1878, where and in Detroit they still reside, having a home in both places.

She joined the Baptist church in Rushford, May 4, 1867, taking a letter from there to unite with St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church of Detroit, where she is a regular attendant.

Mrs. Acker is a member of the Eastern Star Lodge, of the Louisa St. Claire Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Detroit, and a Daughter of 1812. Her husband, William H. Acker, is a banker, and was one of the number who drew up the present Constitution of the State of Michigan, being on the Committee of Rules, Banking, Cities and Villages, as well as on two other committees. He was a Presidential Elector from Michigan in 1908, and has held other important positions. He is considered a very capable business man and is well known throughout the State of his adoption, as well as in the State of New York, where he was born.

Lines to Ellen Gordon

FROM

MARY TOUSLEY.

"Oh! think not of me in the lighted hall,
Where beauty and music lend grace to all"—
When light feet are treading the mazy dance,
And bright eyes are meeting thine, perchance—
Then think not of me.

When proud dreams of glory throng to thy view,
More radiant than moonlight that glitters on dew—
When the rosebuds of hope are all opening fast,
And thy heart fondly thinks joy forever will last,
Then think not of me.

But when the rude winds of adversity blow,
 And earth's blossoms of hope are forever laid low—
 When thou art surrounded with darkness and storm,
 And thou lookest in vain for the coming of morn,
 Then think thou of me.

When thy visions of glory are fainter by far,
 Than the last fading ray of the morning's dim star,
 And thy soul turns away from the meteor light
 To the love of that "Being divinely bright,"
 Then think thou of me.

When thou bowest before the eternal throne
 Of the purely spotless and Holy One—
 When thy incense of prayer ascendeth on high
 And the angel of mercy is hovering nigh,
 Wilt thou then think of me?

James Gordon, Jr.

EARL GORDON.

James Gordon, Jr., was born in Mason, New Hampshire, in 1781. In 1808 he married Abigail Bowen, and came to Rushford in 1809 or '10 from Vermont, bringing his family and goods with an ox team; one cow was also brought along as a foundation for a dairy. After looking the township over Mr. Gordon settled on the farm now occupied by his son, Isaac B. Gordon, and grandson, Dean Gordon. Mr. Gordon was led to settle where he did by the large size of the timber, as he believed that it indicated a rich soil. Near the place where he built his log-house stood an elm, which he called the largest he had ever seen.

For a number of years there was very little chance to market the farm products at home, so each year a trip was made by team to Rochester with a load of butter and cheese, which was traded for supplies for the family. The cheese would bring from 5 cents to 6 cents per pound and the butter about 12 cents. As the village grew a market was made for firewood, for which 20 cents per cord was paid for cutting. Mr. Gor-



MISS ELLEN GORDON

don and his brother Tarbell made a record of chopping 8 1/8 cords of four feet wood in a day.

Eleven children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. Nancy, the oldest, in 1811. She married Isaac Rowley, who built the house now used as the Methodist parsonage and lived there for some years. Their three children, Silas, Elliot and Mary Rowley Wilson, married and settled in other places.

Alonso, Riley and Julian Gordon died in their youth.

Maria Gordon was born in 1814, and in 1838 married Eliab Benjamin; she moved to the house now occupied by her grandson, W. F. Benjamin, and lived there until her death in 1900.

Fordyce Gordon was born in 1819, and a few years after his marriage to Sarah Smith he moved to Cuba, where he resided until his death in 1908. There were ten children in his family at the time of his death. Few people could claim as many children and great-grandchildren as he.

J. D. Fletcher Gordon was born in 1821, and at his marriage to Sophrona Adams settled on the farm now owned by W. D. Buttifant. His five children, Frank, Milton, Lucy, Mrs. Attie Youngs and Mrs. Ella Holmes, are all living and are held in high esteem by their many friends in this section.

Marion Gordon was born in 1822. After her marriage to Baxter George she lived for some time in Rushford, but later they moved to Iowa, where they both died.

Laura Gordon was born in 1827. She married John Nobles. Their five children, Louise, Wilbur, Helen, Milton and Arthur, all settled in distant parts of the country.

Julia Gordon was born in 1834. After her marriage to J. T. Fletcher she moved to Montana, where she still lives, being, with her brother Isaac, the only survivors of the large family.

Isaac B. Gordon was born in 1832. He served in the Civil War in the 50th N. Y. Engineers' Brigade Band. In 1869 he married Melinda Rice and settled on his father's farm, where he has since resided.

Earl, the oldest of his four children, married Vira Wilmot and moved to New York, where his three children, Clair, Mildred and Jeanette, were born. The death of his wife followed in 1904.

May, his only daughter, married S. E. Wilmot, and they have since resided on a farm at Fairview where their children, Alice and Obed, were born.

As Herbert, the youngest child, died when seven years of age, the management of the farm has fallen upon Dean, the next older. In 1904 he married Birdella Weaver, and their daughter Leila represents the fifth generation that have lived on Brookside Farm, as James Gordon, Sr., made his home there later with his son.

James Hagerman Green.

ELLEN GREEN NYE.

James Hagerman Green was born in Muncie, Pennsylvania, in 1805. He was of English Quaker descent on the father's side and German Calvinist on the mother's, and was one of twelve children. He always felt his lack of education. Occasionally a teacher came along and taught a select school for a few weeks, but tuition was high, and as there were so many of them, not all could go. Since his father was a boat carpenter and away from home most of the time, and his brother was brought up by the Hagermans, James was left to do the work of the small farm, and to see to the family. To supply them with meat, he used to hunt nights with his two dogs, one lying at his feet and the other at his head when there was no game stirring. As soon as

they heard anything, they would start up and run. This would waken him. He thought it affected his health, sleeping on the ground so much.

When he was eighteen, there was a defect found in the title of the farm, and fearing they were going to lose it, he started out on foot with twenty-five cents in his pocket, and came to Elmira (went right past an uncle's, but would not stop for fear he would send him home again), where he learned the shoe-makers' trade. He next went to Cayuga Lake, where he worked awhile, when some one prevailed upon him to go to Perry. He lived there a number of years and owned some property, which he traded for his farm in Centerville. He rejected the severe Calvinistic belief, but did not know there was any church teaching his belief until he found a Universalist Church in Perry.

In the fall of 1833, Daniel Searle went to Perry and hired him to act as foreman in his shoe shop in Rushford. He also wished him to keep the books. The latter he refused to do, for fear he could not write well enough. Mr. Searle said they could get along with that, for they would both go to writing school, as there was a good teacher in town.

It was in Rushford he met Lydia La Salle, who was visiting her cousin, Mrs. Searle. She didn't really want to give up her independent life, so she went home to Madison County and stayed one year before she gave him an answer. Then he went out there, and they were married in the fall of 1836 by one of the most noted of Universalist Ministers, Rev. E. M. Woolley. Cake and wine were served at the wedding, and the company were entertained by a poem written by Mr. Woolley for the occasion.

Mrs. Green's family were Connecticut people, of French descent. They were supposed to be related to the explorer by that name. Mr. and

Mrs. Green began keeping house in the spring of 1837 in the rooms over Mr. Searle's tannery, on the Washington White lot. There was no other place to be rented at the time. He bought land of Sampson Hardy, and erected a house, where they always lived. He finally started a shop in the chambers and went to work for himself, promising mother he would build a shop, but the rooms proved so comfortable she could never get him out, though she needed the room for her growing family. Since his family was consumptive and the disease hung about him, I have no doubt it prolonged his life a good many years, to have the sun and air streaming in on him from three large windows. He had one peculiarity, he dearly loved his white plush stove-pipe hats, which I presume a good many now living remember.

There was a great deal of work done in the shoemaker's line at that time. He never kept very much help, but most of them kept several hands. Those who carried on business at that time were Joseph Bell, Mr. Dolan, Cyrus Lathrop, Mr. Congdon, Edward Brooks, Mr. Barras, Rosel Williams and Mr. Colburn. The old apple trees in the yard were brought up from Caneadea by Mr. Hardy on his back and set out by him.

Mr. Green was the trustee in his school district a number of terms and Librarian a good many years.

He died August 24th, 1887. Lydia L. Green, who lived to be ninety-five, died July 16th, 1906. They did what they could; they were a good father and mother, and honorable citizens. They had six children, Marcus L., of Avon; Mary A., who died in 1862, and who was postmistress during Buchanan's administration; Ellen L., who was a teacher, and married M. B. Nye (she has one son, Claude Nye); Sarah E. and Lucia A., who took care of their aged parents and still live at the old home, and Sam H. Green, of Centreville.

The Hapgood Family.

COMPILED FROM NEW ENGLAND AND NEW YORK
PUBLIC RECORDS.

Bates Turner Hapgood was descended from Shadrach Hapgood, "who at the age of fourteen years embarked at Gravesend, England, May 30, 1656, in the *Speadwell*, bound for New England."

Shadrach, m. 1664, Elizabeth Treadway. He obtained a grant of land in Massachusetts which has remained in the Hapgood family to the present time. Shadrach was killed in the massacre at Brookfield, Mass., while he was on scout duty during King Philip's War.

Thomas, son of Shadrach, b. Oct., 1669, in Mass., married Judith Barker, in 1690. He had large tracts of land in Mass. and Conn. One of the Garrison houses in Marlboro was named for him in 1704. In 1690 he was in the bloody fight against the Indians near Oyster River, N. H.

Thomas,³ b. 1702, m. 1724, Damaris Hutchins. Captain Thomas was precinct treasurer and parish treasurer of the North Parish, in 1743, which later became Boylston.

Lieut. Asa,⁴ their son, b. 1728, m. 1750, Anna, dau. of Asa Bouker, who was among the first settlers of Boston.

In 1773, a town meeting was called to "consider a circular letter from the town of Boston, concerning the State and Rights of the Province." The letter was referred to a Committee of Three and Asa Hapgood presented the petition, which was signed by the Governor June 17, 1774. "He was Chairman of the Committee of Safety in 1775, and of the Committee of Correspondence, and had great influence in reorganizing the militia. He was a delegate to the Convention in 1779, for the express purpose of framing a form of government." "In this important con-

vention, Barre was represented by those clear-sighted men who had performed great public service." Lieut. Hapgood served in Rhode Island in Col. Whitney's Regiment, in 1777; later in Col. James Wilder's Regiment. He died 1791.

The son, Asa,⁵ b. Shrewsbury, Mass., 1759, m. Jane, daughter of Charles Bouker. They settled in Reading, Vermont, in 1780. Sixteen years later they went to Fairfax, where Bates Turner was born, in 1800.

Bates Turner Hapgood was in school in Conn. and Mass. So far as the family or State records show, he did not go to western New York until 1821. In a pamphlet published on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Baptist Church of Rushford, it is said that in September, 1821, B. T. Hapgood and Allen Taylor were among those who were candidates for baptism, and that they were later baptized by two missionaries.

In January, 1826, he was married to Alzina Taylor, when she was sixteen years old. They went on horseback from Massachusetts to Chautauqua Lake, N. Y.

His brother, Joel Nelson Hapgood, and a sister, Jane, also went to Lake Chautauqua and lived and died there, as well as other members of the family.

Another brother, Asa,⁶ while visiting his two brothers here in 1829, was drowned in Lake Chautauqua, near Mayville, April 2. An unusual occurrence was connected with this event. Bates and Alzina Taylor Hapgood, were sitting at the table eating fish, when the door was suddenly thrown open and a distracted man exclaimed, "Your brother Asa has been drowned in the Lake. Come quick!" Mrs. Hapgood rose suddenly from her seat, naturally much perturbed by this intelligence, and swallowed a fish bone, which caused at the time ex-



BATES TURNER HAPGOOD

treme suffering, as it lodged in her throat. Local physicians were summoned, and she afterward consulted noted physicians throughout the country. Two operations were performed, but it was impossible to extract the fishbone in the beginning, and later, although her suffering was alleviated, nothing could be done to restore the throat to its normal condition. From that time, during her entire life, she could only take liquid food. This did not make her an invalid, however. After the family found that no relief could be obtained, she accepted it in a philosophical manner, and allowed no shadow to be cast upon others by what would have seemed to many a great deprivation.

Charles Hapgood, a brother, purchased from the Holland Land Company, in 1833, Lot 53, in Rushford. He married Miss Kendall. One son, George Washington, served in the Civil War. Another, Harrison, went to Colorado in the early days with Fremont.

In 1834, B. T. Hapgood acquired his first land in Rushford, a portion of Lot 36, containing fifty acres, from the Holland Land Company, bounded south by land of David Seaton and William Gordon, east by lot 28, west by line parallel to east lot, north by land deeded to David Searle. In 1836, James Kendall and wife deeded to B. T. Hapgood, consideration six hundred dollars, a further portion of Lot 36, containing forty-four and one-half acres. On May 4th of the same year, J. Holmes and wife deeded a portion of Lot 37, and on the same date the Holland Land Company gave deed for further lands in this lot. In October, 1836, he added to his land by purchase from the Holland Land Company.

In 1842, he purchased land of Milton McCall and wife, consideration eleven hundred and fifty dollars; in March, 1844, from James McCall and wife, consideration twenty-five hundred dollars,

eighty-four acres in the southeast corner of Lot 28, and forty-one acres adjoining above. The hydraulic power was reserved and six square rods of ground for burying purposes, but the hydraulic power was released by James McCall in 1846 to B. T. Hapgood.

In 1853, Israel Thompson deeded land in Lot 36 to B. T. Hapgood. In 1859, the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York deeded land to him in Lot 16, as did Edwin B. Weaver. In 1860, he purchased lands from Marcellus Palmer, and from Benjamin Chamberlain and others.

Although he is spoken of in the early histories of the town as being among the early merchants, one giving him as the third merchant in Rushford, he must also have been much interested in the land.

In the year 1836 he completed the house, which still stands, where his daughter, Lucia Cornelia, was married to Orrin Thrall Higgins, and where their son, Frank Wayland Higgins, and their daughter, Clara Alzina Hapgood Higgins, and Orrin Thrall Higgins, 2nd, son of Frank Wayland Higgins, were born. Bates Turner Hapgood went to the "Everlasting Arms" from this house, July, 1867. His wife, Alzina Taylor Hapgood, passed away peacefully at Angelica, New York, at the home of her granddaughter, Clara A. H. Smith, January 5, 1879. The children of B. T. and Alzina Taylor Hapgood were Lucia Cornelia, b. March, 1831; Edwin, b. February, 1837, d. Dec. 26, 1846.

"Mrs. Hapgood was a stately woman." Her energy knew no bounds. Her life undoubtedly had in it many struggles in common with those who went from Massachusetts to western New York, although she was remarkably shielded by her husband; and in those days the husband, the brothers, the children and grandchildren gave her



MRS. BATES TURNER HAPGOOD
(ALZINA TAYLOR)

homage. The parents did not then exist for the sake of the children, but the children were taught not only obedience to God, but to honor those who had come before them in life.

Professor Buck, who is in no way connected with the family, has sent a most spontaneous tribute, which follows this sketch.

Another has written that "B. T. Hapgood was a broadly educated and, what is better, a thoroughly good man."

The compiler remembers B. T. Hapgood as the companion and play-fellow of her childhood. His cheery nature, sympathy and poise meant much in the home. She recalls him as the typical country gentleman of the old type.

At the early dawn of a July morning in 1867, the two little grandchildren were brought to the grandfather's bedside, where the family and Elvira Taylor were watching. They were told by Marshall Nye that their grandfather was dying. He evidently overheard, for he said in a clear, triumphant tone: "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood stand dressed in living green." The little girl ran and brought to him a white rose. He drew her toward him, saying "I am the resurrection and the life." Then his voice faltered. He said, "Clara," and passed on.

Bates Turner Hapgood.

PROF. G. W. F. BUCK.

My intimacies at Rushford were in general, especially at first, with families who had children attending the Academy. The social element was, indeed, the basis of my education theory.

Deacon Bates Turner Hapgood had been foremost in establishing that institution and promoting its welfare in its earliest history. After I

became Principal he withdrew from the Board of Trustees, considering that those officials ought to be heads of such families as I have mentioned.

Owing to these circumstances, my remembrance of him is one of impression rather than of incidence; but of impressions so vivid that I recall him with utmost care after this long period, exactly "in his habit as he lived."

A man of excellent sense and judgment, of course, since he was a Yankee (Massachusetts and Vermont) domiciled in Rushford. Almost but not quite so much a matter of course, a man of undeviating, unflinching integrity—praise always given by all his neighbors, the only praise that he would have valued, would even have allowed, such was his extreme modesty.

A Puritan or Covenanter developed in a softer air, a milder civilization than those ancients enjoyed—more human, more humane, just as decorous and devout.

Nay, Abou Ben Adhem of the quaint school-reader poem, there you have Deacon Hapgood, just so watchfully kind, so tenderly considerate, a benign oriental Sheik, not genial in our rude western way of showing good nature, but gravely gracious, sedately, if the phrase were allowable, austere-gentle.

Most willingly would the angel have written him down "As one who loved his fellow-man"; adding this, "Loved by them also." For in all the years that I knew him in that delightful old town—how dear to me, almost painfully dear to me yet, but like other small towns, as it was then, sometimes gossiping a trifle unamiably, I never heard a "harm word," as they say in the South, of Deacon Hapgood. Surely from the sweetness of that "Dream of peace" which a life, aging like his into perfect purity, can gain even here, he awoke into the reality of peace beyond.

Once more I must quote that poem; I have learned to admire it so much, and it is here so suitable:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered—'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou; 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

The Hardy Family.

LUCIEN E. HARDY.

Samson Hardy was born in Bedford, Mass., December 30th, 1753, and little is known at present of his boyhood days. On the 19th of April, 1775, he marched in Captain Moore's Company, from Bedford, Mass., with the minute men, as the alarm had been given by Paul Revere the evening of the 18th, to John Hancock and Samuel Adams, that General Gage with his British regulars had left Boston on their way to Lexington.

He served in the Revolutionary war until the Declaration of Independence, and was at Ticonderoga. He was pensioned for his services.

Soon after the close of the Revolutionary war he was married to Mary Spaulding of Westford, Mass., who was born December 3d, 1764.

They settled in Cavendish, Vermont, at which place all of their children were born, nine in number,

named—Polly (Mrs. Upham), born February 26th, 1787; Rachel (Mrs. Blakesley), born January 28th, 1789; Lucy (Mrs. Cady), born January 26th, 1791; Hannah (Mrs. Nott), born April 24th, 1793; Lucinda (Mrs. Patterson), born September 7th, 1795; Stephen, born September 23d, 1797; Samson, Jr., born October 23d, 1799; Betsy (Mrs. Ely), born April 28th, 1802; Rebecca (Mrs. Philips), born August 24th, 1804.

In 1811 he moved with his family from Caven-
dish, Vt., to Rushford, N. Y., and bought of the
Holland Land Company 200 acres on lot No. 37,
at \$2.25 per acre. Beside his occupation of farming,
he kept a hotel or inn as it was called in those
days. He also owned, and ran a distillery.

The second town meeting held in the town of
Rushford was held at his house in 1817.

On the morning of New Years day, 1817, his
log house was burned; by twelve o'clock, noon,
the neighbors had assembled with axes and ox
teams, and before night they had hauled logs
enough to rebuild the house.

About this time Judge McCall appeared on the
scene and advised them not to build a log house
but to build a plank house, and he offered to saw
the lumber, gratis. The next day a sufficient
quantity of logs were drawn to McCall's mill, and
in a very few days Mr. Hardy's family were
occupying their new plank house.

All of his children with the exception of
Sampson, Jr., and Rebecca having married, and
left home, he sold his farm and all of his other
property to his son Samson, Jr., on the 2d day of
April, 1821, and as part of the consideration,
Samson, Jr., was to keep and care for Samson, Sr.,
and his wife during their lifetime, and was to give
them each \$2.00 per year for spending money.

He died in Rushford, November 29th, 1831,
and his wife, Mary Spaulding Hardy, died at the
same place February 24th, 1852. Both were buried

in what is known as the "First Burying Ground," in the west part of the village of Rushford.

Samson Hardy, Jr., who bought his father's homestead and other property in 1821, was married on the 4th day of June, 1823, to Sophronia Wright, who was born at Westford, Mass., June 23d, 1802. They immediately went to housekeeping on the homestead farm, and were residents of Rushford all the rest of their lives.

They had ten children, three of whom, Rolon, Susan and Mary, died in infancy. The other seven children were, Samuel A., born January 17th, 1827, died March 22d, 1907; Maria, born March 3d, 1829, died February 22d, 1877; Lucy, born November 9th, 1830, died August 28th, 1899; Webster, born December 28th, 1832, died May 20th, 1893; Sophronia, born May 3d, 1835, died January 18th, 1910; Asa W., born August 4th, 1837, died May 8th, 1886; and Martha, born January 26th, 1840. All settled in Rushford and spent nearly all of their lives in this town.

Samuel A. Hardy married Catherine Youngs May 6th, 1850, who died in 1852, leaving one child, Elbert C. Hardy, born June 22d, 1851, now living in Buffalo, N. Y., and who married Florence Hill of Rushford, who died in 1901; his children are, J. Dezell Hardy, of Buffalo, N. Y., and E. Clarence Hardy, of Ludington, Mich.

February 5th, 1855, Samuel A. married the second time, Ann Williams, who was born in Wales, January 1st, 1833, and who still survives.

He had three children by this marriage, Lucian E., of Rushford, born October 26th, 1857; Catherine A., of East Aurora, N. Y., born March 7th, 1863, who married W. F. Wells, whose children are William A. and Herbert E.; and Martha E., born September 6th, 1865, who died in infancy.

Maria Hardy married Andrew Kimball January 28th, 1847.

Lucy Hardy married DeWitt C. Butts Septem-

ber 30th, 1851; children, Mary (Mrs. W. W. Kimball), and Josephine, both living in Binghamton, N. Y.

Webster Hardy married Mary Jane Pettit July 6th, 1855; children, Clarence, who was killed at Baltimore in 1881; Elmer E., now residing at Farmersville, N. Y.; Fred and Etta (Mrs. E. A. Potter), both living at Belmont, N. Y.; he was married the second time to Nelia Hyde, of Rushford, N. Y.

Sophronia Hardy married Adison Kimball November 30th, 1854. One child, Addie (Mrs. Charles Pelton), residing at Franklinville, N. Y. She was married the second time to D. D. Persons, of Rushford, N. Y.

Asa W. Hardy married Sarah Freeman September 20th, 1858; children, Irving D., residing at Portville, N. Y.; Burton F., residing at Olean, N. Y.; and May (Mrs. John Gibbon), residing at Springville, N. Y.

Martha Hardy married Abner H. Claus December 24th, 1857. One child, Grace (Mrs. Roy Taylor), residing at Rushford, N. Y.

Samson Hardy, Jr., was generally known in this section as Colonel Hardy, having been commissioned Colonel during the time that general trainings were held. He was Supervisor of Rushford in 1831, 1837 and 1838; the Town Meeting in 1830 was held at his house. He was also postmaster of Rushford for several years.

He was a member of the first Board of Trustees of Rushford Academy, and was prominently identified with nearly all public enterprises and improvements for the betterment of the town during the first half century after it was organized.

He bought and sold several tracts of land, and the northwest part of the village of Rushford was mostly sold off from the old homestead.

For several years he was salesman of the Rushford Cheese Factory, and, as there were no adequate banking facilities in the town in those days, he would receive the pay for the cheese in currency and pay it out to the patrons, sometimes \$5,000.00 or \$6,000.00 at a time.

His wife, Sophronia Wright Hardy, died on his seventy-first birthday, October 23d, 1870; and he died August 5th, 1876.

Samuel Arthur Hardy, eldest son of Samson Hardy, Jr., was born at Rushford on the old homestead farm of his father and grandfather, and lived the last forty years of his life and died on the same farm. Notice of his birth, marriages and children are given in preceding paragraphs.

He bought ninety acres of land about one-half mile north of Rushford village on the Buffalo road when he was a young man, and lived there until 1867, when he traded with his brother, Webster, for the old homestead.

Farming was his principal occupation through life. For several years he and his brothers, Webster and Asa, owned quite extensive hop yards, and raised large quantities of hops for shipment; after a while the price of hops got so low that it did not pay well to produce them. Hence the yards were abandoned and the land used for other purposes.

He was elected and served for several years as Justice of the Peace, and was also for several years one of the trustees of the Rushford Union School.

He was a great lover of music, and when a young man he was one of a male quartette organized in Rushford for the purpose of furnishing campaign songs at political meetings, and was also one of the original members of the Rushford Cornet Band, which was organized under the leadership of Prof. H. R. Palmer. He played one of the instruments for a great many years, and

his brother, Asa W., was leader of the band for several years previous to his death.

While he did not care for public office, he was a great reader and took a lively interest in public affairs. He died March 22d, 1907.

Lucian E. Hardy, son of Samuel A. Hardy, was born in Rushford October 26th, 1857. His family is now the only Hardy family left in Rushford.

He was educated at the Rushford Union School; and later was one of the trustees of said school and Secretary of the Board of Education for six years and for the past nine years has been Treasurer of the School.

Nearly all the time until he was of age he lived at home on the farm.

He was in the drug store and studied the drug business and became a licensed pharmacist; but was offered the position as cashier for Stacy & Kendall, Bankers, in 1884, and accepted and filled that position for twenty-five years, when he and C. J. Howden purchased the business, continuing it under the name of Howden & Hardy, Bankers, he still acting as cashier for the new firm.

On the 26th day of March, 1884, he married Anna A. Kendall, daughter of C. B. Kendall, of Rushford.

They have four children, Grace A., born December 25th, 1886, who graduated from the Rushford High School in the class of 1905; H. Kendall Hardy, born November 7th, 1890, who graduated from the Rushford High School; Charles A., born June 2d, 1902; and Leigh E., born March 2d, 1906.

The Higgins Family.

Orrin Thrall Higgins was a descendant of Stephen Hopkins, of the "May Flower" and other Pilgrim fathers. His first ancestor by the name of Higgins who emigrated from England was



MR. and MRS. ORRIN THRALL HIGGINS

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Richard, who was born in Langley Parish, Hertfordshire, August 1st, 1603. He came in the ship *Ann*, when very young, but returned to England, and then went to Leyden, Holland. He emigrated to the Plymouth Plantation, on the *Talbot* in 1629. His name appears on the first tax roll extant, and he was a member of the Colonial Assembly, 1647-51 and 1661-67. The line of descent continues through his son, Benjamin, and his wife, Lydia Hicks Bangs; their son, Samuel, and his wife, Hannah Payne Cole; their son, Captain Israel, and his wife, Ruth Snow Brown; his son, Israel 2nd, and his wife, Elizabeth Woods Aiken; his son, Captain Timothy, and his wife, Lucy Whitmore; his son Timothy, and wife, Elmyra Thrall.

The following extracts may interest some member of the family:

"The counsel of war, in this time of danger from the Dutch and French, our common enemies, embraced Anthony Thatcher, Lieutenant Freeman and Richard Higgins of Eastham" (Cape Cod, p. 261).

"Two hundred years have passed, and still, Old Tree,
Thou standest in the place where Prince's hand
Did plant thee in his day,
An undesigned memorial of his race
And time, of those, our honored fathers,
When they came from Plymouth o'er, and settled there,
Doane, Higgins, Snow, and other worthy men,
Whose names their sons remember to revere."

(History of Eastham p. 15).

The family continued to reside in Massachusetts until prior to the Revolutionary War, when they removed to Middlesex County, Conn., and engaged in ship-building on the Connecticut River. During the Revolution, five brothers of the name were enrolled among the Continental soldiers. Timothy, the son of one of the brothers, Captain Timothy, was born at East Haddam, Conn., in 1802, and was baptized there.

His brothers, Russell and Willard, had come "to the Genesee country, because they had learned of the large forests." Their uncle, Rev. David Higgins, a graduate of Princeton and formerly a student at Yale, was among the early missionaries sent out by the Congregational Church to Western New York. Timothy Higgins joined his relatives here, living in various places until his marriage, when he went to the town of Centreville, which was created by an act of the Legislature on January 15, 1819. This town was named after one in Windsor County, Vermont, which was supposed to be the centre of Windsor County in that State, from which came so many of the founders and early inhabitants of Rushford. Dr. Higgins did not practice medicine during the latter part of his life. He was appointed Surgeon General in the Militia by various Governors, including Governor Marcy, and was Supervisor. He was more interested in politics and geology than in money, and displayed small financial ability.

Dr. Higgins married (2d) Sophronia Thrall, a sister of his first wife. Sophronia Thrall Higgins had ability with her pen, as had her brothers, and she spent much time in the cultivation of flowers. Dr. and Mrs. Higgins lived in Rushford a few years prior to their death. They were advanced in years, and had little part in the activities of the village. One incident might be related:

During the Greeley campaign his son, Orrin Thrall Higgins, who was a great admirer and friend of Horace Greeley, was a most enthusiastic supporter of the Greeley candidacy for the Presidency, in 1872. Mr. Higgins had engaged a speaker of unusual ability and at large expense, to address the citizens on the issues of the campaign, in the Academy Hall. Dr. Higgins did

not share his son's views, but went to hear the noted speaker. The latter made a statement which was extremely pronounced, whereupon the ponderous form of Dr. Higgins slowly rose and, pointing a finger at the speaker, he said "That is a lie," and stalked not only in a dignified, but in an indignant manner out of the hall. Needless to say, that the great eloquence of the speaker, as well as the money of Dr. Higgins' son, had been wasted on this meeting.

It was necessary for Orrin Thrall Higgins to begin his activities in a business way early in life. While employed during the day by a merchant, he had an opportunity to study in the evening under the direction of a most excellent teacher, and thought this a great privilege. He was later with Mr. Charles E. Gilman, whose memory he often recalled.

Among his early burdens, he said, was waiting in a store for a customer to arrive while his employer was absent. He was not permitted to read, but interested himself in studying the different colors in the skeins of sewing silks, and placing them so that they would be harmonious, not only to attract buyers, but because of the pleasure it gave him to be occupied and to study what combinations of colors might be made. His enthusiasm over nature, with its varied colorings and light and shade, was infectious. Although of such quiet manner, his eyes and example enkindled a spirit of industry in all those about him. It used to be said, "driving like Jehu" meant "driving like O. T. Higgins."

When only six years old the fearful Higgins' will power manifested itself by his walking from Pike, where he had been shopping with his step-mother, to Centreville, a distance of seven miles, because she would not allow him to drive. This was not the end of his punishment. Failing to

comply with his father's demand that he should express regret for his disobedience, he was "rolled over a barrel" after his return home until subdued, and held it up as a great lesson, in which he was early taught to obey.

One of his business ventures, in the early fifties, was in placing such moneys as he had been able to put aside through his own efforts in the stock of the "Plank Road," which was built through the Gorge to Oramel. The stock of the same is still in existence, and so far as the writer knows, has never paid a dividend. The project was abandoned and Mr. Higgins had his first lesson in "high finance." Dr. Schurman, President of Cornell University, says, "Recognizing the future values, in 1853 and subsequent years, O. T. Higgins purchased timber lands in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Oregon and Washington. Later he purchased iron lands on the Mesaba and other ranges in Minnesota." Mr. Higgins was at one time in partnership with Mr. Billings, and in a village directory in 1869, O. T. Higgins and W. Griffin are each put down as broker and merchant. He had stores in various towns in New York and Pennsylvania, in which many Rushford young men found employment and became Superintendents or partners after certain years of experience. Among them were Grover Pratt, Henry Talcott and Homer Brooks. Again, to quote from President Schurman, "Orrin Thrall Higgins is one of the men who have verified Emerson's saying that 'America is another name for opportunity.' The man of organizing genius knows how to satisfy the wants with those resources. He is a benefactor to society, and society does not begrudge him compensation for his services or profit on the capital he risks in enterprises to meet future demands, and so he pros-

pered. His personal notes circulated as currency in Western New York during the days of stringency in the money market at the time of the Civil War. He carried justice and fair play into business."

The Chautauqua Assembly *Herald* of June, 1895, says: "O. T. Higgins belonged to that class of far-sighted, energetic and capable men who have done so much for the economic development of the country, and have laid the foundations of that material prosperity which is a prerequisite of intellectual, æsthetic, moral and even religious progress.

But success in this work did not satisfy his nature. His broad human sympathies led him to render aid in countless ways to his fellows.

Although not a member of any church, he contributed to the support of many. Reluctant to commit himself to any one creed or form, Mr. Higgins had, nevertheless, a deeply religious nature, and displayed those virtues of strength, integrity, sympathy, purity and genuine gentleness which find their full expression in a character dominated by a sense of responsibility to God and of the duty of service to mankind."

His devotion to his father-in-law and his wife during her illness, when he gave up all business, as well as the opportunities which he made possible for his children, are gratefully remembered, but the greatest legacy to his children and to his children's children is that of his honor and integrity. Progress seemed to be his great watchword, and simplicity and nobility characterized his life.

"His face was a thanksgiving for his past life,
And a benediction to all mankind."

O. T. Higgins married Lucia Cornelia Hapgood, daughter of B. T. and Alzina Taylor Hap-

good, September 25, 1852. Some of the wedding invitations still in existence show the customs of the time, as they are placed on rather elaborate ornamented white note paper. The announcement cards were engraved upon a highly glazed surface, and read:

Mr. O. T. Higgins.
Miss L. C. Hapgood.

The wedding, which took place in the evening, may or may not have been characteristic of its day, but the record of it has been quite minutely described, as well as an ambrotype of the bride and groom in their wedding garments. After the ceremony had been solemnly performed, the guests repaired to the large front chamber on the second floor, where supper was served. The table being removed, an orchestra or band played. Especial mention is made of the introduction of two violins, which were suggestive of something which so marred the solemnity of the occasion for Mr. John Holmes that he went down to the living room, which opened from the central front door, and began reading the Bible.

Lucia Hapgood's name first appears on a school register in Rushford in 1841, when Dr. William B. Alley was the teacher. She was graduated in 1848 from Phipps Union, Albion, N. Y., and studied elsewhere.

"Mrs. Higgins was a woman of brilliancy and rare culture of mind," wrote Bishop Simpson. All who knew her realized how fond she was of her bright world, and she contributed largely to the happiness of those in her home, and to the many whom she delighted to have about her. In the year after her father's death, "Mrs. Higgins faced and fought a fatal illness, with the greatest heroism," said Dr. Willard Parker, of New York. Her smiles and songs between in-

tervals of great pain made the atmosphere about her not like one who was passing away from earth, but as she frequently told her children, she was "only going on a pleasant journey," to see their "grandfather and our Father in Heaven. It will be so beautiful there. You must be glad that I can go." Each day the children were asked to bring a little book and write down quotations from scripture. Those written on July 15, 1868, are here given:

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls."

"Ask and ye shall receive. Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

"These are they that have come up out of great tribulation, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb."

"Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that spitefully use you."

In August, 1868, after having spent much of the summer in the East, having had consultations with eminent physicians, she returned to her home to "fall asleep."

Clara Alzina Hapgood Higgins, daughter of Orrin T. and Lucia C. Higgins, was in the Bryan School at Batavia, N. Y., and afterward in school in Europe. She married Frank Sullivan Smith, of Angelica, N. Y., and New York City, a graduate of Yale College, holding the degrees of A. B. and LL.D., who is a well-known lawyer.

Frank Wayland Higgins, their son, born in Rushford, m. June 5, 1877, Kate Corinne Nobles, of Sparta, Wis. Children: Orrin Thrall, born in Rushford, m. Elizabeth Bransford, April 16, 1902; Josephine Bell, b. in Olean; Frank Harrison, b. in Olean.

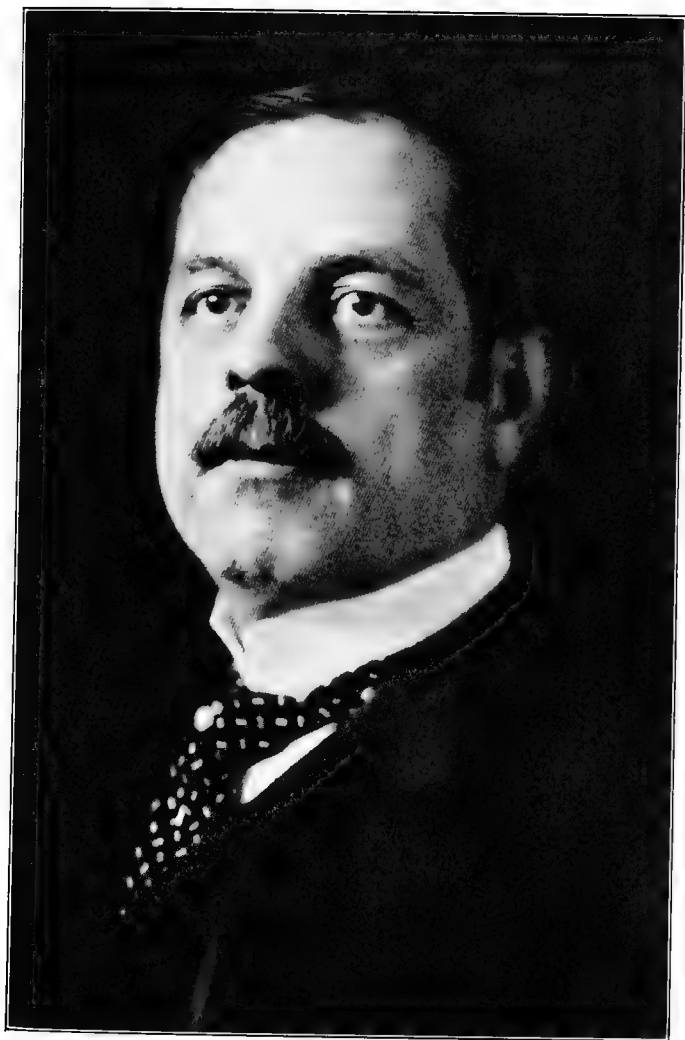
Frank W. Higgins had a joyous childhood until

he lost his grandfather and mother. He and his sister had their first lessons from their grandfather Hapgood, their mother teaching them French. Later Miss Janette Caldwell was an efficient governess, compelling them to learn their lessons. When they failed, punishment was sure to follow. Frank managed to gain some little pleasure, however, in almost every punishment meted out to him, such was his sunny nature, and he was full of ingenuity. When obliged to sit quietly in a swing near a strawberry bed, he arranged a fish hook on a line, which he always had in his pocket for convenience sake, and managed to fish a few berries and more leaves into the swing. He was first allowed to go to school for part of the day, walking to and from there with his hand in Miss Ford's, and protected by her great cloak.

He was on the alert every moment; when not studying, drawing, playing some musical instrument or singing. While in school in Rushford, he was not so studious in the ways pointed out by his teachers as in reading newspapers and books. He had a remarkable memory. On February 10th, 1871, he wrote his first paper on Political Parties. From early childhood the questions of the day were discussed by him with much enthusiasm, and he expressed his views in no uncertain terms.

He graduated from the Riverview Military Academy, and engaged in business with a classmate in Chicago, afterwards going to the Yellowstone Park with Generals Grant and Sherman. For a short time he was in business in Stanton, Mich., but returned East to assist his father in his business affairs.

From the time he entered public service as Senator, through the many years following, he had the same genial qualities of his boyhood, to



FRANK WAYLAND HIGGINS

which was added a sense of great responsibility. The following has been written by one who held public office for many years, and may be of interest to the friends of his childhood:

"I had the good fortune to know intimately for a period of twenty years Frank Wayland Higgins, late Governor of the State of New York. In that time I came to know something about the many high qualities which he possessed. * * * He had a dislike of public show, and no desire to exploit his personal achievements. His sense of right and abhorrence of wrong were most acute. As a public servant he believed his best efforts and entire time belonged to the public. His belief in this respect led him to labor many weary hours, when had he cared less for the exactness of the task before him, he would have relieved himself of the burden. No Senator, no Governor ever made a more careful study of public business than he. His work in this respect will live in the statutes of the State, and the results will be a lasting benefit. By a single statute he revolutionized the State's system of bookkeeping, thereby making it possible to know precisely the financial condition of the State at all times. His knowledge of the details of every State department, and all of the penal and charitable institutions was phenomenal. In legislation the name attached to a measure does not always disclose the real author. The quiet, thoughtful representative, with strong character, clear mind and high purpose, often is the influence that shapes public policy in legislation, and proper credit is not given to the real worker. He possessed two of the greatest qualifications known among men in business and political life. He never broke a promise and never forgot a friend. All in all, he was a clean-handed, high-minded, patriotic American, leaving everyone who knew him better for the

acquaintance. His term of years reached only to a century's half-way mark, yet in that time he had accomplished great things for his fellow-men. Those who loved him best think of him as one 'who had done his work and held his peace, and had no fear to die.' "

John W. Hill.

John W. Hill was the son of John Hill, of English descent, who moved from Vermont at an early date to Middlebury, N. Y., where John W. Hill was born in 1814. In 1828 he came with his father to Centerville, N. Y., where he had bought a farm near Fairview. He helped his father clear the land, build a dwelling and barns. Arriving at manhood he bought a farm on Lot No. 40 in Centerville.

In 1839 he married Sophia E. McClure (a granddaughter of Gen. Joseph McClure, of Revolutionary fame, who was the first settler of Franklinville, N. Y.). He built a dwelling and barns and resided on the farm until 1851. The farm being back from the road, he was not satisfied with the location, so he bought another farm of 214 acres on Lot No. 56 in Rushford, and moved there. He proceeded to build the dwelling and barns that are now on the farm, which was to be his future home. Besides doing his work on the farm, he built many buildings for others. He also found time to serve his town as Supervisor, Highway Commissioner and Assessor. He lived on this farm forty years and died May 20th, 1891. Mrs. Hill died March 8th, 1891.

They had seven children: Jeannette (Mrs. M. M. Tarbell), their children Jennie, Abel and John; of these Abel is the only one now living; Abel married Catherine Hyde (one child, Theodore); Jennie married Stephen Wilmot (one child, Jennie); John Dezelle, who married Esther Wilmot

(children, Milford and Winnifred); Wealtha Jane (Mrs. W. W. Bush) (children, John and William); John married Mary Whitney (one child, Watson); William married Myrtie Metcalf. Fred. O., Sophia E., Florence A. (Mrs. E. C. Hardy) (children, Grace, Herbert, Dezelle, Clarence and Grover, of whom Dezelle and Clarence are now living); Dezelle married Eliza Riggs (one child, Florence).

Of the seven children, two are living, John Dezelle, who now owns and resides on the farm, and Wealtha Jane, wife of Watson W. Bush.

The Hillary Family.

MAUD HOWARD BRADY.

David Hillary was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1790. He married Hannah Agett. They came to America in 1814 in a vessel called *The Two Brothers*. As the passage was very stormy they were eight weeks and two days making the journey. They settled at Perry, Wyoming County, New York, where they lived two years. Then they moved to Rushford, on the farm now owned by David Hillary, where they spent the remainder of their lives.

David Hillary was an orphan. He was apprenticed for seven years at wagon making. At that time the lumber which was used was sawed in a saw-pit, in which the saw worked perpendicularly, one man standing in the pit and the other above. He was a great reader, and found more pleasure in arguing politics than in doing his work.

He was loyal to his new country. He died in 1855.

His wife, Hannah, was born in 1795. She was never idle; every spare moment would find her knitting. She died in 1880.

Two children were born to them, James in 1818, and Nancy in 1822. James married Emma

Johnson. To them were born six children, Jennie, Hannah, Mary, Ida (deceased), George and David.

Jennie married Harry Wallace, who for several years operated a saw mill at Hardy's Corners, and then moved to Dellville, Virginia, where he died. She now lives with her two sons.

Hannah took care of her aged parents at their home in Gordonville until their death. She afterwards married Lawrence Clark.

Mary married Louis Keeton. They now reside at Perry. Two children were born to them.

George married Mae Baker. He now resides at Centerville. They have one child.

David, who now lives on the old homestead, married Helen Abbott.

Nancy Hillary married Eleazer Howard. They lived in various places, Farmersville and Rushford and finally, in 1880, moving to the farm, where they resided until their death. Nancy Howard was a constant reader of the Bible. Four children were born to them, Mary J., Emma C., Francis and Walter. Mary married Edwin Pasco, and now resides in Pittsburg, Michigan. Their children are: Emma, who married John Moore; Francis, who married Carrie Capin. Frank Howard was for years Deacon in the Baptist Church. Walter married Eliza Van Name. They reside on the old homestead. They have one child.

Harmon Hyde.

MARY ANN HYDE.

Mr. Hyde was born in Burlington, Vermont, July 28th, 1807; he was the eldest child of Erie and Pamela Hyde. His people moved to Rushford, New York, in the fall of 1831. They bought a farm two miles north of town.

He learned the jewelers' trade in Buffalo of a

Mr. Stevenson. The contract was that Mr. Hyde was to board himself and pay one dollar per week for learning. At the end of the first month, Mr. Stevenson said to him that he was a natural genius, and he was willing to give him the one dollar per week, instead of taking it.

After finishing his trade he returned to Rushford, and established himself in business in 1834.

June 25th, 1837, he married Miss Tabitha Gilman, a sister of Mrs. Thirds. On account of illness in the Thirds family, the marriage took place at the residence of Mr. Oramel Griffin.

In 1840, Mr. Hyde built a house and place of business on Main street. It was the second or third building on Main street.

Mr. Hyde was widely known and honored as a strictly honest man. Mrs. Hyde was a very active woman and helpful when sickness came into a home in town. Their family consisted of nine children, Lestina, Henry, Mary Ann, Lauretta, Charles, Cornelia and Cordelia (twins), Harmon and Fred W. The family now living are Mrs. Gifford (Lestina), of Washington, D. C.; Mary Ann, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Cornelia Hardy, Rushford, New York; Harmon, Silver Springs, New York, and Fred, Rushford, New York.

Mr. Hyde died September 16th, 1867; Mrs. Hyde September 5th, 1884.

Nathan C. Kimball.

Nathan C. Kimball was born in New Hampshire, but came with his family from Catherine, Schuyler County, New York, to Rushford in 1820, when thirty-four years of age. For a short time he was a dry-goods merchant. Perhaps hearing of the independent life of the farmer, he gave up the mercantile business and settled on what was later known as the Andrew Kimball farm. For years after he had cleared

sufficient land to erect a house, he could see from his place no clearing but his own.

The children of the first wife were: 1, Lucius; 2, Emily (Mrs. Warren Damon); 3, Mary (Mrs. Reuben Lyman); 4, Louisa (Mrs. Naham Ames); 5, Albert.

The children of the second wife were: 1, Andrew; 2, Addison and Adaline (twins); 3, Susan (Mrs. Beecher).

Andrew was connected with the orchestra when Vickery's Music School was flourishing.

Nathan C. Kimball was a long time an official member of the Baptist Church. In 1855 he passed on to the great majority.

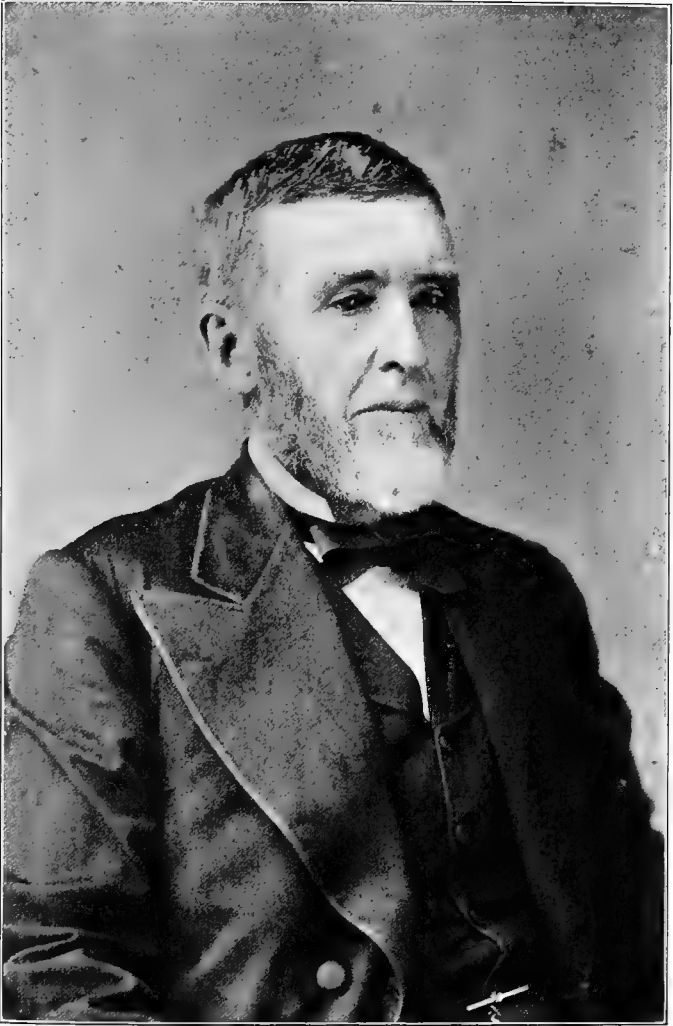
Mrs. Susan Beecher is the only living child. Mrs. Charles Pelton, of Franklinville, and Charles Kimball, of Buffalo, are grandchildren.

Unsigned.

Ralph B. Laning.

Ralph B. Laning, one of the members of the Centennial Committee, is said to be the eighth resident lawyer in the village of Rushford. He is the son of R. Bonham and Helen Woodworth Laning. Mr. Laning's father was a lawyer, as was his distinguished uncle, A. P. Laning, first of Rushford and later of Buffalo. Mr. Laning's grandfather, Rev. Ralph Laning, married Anna Pierce, cousin of President Franklin Pierce.

Ralph B. was in school at the Rushford Academy; read law with his uncle, C. W. Woodworth, who was for many years postmaster of Rushford, and with A. P. Laning, of Buffalo; was admitted to the bar in 1880. He at once became a partner of his uncle, Charles W. Woodworth, and has been a successful lawyer, as well as holding public offices. He is now Supervisor. Mr. Laning married in 1880 Nellie, daughter of Gideon L. Walker, a former lawyer in Rushford. They have one child, Ruth W.



CHARLES W. WOODWORTH

The Lathrop Family.

John Lathrop, born in Elton, Yorkshire, England, emigrated in the *Griffin* in 1634, settling first in Scituate, Mass., then in Barnstable, where he died in 1653. "He preached in London to the first Independent or Congregational Church organized in England, and was the first minister both of Scituate and Barnstable, Mass."

Samuel Lathrop, born in England; removed to Norwich, Conn., and died there in 1700. He married (1st) in 1644, Elizabeth Scudder, who was the mother of his nine children. He married (2nd) at Plymouth, Abigail, daughter of the famous John Doane, to whose family reference is made in connection with the Higgins family. He was the ancestor of another Rev. John Lathrop, a distinguished minister in Boston, and of Dr. Daniel Lathrop. His drug store was for many years one of the landmarks of Norwich. His importations of drugs and chemicals were large for those times. The youth of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, the poetess, was passed under his roof.

Samuel Lathrop, Jr., married the daughter of Deacon Thomas Adgate.

Samuel Jr.'s son, Col. Simon Lathrop, commanded one of the Connecticut Regiments in the successful expedition against Annapolis and Louisburg, and was for some time in command of the fortress at Cape Breton.

"Col. Lathrop was valued for his judgment in council, as well as for his gallant bearing in the field, and was of a prudent, thrifty disposition, fond of adding land to land and house to house. There was a doggerel song that the soldiers used to sing after their return from Capertoon that alludes to this propensity:

'Col. Lotrop, he came on
As bold as Alexander;
He wan't afraid nor yet ashamed,
To be the chief commander.

'Col. Lotrop was the man,
His soldiers loved him dearly;
And with his sword and cannon great,
He helped them late and early.

'Col. Lotrop, staunch and true,
Was never known to baulk it;
And when he was engaged in trade,
He always filled his pocket.'"

"Simon Lathrop² erected in 1779 a chocolate mill, which was moved by water wheels and could be tended each by a single workman." The chocolate made was of the best quality, according to the history of Norwich.

Some members of the family went to Vermont.

Isaiah Lathrop was born in Bethel, Vt., August 2nd, 1805. When a young man he came on horseback from Vermont to Pike, N. Y., where he taught school. Here he married Allathyna Greene, also a teacher. She was the daughter of Arnold Greene, of Worcester, Mass., whose father, Benjamin Greene, was the brother of Gen. Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary fame, and a direct descendant of John Greene, who came to Plymouth, Mass., from Salisbury, Eng., in 1820.

Mrs. Lathrop's strength of character was demonstrated through the lingering and what she knew to be fatal illnesses of her children, as well as in other ways. The lovely smile and her sweet, strong nature were shown in her face, and have been transmitted to her only surviving child, Alice, whose grace, charm and loyalty of heart have been apparent to all who have come in close touch with her since her early childhood.

In 1835, Mr. Lathrop removed to Rushford and opened a "tinware and stove store" (as advertised in early county papers). It was the first in town, on the corner of Main and Buffalo Streets. People came from all the surrounding towns to buy hardware and the bright hand-made tinware. He lived in rooms in the rear of the store while his new home, across the creek on



AMERICA and ELLEN LATHROP



MARY, ALICE, WILLIS LATHROP

Cuba Street, was being built. Here he lived until his death in 1887.

In 1852, he erected a block on the site of the old shop. The west store was used as a fully equipped hardware store until it burned in 1885. Willis C. Lathrop was in partnership with his father until his death in 1884. At that time Mr. Lathrop resigned the business into the hands of his son-in-law, Henry A. Holden, and his grandson, Irving L. Bond. Many young men found employment with Mr. Lathrop, two of whom later became wealthy and influential. Mr. Sessions worked about twenty-five years in the tinshop, and the shelves filled with shining pans, pails and dippers of all sizes showed his skill in this line. Mr. Lathrop, himself, worked with the others, and could often be seen mending sap boilers and stove pipes. The east store was occupied by a brother, Cyrus Lathrop. Boots and shoes were made to order by him and Lucius Kimball. The third floor was fitted up as a lodge room, and was used by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of which Mr. Lathrop was a member. When the building burned in 1885, the east store was used by Charles Howe as a harness shop.

In the flood of 1864 the store was in danger of being swept away. A large hole, ten feet deep, was washed out at the southwest corner, and some of the people who were being helped from the hotel on the opposite corner came near losing their lives there. At this time Mr. Lathrop was busy at his home, assisting people across the angry torrent filled with driftwood, which flowed down Cuba Street. He, with difficulty, rescued a one-legged shoemaker, whose crutch had been struck by a log. Eighteen people spent a night of anxiety at the Lathrop homestead.

Mr. Lathrop served the town of Rushford as School Commissioner, Town Clerk, Supervisor and Assessor. He was early interested in the

cause of education, and with sixteen others raised the money for the building of the Rushford Academy before its incorporation. The latter was effected in 1852, as may be seen by the Charter printed herein. His name appears as applicant for the Charter granted from the Board of Regents. He was a student and thinker. It was but natural that he should frequently take part in the debates at that time when men gave their best thought toward questions of progress. One of his debates is published in this volume, showing the thought of the man. Other interesting papers written by him are in existence. He was dignified in bearing; had a liberal, unprejudiced mind, and welcomed new thought.

In early years Mr. Lathrop was a Universalist, and attended the services in that church until they discontinued, although he purchased a pew in the Baptist Church in 1839, for himself and his heirs forever. He was always a staunch Republican, but a great admirer of Horace Greeley, and a subscriber of the *Tribune* for many years.

America was the eldest daughter of Isaiah and Allathyna Green Lathrop. She, as well as her sisters, Julia, Ellen, Jane and Mary, died early in life; all women full of promise. Julia, married Dr. Clinton Bond, who served in the Civil War as surgeon, and afterward practised medicine in Libertyville, Ill. Their son, Irving Bond, born in 1859, in Wisconsin, lived with his grandparents until his death in 1888.

Mary, a beautiful woman, passed some time in Colorado in the pursuit of health, after her marriage to Capt. Hiram A. Coats, a sketch of whom follows this paper.

Alice, the only surviving child, married Henry Anthony Holden, son of Anthony and Maria Clark Holden, descendants of the early settlers of Rhode Island, their ancestors having come with Roger Williams. He attended the



MARY LATHROP
(MRS. H. A. COATS)

Greenwich Academy and later was graduated from the Providence Business College. He came to Rushford in 1871, and added to his business activities interest in politics, being Supervisor several terms, and holding the office of Postmaster eight years. Mr. Holden, with his family, removed to Buffalo in 1894, where he is now living, engaged in the business of real estate, loan and insurance. Their daughters, Mary and Ellen, began their education in the Rushford High School, and were graduated from the Buffalo High School and Cornell University, and are very successful teachers. Lathrop, the son, is a pupil of Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Holden has given much time and interest to the compilation of this volume.

Sketch of the Life of Capt. Hiram A. Coats.

Among the graduates of Rushford Academy in 1860 was Hiram A. Coats, who soon after graduation began the study of law in his home town of Wellsville, with the Hon. W. F. Jones. The Union, summoning defenders, found a ready response in him, and having aided in the organization of other companies and regiments, he enlisted for service in the 85th N. Y. Regiment and was made 1st Lieut. of Co. H, which he had helped raise. Upon his merit as an officer he was soon promoted to be Capt. of Co. G, and in further recognition of his military capacity he was afterward detailed upon the staff of Gen. Wessels. While serving in such capacity, and during an engagement early in 1864, just after he had re-enlisted for a second term of three years, Capt. Coats was wounded and taken prisoner, and was held as such for nine months. He was confined in Libby Prison, then in Charleston, S. C. At that time Charleston was under Union fire, and one day while the prisoners were eating their

noon-day meal, a Union shell dropped into their midst, but it proved a *friendly* shell in more senses than one, for it refused to burst and the group of prisoners was saved. While imprisoned in Macon, Ga., Capt. Coats with a companion managed to escape, and assisted by an old colored woman, who dragged a boat across a plowed field for them, they were enabled to go down the river to a point where they could signal a Union gunboat, which they did with the remaining fragment of white shirt with them, and Hiram arrived home early in January, '65. The greeting the town gave him showed the high regard in which he was always held in the town of Wellsville.

In 1870, when Capt. Coats visited the old friends in Rushford, he found a younger sister of his beloved old classmate, Ellen Lathrop, had grown into an ideal young woman, and the next year he was married to Mary Lathrop, who, all too soon, showed that she was the victim of the same dread disease which had carried away her older sisters, and caused her death Jan. 27, 1877, and that of her husband seven years later.

For many years Capt. Coats was a member of the firm of Coats Bros. Furniture Manufacturing Company, of Wellsville. Reverses by fire and steadily declining health were not sufficient to check the enterprise and steady courage which led on to business success, and to which he contributed with the intelligent force for which he was widely noted in a generous degree. In all public enterprises and in every charity his heart and purse were freely extended. He was an ardent Republican, and his aggressiveness in political warfare was one of the prominent characteristics of his life. He was a prominent and devoted Mason, and a member of the Lodge and Chapter in Wellsville, as well as of the Commandery at Olean.

Capt. Coats was a noble man. If he was ever

adjudged at fault in judgment, he was never accused of the lack of magnificent courage of manly convictions. His appreciation was stronger than his prejudice, and no man ever doubted his earnestness or sincerity. There was no pretense in his composition. He was the man, the friend, the counselor he stood for, and his friendships were as enduring as life itself. His death occurred in Wellsville, Nov. 12, 1884.

Leavens.

WILLIS H. LEAVENS.

The ship *William and Francis* left London March 9th, 1632. A distinguished passenger on this voyage was Mr. Edward Winslow, of Plymouth, returning from a visit to England and to be Governor of Plymouth the next year. The records say he brought with him a friend, one John Leavens, an Englishman of means. In the probate office at Boston there is a well-preserved document concerning an estate, the ninth settled in the Colony. It reads as follows: "An inventory of the goods and chattels of John Leavens of Roxbury, deceased, taken and appraised by us whose names are under written, the thirtieth day of the sixth month 1648." This seems to be the first record of the Leavens name in America. The records of Roxbury show that on May 10th, 1775, a company was organized with Charles Leavens, a great-grandson of John Leavens, as Corporal, also one Daniel Buck and one Henry Wardner. This company was Company 8 of Israel Putnam's Regiment, and was ordered to cover the retreat of the American forces upon their withdrawal from the scene of the fight.

At the close of the Revolution Charles Leavens, Daniel Buck and Henry Wardner settled at Killingly with their families. Charles Leavens had ten children—Mary, who married Benoni Buck, a

son of Daniel Buck (Benoni Buck was grandfather to Prof. G. W. F. Buck); Calvin, born Aug. 18, 1784; Chloe, born June 17th, 1789; she married Luther Wardner. Their son was Pastor of the Rushford Baptist Church at two different times. In 1780 Charles Leavens and the Buck family moved to Windsor, Vermont.

Calvin Leavens settled in the town of Rushford in the spring of 1828. He married Lucy Woods of Reading, Vt., in 1807. He died in Rushford May 5th, 1862. Lucy, his wife, died in Rushford Aug. 17th, 1860. Their children—Calvin Galusha, born at Reading, 1808; Grover, born at Windsor, 1811; Laura, born at Windsor, 1812; Lyford, born at Windsor, 1815; Lucy Loraine, born at Windsor, 1817; Daniel W., born at Windsor, 1822; Louisa, born at Rushford, 1830.

Calvin Galusha married Mary A. Richards of Rushford in 1834; she died in Michigan 1871. He married for his second wife Lucia Woods Benjamin, who died in 1893. He died in Rushford September 16th, 1888. He had three children, but all died in infancy.

Grover Leavens married Mahitable Roberts of Warsaw in 1833. She died in Horseheads October 1, 1865, and Grover died December 16, 1865, at Horseheads. He was collector for the State Canal at Oramel for three terms, and was member of the New York State Legislature in 1847-48.

Laura married Edward B. Pratt at Rushford in 1843. Edward B. Pratt was killed by an accident in the woods about 1850. Laura died in Rushford April 24, 1891. They had two children, Grover M. Pratt and Mary L. Pratt, both residing in Rochester. Grover married Miss Weir and has three children: Edward, residing at Franklinville, N. Y.; Jenieve Pratt Stillman, residing at Fairhaven, Mass.; Helen Pratt Rice, residing at Rochester.

Lyford Leavens, my respected father, married Myra Gordon September 17, 1837. He died December 20, 1875. Myra died June 15, 1906. Their children—Eliza P., born June 29, 1840, died August 22, 1898; Willis Hamilton, born December 18, 1854, married Ida Morrow at Rushford September 12, 1876. Their children, Inez L., born at Rushford June 4, 1877, a teacher in New York City schools; Edward R., born August 2, 1879, married Louise Pagles in 1908, resides at Rochester; Donald W., born August 22, 1895.

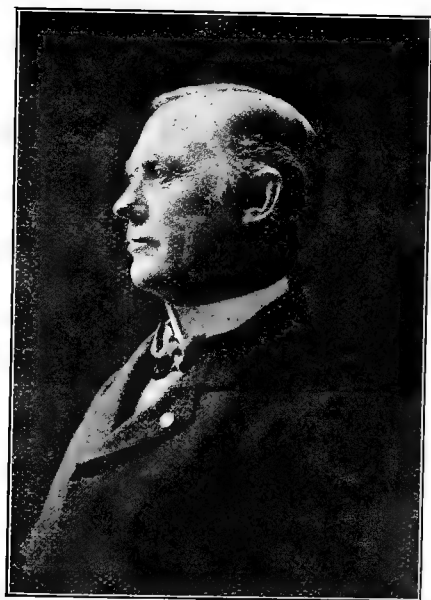
Lucy Loraine Leavens married Jiles H. Chapin at Rushford. Jiles H. died in 1865. Lucy Loraine died 1880. They had two sons, Harrison H. Chapin and Charles T. Chapin. The Chapin Brothers published the *Rushford News Letter* at Rushford in 1854, then removed to Adrian, Mich. Harrison died in Adrian in 1905. C. T. Chapin resides at Cadillac; has retired from business. He has one daughter.

Daniel Woods Leavens married Mary L. Burr at Rushford January 3, 1845. He died at Bay City, Mich., March 14, 1893. Mary died at Pasadena, Cal., July 16, 1900. Their children, Charles A., born at Rushford, December 2nd, 1848, married Mary Burr 1875; she died 1884. He then married Viola Richardson June 11, 1896. They have one daughter, Donara, born May 19, 1899. Walter C. Leavens, born at Rushford, May 29, 1852, died in Pasadena 1893. Edward Leavens, born at Oramel, December 21, 1857, died at Decatur, Mich., 1878. George Fox Leavens, born at Horseheads, October 29, 1865, married Anna S. Harris June 25, 1896; they have one daughter, Phœbe, born May 11, 1902.

Louisa Leavens married Cenclair Dayton at Horseheads 1865; she died at Elmira, February, 1907, and her husband, February, 1908. They had no children.

As to the part the Leavens family took in the settlement of Rushford, I have been unable to find that they took any particular part, but I have no doubt that they did their share. I never knew a Leavens that was a quitter. I think they all had enough and to spare. None of them have made what some people call a success of life. I well remember what Uncle Galusha told me once: "If the world is better for your having lived in it, you have made a success of life." But the standard of to-day is, "How much have you?"

I never saw a Leavens that did not like to hear a good story, and I have heard some of them tell one occasionally. I remember once when I was a small boy, my father made butter tubs, and I would borrow Uncle Harry Howe's two-wheeled cart to take them down to Mr. Higgins' store, and Mr. Hapgood would pay me for bringing them down, in candy. One night Frank Higgins thought he could have some fun, it being April 1st, so he took a coin that had a hole in it and tied a thread to it and laid the coin on the steps and put the thread under the door; then we were ready. Ed. Brooks was the first one to come along. He put his wooden leg on the thread, then took the coin and bought some tobacco with it. Of course the laugh was on the boys. Then the men got discussing where the custom originated, and the M. E. minister was there and he asked father. Father said he did not know without it was from the Bible. The minister said he never saw anything in the Bible about April Fool. Father then said he supposed that the custom had originated from what was said in the twenty-third chapter of Revelations, so the minister sent for his Bible, and when he opened it he got the laugh, as well as the boys, and he never spoke to father again as long as he lived in town; but I don't think it affected him, for I heard him tell stories after that.



HON. A. W. LITCHARD

Eddie Leavens, Daniel's boy, was an artist of a good deal of promise, but his health failed and he had to give up his work. Aunt Louisa invited him to come to Elmira and spend the summer, so he went there and spent several months. Aunt Louisa knew a girl there she was very anxious Eddie should meet, I suppose she wanted to make a match; everything was done by both families to throw them in each other's company; after a few weeks Aunt asked Eddie what he thought of the girl. He said, "She is good company, fine looking and sings beautifully, but she don't help her mother," so that ended that.

Daniel Leavens, I am informed, was a leader in the social and musical circles of Rushford for some years; he was a fine singer and writer of no small ability, a man who kept posted on current events, and was of pleasing personality.

Calvin Galusha Leavens was a man beloved by all who knew him; I think he was the most unselfish man I ever knew, always looking to the welfare of others.

A. W. Litchard.

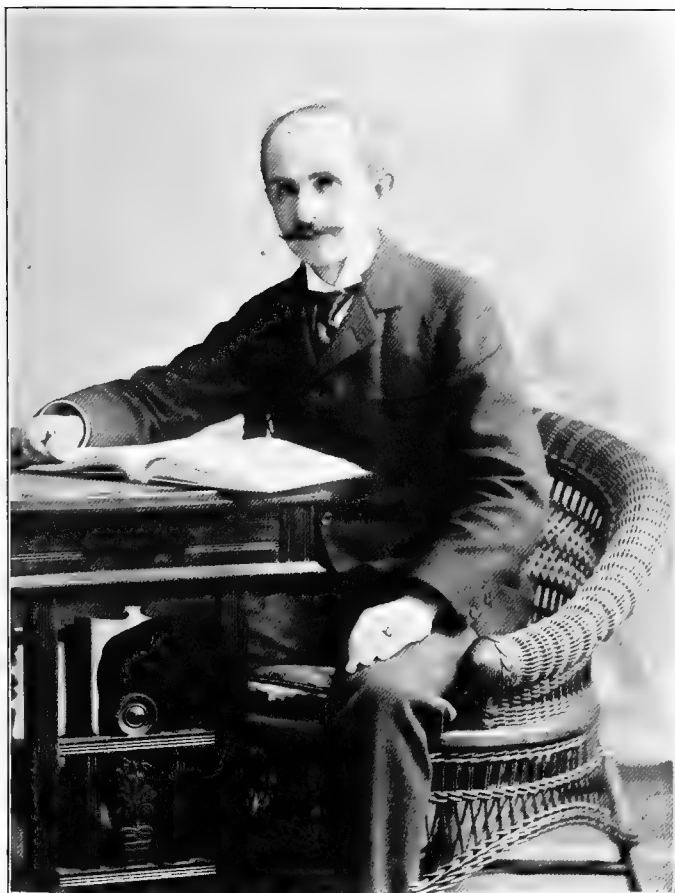
A. W. Litchard was born in the town of Sparta, Livingston County, November 12th, 1841, his father of German descent, his mother of New England stock. His gift of oratory came undoubtedly from his mother's side of the family, as she had three uncles, brothers, who in their day were the most noted Baptist ministers in the New England States. Mr. Litchard came to Almond, Allegany County, with his parents when four years old, attending district school and working on the farm.

When President Lincoln made his call for men, Mr. Litchard was one of the first to respond, enlisting at Hornellsville, August 29th, 1861, in

Company D 86th N. Y. Vols., or better known as Steuben Rangers. He was discharged the winter of '62; regained his health and re-enlisted in Fifth N. Y. Heavy Artillery. This Regiment of fourteen hundred strong was a part of the 6th Corps that helped Sheridan out of many a tight place. Serving in this Regiment until the close of the war, he was honorably discharged June 28th, 1865, having served with McClellan, Pope, Sheridan and Grant.

On April 12th, 1866, Mr. Litchard came to Rushford and located on what was known as the Baptist lot, then a wilderness, now one of the finest farms in the county, the B. & S. Ry. passing through it. Mr. Litchard was one of the first to be impressed with the spirit of progressive, scientific farming; he was the prime mover in organizing the Allegany County Farmers Club, which grew into a membership of twelve hundred, to which Allegany owes much for its splendid homes and well tilled farms. The Allegany County Co-operative Insurance Company grew out of this organization. He was nine years president of the Farmers Club; also president of this Insurance Company at the time of his death. He was for a number of years connected with the State Farmers Institute work; as a lecturer for the evening entertainments the State had no superior. He was a noted G. A. R. orator. Mr. Litchard served three years as Assemblyman in the State Legislature, giving his best effort to secure laws most beneficial to agricultural interests.

Mr. Litchard was engaged by the State of Minnesota for two winters in agricultural work, and one year in North Dakota; a portion of this time he was employed by leading railroad companies, traveling over the State with other speakers, instructing the farmers so that they might have a better knowledge of their busi-



PROFESSOR EDWARD MAGUIRE

ness, and know how to meet the conditions of the new country.

Mr. Litchard was a faithful, consistent member of Rushford's Methodist Church, taking great interest in the children, being superintendent of the Sunday School for a number of years. He loved his home and home people, and was ever ready to lend a helping hand to those sick or in need.

It might not be amiss to mention in this article that Mr. Litchard, like Moses of old, was denied seeing some of the things consummated that he longed to see, especially the celebrating of Rushford's Centennial and Home Coming, which he had looked forward to with the greatest interest.

Mr. Litchard reached home from a business trip the evening of September 15th, was about town and feeling fine the next day, but was taken sick that evening, and on the 19th was taken to Hornell Sanitarium, where he died September 25th, 1906.

Edward Maguire.

Edward Maguire was born at Seward, N. Y., October 18, 1859. His parents were James Maguire (of Scotch-Irish ancestry) and Deborah Humphries (of English ancestry). Seward is in Schoharie county, on the eastern border of Otsego, and there he attended the country district school, from seven to twelve, through the year. After twelve he worked on the farm in the summer and attended school a short term during the winter till he was seventeen. Then he attended the high school department of the Cobleskill (N. Y.) Union School for two winter terms of four months each. For the two years following he taught the village school at Seward Valley (now Dorloo), and continued his studies at home.

His attention was called to the state scholarships at Cornell University. To his own surprise he was the successful competitor for the scholarship for Schoharie county in the summer of 1880, and, having passed the entrance examinations without condition, he entered Cornell in September of that year. The financial question was paramount, as he had saved only enough for one year's expenses. But he was able to borrow enough for the three remaining years. This was a heavy handicap, and the last of this debt was not seen till four or five years after graduation.

The choice of institutions was fortunate. It was democratic and cosmopolitan. What counted most was the ability "to make good," and one who succeeded was eligible to all the educational and social privileges. A wide range of studies was offered, and Mr. Maguire made a rather wide selection, embracing languages, literature, mathematics, sciences, philosophy, history and politics. He specialized, as far as possible, in an undergraduate course, in history, and was graduated in June, 1884. It was his good fortune to have as instructors such men as William A. Anthony in Physics, Hiram Corson in literature, Herbert Tuttle in international law, Moses Coit Tyler in American history, and Andrew D. White in European history. Among his classmates was the lamented Dean Huffcut, who, while acting as legal adviser to Gov. Hughes, became ill from overwork, really giving his life for the State's service. Mr. Maguire's closest friend was Herbert C. Elmer, of Rushford, of the class of 1883, and a fellow-member of the college fraternity, Beta Theta Pi.

Though strongly inclined toward law, he took up teaching, and has ever since followed the schoolmaster's profession. First, for a short time, he taught again at Seward Valley, and then went to Laurens, Otsego county, as principal. In 1887

he came to Rushford, where he remained till July, 1893. Here was an interesting problem. Rushford was the seat of one of the old academies, which had declined during the Civil War. Later a union free school district had been formed, and the school was conducted in the old academy building. In 1887 the building was dilapidated, books scattered, apparatus broken, the high school department practically absent. It was a pleasant task and a good experience to establish order, raise the standard and complete the organization of the school. There was one graduate in June, 1888—the first. Twenty-one other classes have since sent out some fine and successful young men and women.

In 1893, the desire to do advanced work in history and political science caused a temporary absence from the school room. Two years of study of constitutional history and political ideas and institutions under Professors Moses Coit Tyler and J. W. Jenks, together with the work of assistant in the accession department of the Cornell Library, followed. Then there was a short business experience, and the work of principal at Angelica, N. Y., began.

Angelica is an interesting old town, and its school problem was interesting. Up to 1897 it provided elementary instruction free, but secondary or high school education was not free. A private institution, the Wilson Academy, given by Col. Wilson, furnished instruction to those who wished to go farther than the grammar school. But in 1897 the academy became the high school department of the public school, in a union free school district. Coördination and articulation of the two schools, in a community much imbued with the private school idea, made a good five years' work. But the end was attained, with the coöperation of an intelligent community in which there was much educational interest. The Angelica

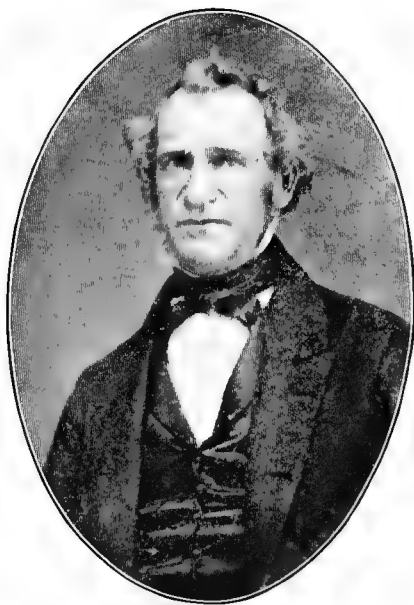
Free Library was built and opened at this time, and added much to the success of the schools.

As superintendent at Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, from 1902 to 1908, there was a larger work to be done. An elementary system of nine grades must be changed to eight, and a low-grade high school changed to one of standard quality. The community was also different, manufacturing taking the attention of the majority of the people, twenty-five per cent. of whom were foreigners. There was much work for the children outside of school, and correspondingly less interest in school. Some prejudice against people from "the East," as they say of New York, existed. Six years were not too long for the accomplishment of the object, but the system desired was established and was in successful operation during the year, 1907-1908. Aside from the school, there was congenial occupation in starting and administering, largely, the Carnegie Free Library, of whose board of trustees he was a member six years, and for six years chairman of the Library Committee.

Mr. Maguire is now at Swissvale, Pa., a residence suburb of Pittsburgh. Here the work is congenial but not so arduous as at Beaver Falls. At Beaver Falls there were 50 teachers and 1,800 children to supervise. Here there are 40 teachers and 1,300 children. Still it was a promotion to come to Swissvale, as has been each of the other changes.

Mr. Maguire was married July 24, 1889, to Melva E. Balliett, of Lockport, N. Y. Their children are Gertrude Elizabeth, born at Rushford, September 24, 1891; Alice Deborah, born at Angelica, May 11, 1898; Ruth Balliett, born at Angelica, June 2, 1900; and Edward Balliett, born at Angelica, January 17, 1902.

His personal characteristics are not especially marked. He dislikes advertisement, notoriety, dogmatism, bigotry and sham, and is inclined to



MILTON McCALL

take people for what they are really worth. He never has striven to be popular, and as ordinarily understood does not care for society. He has always had a few strong and lasting friendships. Whatever of success has come to him has been the result of hard work. In teaching he could get the pupils to work, and as principal and superintendent he has by working with them been able to get coöperation and work from teachers and pupils. Life in the country and companionship with nature appeal strongly to him, and he hopes sometime to go back to the farm.

He is a member of various educational societies and associations, and of Melrose Lodge, No. 818, F. & A. M., Angelica, N. Y.

Probably no teacher in Rushford since the time of Sayles and Buck have brought more culture to the town as well as school. Mr. Maguire is a man of unusual attainments and charming characteristics. His eldest daughter, Gertrude, graduated from the Brockport High School. Mrs. Maguire has a beautiful voice and increased the interest in music in the towns where Mr. Maguire has done such able work as an organizer in the schools, and he has been a potent factor in progressive citizenship.

The McCalla.

MRS. SOPHIA E. TAYLOR, A GRANDDAUGHTER OF
JAMES MCCALL.

The McCalls were originally Scotch Highlanders. Trouble arising during the religious agitations caused them to change their residence several times. Finally three brothers came to America. The first records available are that one brother, James, was settled in Mansfield, Massachusetts, in 1711. The families of other generations resided in Philadelphia, and many of the last generation bore their sur-names.

James McCall, one of the early settlers of Rushford, was the fourth James, of the fourth generation, who was born in Columbia County, N. Y., Jan. 5th, 1775. His mother died two years later of smallpox. His father was Benajah McCall, who came from Connecticut in 1769 and settled at Lebanon Springs, Columbia County, where he had a farm of one hundred acres and a boarding house. He is spoken of several times in the history of the American Revolution as occupying places of trust in the army. At the close of the war he sold out, agreeing to take Continental currency in payment. This proving worthless, together with unpaid bills, resulted in a loss of about five thousand dollars. He had a bounty land claim of one thousand acres of timber land on the Delaware River, in Delaware County. He made the venture of going there through a trackless forest. History says he left Columbia County in the early spring of 1783. The family record says he married February 3rd, 1783, Mrs. Lois Brinsmade. A unique wedding trip, an ox sled bearing his wife and effects, while the four children trudged along on foot. In May they came upon a deserted Tory clearing in Schoharie County, where he halted, plowed and sowed and waited for the harvest, that they might have subsistence for the rest of the journey, which they completed during the winter of 1783-1784. James was now nine years old. They had crossed no bridges, their only guide was blazed trees.

With the true pioneer spirit Benajah began a clearing, built a log house and they were once more at home. He built rafts of logs and floated them down the river to Philadelphia until he was able to build a sawmill of his own, then he manufactured lumber, cleared the farm where he lived, and died. He was buried at Walton, New York. When his sons, Ancel and James, came to young manhood they bought one hundred acres of

their father and began lumbering for themselves. James was conscientious, energetic, and had an inquiring mind. He read the few books he could borrow in the community. When he became of age he obtained money enough on his own responsibility to take him to Connecticut, where he entered school for the winter, mastering every subject taught, and gained knowledge enough to do ordinary surveying. He went back in the spring, took a raft of lumber to Philadelphia, and with the proceeds therefrom soon started for the far West, Ohio! He worked with the government surveyors during the summer, but was stricken with the prevailing malarial fever. As soon as he was able he returned to his home. He made several trips of investigation and investment in the next few years, but was finally obliged to abandon his hopes, for malaria was still there.

In 1798 he, with his brother, removed to Seneca County, secured a tract of land on Cayuga Lake and established what was long known as Ridder's Ferry across the Lake. In 1799 James married Elizabeth Dye. He conducted a general store and an ashery, where ashes were converted into potash and pearlash. He represented Seneca County in the State Legislature from 1808-1814. He united with the Baptist Church in Ovid in 1812, from which time he lived more for God than himself.

In March, 1815, he came to Rushford, with horses and wagons. There were now eight children, Sophia, Milton, Matilda, Emily, Seneca, Nelson, Mariah and Ancel. He purchased eight hundred acres of land, east of the center of the town, settling about one mile from the center, where they made a home in the new country. In November of the same year, he, with four others, formed a nucleus, which resulted in an organized Baptist Church the next spring, 1816. This year he built a store and went to Albany

with his team for merchandise. In the same year he was appointed Judge of Allegany County Court. This was also the cold year, causing an entire failure of the crops. By his forethought the young settlement was kept from suffering. He bought and stored quantities of grain, meal and flour, thus supplying the poorer people, while those who had teams and could possibly go to older settlements for supplies were obliged to do it. They could not buy of him. He gave employment to a large number of men clearing land and produced ashes; so again he built an ashery where the ashes could be stored. A heavy rain was often a terror to those who were depending on their ashes to buy food and clothing at the store.

James McCall was very anxious for the higher development of the people. He believed that prosperity accompanied the efforts of those who revered God and worshipped him systematically; consequently there was always a family altar, and every member of the family and every workman was expected to be present. A portion of God's word was read and prayer offered. On one occasion, when the new gristmill was being built, the master workman remonstrated with him for the waste of time of so many hands. However, there was no change, as he believed time spent with God was well spent. Some of you have known men who were in his employ. Deacon Hapgood, Warren Damon and Alonzo Lyman I have heard speak of events that occurred in that home in an early day. Mr. Damon had the misfortune to break a leg, and was nursed and cared for by the family until restored.

The Thursday evening prayer meetings of our churches were scrupulously maintained from a very early date. The McCall team was brought to the door, as many chairs as could be were put in the wagon, the women each one with a candle



MRS. NELSON McCALL
(ROSINA BELL)



NELSON McCALL

and candlestick to supply needed light. I presume the men carried the snuffers; Rushford had no gas in those days.

Mr. McCall was interested in the educational opportunities, and gave much to establish schools and foreign missions. Furness' History of the Holland Purchase Land Company makes reference to him, and after alluding to some praiseworthy traits says: "James McCall may be regarded as the patroon of the Village of Rushford. Conspicuous in the various enterprises that have contributed to its prosperity, his life has been an exemplary and useful one."

He represented Steuben and Allegany Counties in the State Legislature in 1818-19 and 1823. In 1821 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention; in 1824 elected Senator from the Eighth Senatorial District, and served four years. In 1830 he was appointed by President Jackson as one of the three Commissioners to settle differences between the Menominees and Winnebagoes and the New York Indians in the Green Bay region of Wisconsin. His private journal, covering the time of service, is preserved in Vol. XII, Wisconsin Historical Sketches. It consists of an itemized account of all expenses, the daily transactions of business, and also gives first impressions of men and things, noting especially the physical features of the country through which he passed. The journey was made mostly by boat from Buffalo, with an occasional stage ride, and a few miles on foot. One thing that has impressed the writer of this sketch is that every Sunday found him with those who worshipped God, if he could find them. Texts and salient points of sermons are recorded. He was again appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas by Governor Marcy.

His wife died in 1833, leaving thirteen children, one having died in infancy in 1820. The death of

the mother was a great bereavement. To her belongs a due meed of praise for the success of the husband. During the many and long absences, she kept a close hand on business affairs, and was so in the confidence of the older sons that there was no break. The home life of the husband and wife was beautiful and loving. I read this recorded of the mother, and it was long before we had any temperance law, or temperance reforms were in evidence. In the winter of 1812, while Mr. McCall was in Albany, she noticed the insidious effects of stimulants upon the men about her, and the little infant hands were reaching for the wine glass on the table, and a decision was made. She ordered every cask containing any kind of drink brought out and emptied into the street. They never sold any more. When the husband came home he was accompanied by some men of position. At dinner there was no wine on the table. A question was asked. She explained the whole event, and received complimentary congratulations from the guests upon her courage in breaking with custom.

The sons and sons-in-law bought parts of the land and made homes for themselves. The house on the bluff in East Rushford was built for Milton McCall. The one occupied by Mrs. Small was built for Nelson. The Cory Noble place belonged to Ancel. Sophia Goff had thirty acres and a house was built for Newell. Maria married Elder Miner, and their first home was the house opposite Grant Woods.

Mr. McCall was postmaster several years after his more public life ceased. He married again, and owned and occupied the house now used as the Methodist Parsonage. Again he was left alone, and in his last days lived with Newell. He died March, 1856. Two of the children had gone to Wisconsin. After the death of the father the sons followed. Only two of his children are

buried in Rushford, Sophia and Elisa. The impress of true lives does not end with their years. A book of remembrance is written before Him. When it is opened we shall know the real worth of such lives.

Frank McKinney.

(From *Rushford Spectator*.)

'Neath heaven's pure mantle of snow, where in the spring the sweet forget-me-nots will blossom, and not far from the place of his birth and where he spent his happy childhood, rests the frail tenement which the spirit of Frank McKinney made dear to his kindred. He was born here in 1842. At the age of about eighteen he went to Vermont to attend school, and after coming back here, soon went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, to attend a law school. He was never very strong and made up his mind an out-door life in a mild climate would be best for him. In 1865 he crossed the continent and took up ranch life in California, and has been East but twice since. Last summer he was here several weeks, and greatly enjoyed a visit with his sisters, Mrs. Del Plain, of Mexico, and Mrs. Dean, of Ulysses, Pennsylvania, and other relatives and friends of his youth.

Mr. McKinney was a genial man. Well educated and possessed of marked abilities, he made a success of life.

A Brief History of the Morrison Family.

LUCILIA MORRISON DURKEE.

Ephiram Morrison, with his wife and five children, Rachel, Betsy, John, James and David, came from Cayuga County to Rushford about 1815, in an emigrant wagon. The three boys bought land of the Holland Land Company. James walked from Rushford to the land office at Ellicottville, to get the article. The only road was a blazed

trail. The land, which cost twenty shillings an acre, was paid for with black salts and potash. It is now known as Morrison Hill.

James taught school about two years. David was a hunter; he killed as many as five deer in one day. The writer has sat many a time listening to the stories told by Harriet Morrison, David's wife, about the red men trying to push Emerson Kendall into their kettle of soup, and taking the small children and placing their heads between the rails in such a manner that they could not escape without help, and many more such tricks.

Ephiram built a log house, the fireplace of which was formed by a large rock which is still on the place. After a while the three brothers, John, James and David, married three sisters, Fanny, Laura and Harriet, the daughters of James Kendall, and settled on their farms, which were adjoining. Their father, Ephiram Morrison, was a pensioned soldier of the Revolution, and died at the age of ninety.

Up to the time of the Civil War the Morrisons were Democrats; since then they have generally been Republicans. As for their religion, they were mostly Methodists in belief.

James had seven children—Sullivan, Emiline, Jane, Henderson, Minerva, Alfred and Riley. All are living at present except Emiline and Minerva.

David had five children—Randolph, Willard, Willis, Louise and Rachel. All are dead but one, Rachel, the wife of Sumner Kilmer. She is living on the place her father cleared.

John had nine children—James, Sylvester, Emerson, Alonzo, John, Matilda, Maria, Rachel and Betsy. John moved with his family to Indiana.

The place on which James Morrison settled is now owned by his oldest son, Sullivan, who is eighty-four years of age and still active.

The only grandchildren of Ephiram Morrison are Sullivan, Henderson and Rachel (Mrs. Kilmer).

Alvin K. Morse.

Alvin K. Morse was born in Connecticut between Hartford and New Haven in 1794. He learned the hatters' trade in Schoharie, New York. Then he went from city to city making a supply of beaver hats for dealers, earning sixty dollars a week. He used to say that a person must work on fur according to the motion of the animal; that on mink fur one had to work like lightning.

He was in Buffalo when the War of 1812 broke out. After the burning of the city he enlisted, receiving at the close of the war a land warrant for one hundred and sixty acres near Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

He was married at Penfield, New Jersey, in 1816, to Sally Rolph. In 1818, after traveling four hundred miles in a covered wagon with two children, Squire and Phineas, they reached Perry, N. Y. Mr. Morse bought one hundred acres of hard wood timber in the town of Covington. He cleared a part of it, and put in a piece of winter wheat. When he came to Perry wheat was worth three dollars a bushel. The next year it was worth only two shillings six-pence, and must be drawn to York landing. Calico at this time was worth five shillings a yard, but it was fine, firm and glossy. Louvisa, Marcia and James were born in Covington.

Thaddeus Elliott, of Centerville, urged Mr. Morse to come to this region to settle; so after his spring's work was done he visited him. The forests were then in their springtime loveliness, and he thought he had never seen so fine a country. This, together with the low price of wheat, caused him to sell his land in Covington and move to Rushford in 1824. He first bought a farm on the road north of Elmer's cheese factory. Later he bought the farm now owned by William

Hallstead. He was then a neighbor of Asa Benjamin.

In the early years people lived in fear of bears and wolves. When they lived on the Thomas farm Mrs. Morse one day, when alone, saw a bear near the house. Elijah Freeman, an exhorter, was passing, and she called to him to come and shoot the bear through the window. He said he had never fired off a gun in his life. "Then load it and I will fire it off." He said he had never loaded one. "Then call John Johnson." The bear heard the man's voice and disappeared, going through the woods to Eneas Gary's tavern on the Centerville road. Two men were there chopping wood. They saw the bear struggling to get through the hedge and threw their axes at him, but he escaped.

Mr. Asa G. Morse says that when he was a boy they used to come four miles with an ox-team and sled to revival meetings in the old Methodist Church. The meeting were full of life.

Alvin K., Jr., Lewis, Asa G., Amos, Ellen, Cynthia and Sarah were born in Rushford. Only three are now living, Mrs. Sarah Meade, Mrs. Cynthia Hallstead and Asa G. Morse.

(Unsigned.)

J. G. Osborn.

MINNIE OSBORN JAGERS.

J. G. Osborn was born in Groton, Tompkins County, New York, August 28th, 1812. He was the youngest of seven children. When but a lad his father died, and his widowed mother "bound him out" to a blacksmith to learn the trade. He came to Rushford in 1834, and in company with Harris Gilbert went to Centerville, where they did blacksmithing for a year. Then they returned to Rushford and bought out Colonel Board, who owned a residence and shop on the site of Mr.

Osborn's late home. Later Mr. Osborn bought out the interest of his partner, and continued the business alone many years, until his health failed, when he took up the business of selling carriages and wagons.

March 11th, 1838, he married Miss Esther Young, daughter of Joseph Young, and granddaughter of Eneas Gary. They lived over sixty years together where they began housekeeping. Of the family of six children only two are living, Mrs. A. L. Gregory, of Lapeer, Michigan, and Mrs. Frank A. Jagers, who lives in the old home.

Mr. Osborn used to relate very many interesting reminiscences of Rushford in the early days, when Main street was bounded by log fences. He was vice-president of the Rushford Cemetery Association when it was organized in 1851. May 19th, 1863, he was appointed Enrolling Officer of the Town of Rushford. He was secretary and treasurer of the Rushford Literary Association in 1858-1859, and was instrumental in securing Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, Horace Mann, Frederick Douglass, Susan B. Anthony and others of note to lecture in the interest of the Association. He was prominently connected with the founding and building of the Academy, the organization of the Cuba Fair, and many other public enterprises. He was interested in the advancement and success of the town, and was a shrewd and successful business man. During his long and active career he was regarded as one of Rushford's substantial citizens.

He died June 20th, 1898, at the advanced age of eighty-six.

Richard Henry Pratt,

BRIGADIER-GENERAL U. S. ARMY, RETIRED.

Son of Richard Smalley and Mary Herrick Pratt. Was born in Rushford December 6, 1840.

His parents moved to Logansport, Indiana, in the summer of 1846. In 1858 he went to Delphi, Indiana, for employment, and there enlisted for the Civil War on the 18th of April, 1861, serving for three months as Corporal in Company A, Ninth Indiana Infantry, Colonel R. H. Milroy, in the West Virginia Campaign under McClellan, and was mustered out July 31st. He re-enlisted in Company A, Second Indiana Cavalry, and served as Sergeant from September, 1861, to April, 1864, when he was promoted into a new regiment, the Eleventh Indiana Cavalry, as First Lieutenant, and on September 1st, 1864, was again promoted to Captain. He was honorably mustered out May 29, 1865.

While in the cavalry he was in all the campaigns and large battles of General George H. Thomas' command in Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, and from September, 1864, to muster-out was on staff duty for the Fifth Cavalry Division under General Edward M. Hatch.

He entered the Regular Army as Second Lieutenant, Tenth Cavalry, March 7, 1867; was promoted to First Lieutenant July 31, 1867; to Captain, February 17th, 1883; to Major of First Cavalry, July 1st, 1898; to Lieutenant-Colonel Fourteenth Cavalry, February 2, 1901; to Colonel Thirteenth Cavalry, 24th of July, 1903. From this grade he was retired February 17th, 1903, and for Civil War service was, by Congress, made Brigadier-General on the retired list April 23, 1904.

From appointment in the Regular Army to April, 1875, he served with his regiment against the Indians in Southwestern Indian Territory and Northwestern Texas, commanding Indian scouts at Forts Gibson, Arbuckle and Sill in the Indian Territory, and Fort Griffin, Texas. In April, 1875, after the winter campaign of General Sheridan against the hostile Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, seventy-four of their most

turbulent leaders were selected for punishment by deportation from their homes and families, in chains, to Florida. Lieutenant Pratt was sent in charge and remained with them from April, 1875, to April, 1878, when they were released.

Under the educational and industrial training system he established in their prison life at old Fort San Marco, St. Augustine, twenty two of the younger men were led to desire further development and training, and asked to stay in the East three years longer and go to school. This was permitted by the Government, and accomplished by Lieutenant Pratt without cost to the Government; seventeen of them going to Hampton Institute, a colored school at Old Point Comfort, Virginia; the other five to New York State, four near Utica and one to Tarrytown.

The progress of the Indian pupils at Hampton was so gratifying that the Government was led to increase the number and include both sexes. In October and November, 1878, Lieutenant Pratt, accompanied by his wife, went to Dakota, secured and took to Hampton forty-seven boys and girls from the Indian tribes along the Missouri River. He was then detailed for Indian educational duty by an Act of Congress passed that year, in the discussion of which his name was mentioned as the person intended. In the spring of 1879 he urged a large increase in the number of Indian youth to be educated and trained industrially away from their tribes, and that special schools be established among the whites remote from tribal influences; and suggested the abandoned military barracks at Carlisle, Pa., as one suitable place. This recommendation was accepted, and he was designated to establish and superintend the school. He went to Dakota and brought eighty-two Indian boys and girls from the Sioux tribes under Red Cloud and Spotted Tail. This party reached Carlisle October 6, 1879. He im-

mediately went West again to the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, and brought in another party of youth from the Kiowa, Comanche, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Pawnee and Wichita tribes, and opened the school November 1st with one hundred and forty-seven pupils. Industrial training, civilized usefulness and clearing away of the prejudices against Indians were the avowed purposes of the school. All the substantial trades and agriculture were taught practically, and advancement in books to a grade half-way between the Grammar and High School grades was made the goal for graduation. The school grew to an average attendance of over eleven hundred pupils yearly, coming from more than eighty tribes, including Alaska. Its graduates are to be found in every tribe in the United States usefully employed in Indian School and Agency work, as Superintendents of Indian Boarding-schools, teachers, both schoolroom and industrial, clerks, farmers, stock raisers, &c., &c. Many of them have gone out from their tribes and successfully engage in industrial and professional employments in competition with our own people. The large number who have successfully maintained themselves in these various experiences fully illustrates that the Indian, when given a fair chance, becomes entirely equal to all the demands of a useful life in our modern civilization.

A brave soldier in War

A great philanthropist in Peace!

Ira Sayles, A. M., Ph. D.

Prof. Sayles came of the liberal, progressive Rhode Island type, of New England blood. He was born in Burrillville, R. I., March 30, 1817. In 1834 he came from Westfield, Pennsylvania, to Whitesville, N. Y., to be an apprentice in the cloth dressing trade. He had been an attentive

learner at the common schools, was a studious reader. In 1839 he entered Alfred Academy, being the first pupil who applied for instruction under William Colegrove Kenyon, who came from Union College in the spring of 1839.

Prof. Kenyon was an educator of remarkable influence over his pupils, one of whom described him as "a compact, nervous, magnetic man, whose teaching was suggestive, electric, inspiring—stirring young life to the core." No wonder Ira made great progress in his school. He was twenty-two years old when he went to Alfred—no longer a youth, but matured beyond his years and zealously devoted to his studies.

He had decided characteristics; manly, self-contained, independent in thought and act—rather eccentric, a thinker on all subjects, with a broad range and grasp. His special subject was geology, in which he was proficient, and locally an accepted authority.

From Alfred he went to Schenectady, where he graduated from Union College, in 1844. Thus equipped he began his career as a teacher.

Returning to Alfred, he became assistant principal from 1845 to 1850, and from 1859 to 1862—teaching during the former period the ancient, and during the latter, the modern languages. This record exhibits an unusual branch of scholarship—linguistic as well as scientific. Still he was never distinguished in literary work, although while teaching he sometimes threw off verses of local application for special occasions. The powers of his mind and body were compact, energetic, forceful. His pupils felt instinctively that he possessed a fund of character and manhood upon which all his varied acquirements were built. His moral tone was high, constantly aiming at the "principles of decorum, propriety and rectitude."

Rushford Academy under his management had a career of steady growth and great usefulness. "To fit themselves for the stirring duties of active life" was the object and aim which he ever placed before his pupils.

He married, April 13, 1848, Serena C., daughter of Samuel S. White, of Whitesville, who was an accomplished scholar and became a valuable assistant in his profession—her name appearing among the teachers in Rushford for several years. Mr. Sayles' sister was also a teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Sayles left Rushford in 1858, and for three years she was a teacher at Alfred.

His record at Alfred during both his engagements there, was laborious, useful and brilliant. In 1846, accompanied by Prof. Allen, he had succeeded in obtaining a loan of ten thousand dollars of the man who two years later became his father-in-law—Samuel C. White. With that money—a large sum in those days—a campus was purchased and one of three projected buildings was erected—the Middle Hall, in which President Allen's family lived many years.

This service to the school was great. It was in need, and the trustees were without means.

In Mrs. Allen's *Life and Sermons* of her husband these facts are gratefully recorded, and she heads a list of the prominent members of the Franklin Lyceum with "The Learned Sayles."

Many of the scientific books in the Alfred University library contain copious marginal notes written by Prof. Sayles. One of which, found in Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, may be of interest to Rushford people. The author has been describing the parallel shelves or ledges of Glen Roy, Scotland, and Prof. Sayles inserts this note. "A similar embankment of two terraces surrounds the little valley in which is situated the village of

Rushford, N. Y. It extends to the southwest and south toward Cuba, but the outlet is through the Chemung Shales, toward the Genesee River, at Caneadea, where the stream runs through a gorge about two hundred feet wide at the bottom and nearly two hundred feet high."

In 1862 Professor Sayles became Captain Sayles—he went from college to camp. The absorbing events at the opening of the great war aroused the patriotism of his sturdy nature, and with the rank of Captain he entered the 130th N. Y., and served till peace followed final victory. What his record was we do not know; that it was brave and faithful his whole character is proof.

In 1867 Prof. Sayles once more and for the last time became a citizen of Rushford, and an instructor of the youth. As he had been the first teacher in the Academy, so when that school became merged in the Union School, which was a new departure in the educational system of this village, he was engaged to give it the same impetus he had imparted to its predecessor. The high standing and excellent training for which this school is justly noted is in some measure the result of his personality and wisdom. He left Rushford in 1869.

After the war he was for a time employed at Cornell University in classifying minerals, and through the good offices of his old pupil at Rushford, Senator Teller, he obtained a position in Washington as assistant in the geological survey.

He died June 19, 1894, at Case City, Virginia, where he and his wife then lived.

George Scott, Sr.

In the early days of the settlement of Rushford there lived in Belcher, Massachusetts, a doctor by the name of Scott. He seemed to be in more

than comfortable circumstances, as he had colored help both indoors and out.

February 22nd, 1821, his son George, when twenty-six years of age, was united in marriage to Mariah Converse. Before the year ended, to them was born George H. In January, 1823, another child, Calvin, came to the home. While he was yet a babe in arms Mr. Scott, thinking to better his fortune, started for the Holland Purchase, reaching Rushford. Somewhat later the mother and children came on, being assisted in their long and difficult journey by Lowell Wright, then young and single. They settled on what was called the "Old Injun Road," long since abandoned. In present day language, it extended from the Ackerly Brothers' farm on the Cuba Road to Nathan Gilbert's farm on the West Branch Road. For many years there was a tract of land of about fifteen acres surrounded by woods, known as the "Lowell Wright Clearing," through which once ran the "Old Injun" road.

Somewhat later Mr. Scott moved to a farm on the Cuba Road, now owned by Walter Howard; still later he moved to "Scott Hill," beyond the "Six Corners." To them other children were born: Laura (Mrs. Elisha Strait), 1824; Dwight, 1826; Martha (Mrs. William Drake), 1828; Emiline (Mrs. Thomas Dunlap), 1830; Lyman, 1832; John, 1836; Jason, 1840, and Henry, 1842.

There were three families in the Taylor Hill school district that together would have made a school of fair size, John Hammond's, Solomon Chamberlain's and George Scott's. Mr. Scott was a large man, with fair complexion and sharp blue eyes. He was regarded as a fine-looking man. One of his striking characteristics was his ready wit. When some one was laughing at him because he didn't have wood ready for use, he said, "It's a pretty lazy man that can't get up in the morning and split enough wood for his

wife to get breakfast." Once, in speaking of New England rum, he said, "Why, it's hot enough to burn green wood." After a general training he was going to ride home behind his neighbor on the same horse. The horse commenced to kick up. "Go on," he said, "my end's going." Mr. Scott had a running horse that couldn't be beaten. Lower street was his race course, and Henry Kirk White his rider. A party came to Rushford to purchase the horse, Not wanting to pay so much as he asked, they invited him down town and treated him; but to their surprise he came up ten dollars. They treated him again, and he came up ten dollars more.

No one in all the country around could bring the music out of a violin as he could. He was in great demand for dances, and sometimes he played at weddings. He furnished the music at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Frost; he played when Mrs. Frost's daughter Thurza married George H. Scott; he also played when Mrs. Frost's granddaughter, Margaret Scott, was married to Marcus Eaton, thus playing for three generations.

He died when eighty-one years of age; his wife lived to be nearly ninety-one. They were laid to rest in the Bellville cemetery.

Mrs. George Cooper, Mrs. Riley Lafferty, Mrs. Frank Hoag and Milton Scott are grandchildren who reside in town. (Unsigned.)

Searle.

C. AUGUSTA SEARLE SHELDON.

The Searle family of Rushford, New York, have tradition of an ancestor who came in 1623 to Massachusetts Bay with Robert Gorges; and was in charge of "Something," and one of his sons was William, 1, b. 1618 in England, who, with wife Grace, lived in Ipswich, Massachusetts, where he

died and was buried in 1667. Their son Samuel b. 1660, d. 1690, and his wife Deborah, b. Ipswich, 1658, d. in 1703 in Rowley, Massachusetts. Their son Deacon William, b. 1690 in Rowley, married Joane Nelson, b. 1704 in Rowley. (Her grandfather, Capt. Philip Nelson, graduated at Harvard in 1654 and married Elizabeth, granddaughter of Mr. Percival Lowell, who in 1639 came from Bristol, England, to Newbury, Massachusetts.) Deacon William and Joane Searle had son David Searle, b. 1736 in Rowley, who married Judith Sayward, b. 1733 in Gloucester, Massachusetts. (She was descended from Mr. William Stephens, who came from London before 1632. It is said he founded shipbuilding in America.)

David Searle was in 1775, '76, and '77 in the war of the Revolution. Before 1787 he with his wife removed to Temple, N. H., where she died in 1790, and he in 1792. They had son David Searle, born in Rowley, Mass., in 1766, who married Judith Cragin, b. 1767, in Acton, Mass., daughter of John Ford Cragin, a descendant of Rev. Samuel Shelton, who was graduated at Clare Hall, Cambridge, England, in 1615, and was ordained. He came in 1629 in the *George* to Salem, Mass., where he was again ordained, and was for several years a member of the Governor's council. Mr. John Cragin, in 1775, was of the Committee of Inspection and Correspondence. He marched from Temple, N. H., to Cambridge, Mass., on the "Alarm," and was delegate to the Provincial Convention of New Hampshire. In 1776 he marched to Crown Point as a member of the Committee and was a signer of a paper entitled "A Proper Basis of Representation." In 1777 he was one of the Committee to give instruction to the representative at the General Court. As a soldier Sergeant John Cragin marched on to Saratoga, and was undoubtedly

present at Burgoyne's Surrender. In 1781 he was elected a delegate to a Provincial Convention for "laying a permanent plan or system of Government, for ye State." Deacon John Cragin was Town Treasurer from 1778 to 1792, inclusive. He died in 1797 at Temple, N. H. His wife, Sarah Barrett, b. 1731 at Chelmsford, Mass., had died in 1771.

David Searle and Judith Cragin were married July 20th, 1787, in Temple, N. H. Three children were born to them there. In 1791 they removed to Cavendish, Vt., where fourteen more came, seventeen in all; several died, nine became heads of families. About 1814 David Searle with three children, David, Dolly, and Lucy, travelled westward across the "fertile but sickly" Genesee Valley and reached Center-ville, N. Y., on the same day as did Russell Higgins and Packard Bruce, total strangers, who had come from Hardwick, Mass. The next year, 1815, the Searles, father and son, returned home and brought the remainder of the family to Center-ville, N. Y. Having lived in a mountainous country, the top of Hamilton Hill seemed home-like and here they made a farm, although it is said when lightning struck the earth the bolt was only about a yard long. It was in 1823 or later that David Searle, though retaining his hill farm, bought a choice level tract in Rushford, to which he removed and where he had an establishment for making and working up leather. He had then four living sons of the sixth generation and several daughters.

John deV. Searle was sickly and studious. He walked to Buffalo and back, ninety miles, to obtain his Latin books. In 1831 he d. unmarried and was buried in the lot, afterwards reserved from land in Lot 37 for a public cemetery by his father and mother. The same year Harriet Nancy Searle, wife of Harry W. Bullock, also

died under the paternal roof and was laid beside her brother John. She left an only child, Cordelia Bullock, who was adopted by her aunt, Lucy Searle McCall. There was much sickness in the community.

David Searle being called to the ministry, prepared in Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary, now called Colgate University. He was ordained in 1831 in Rushford. He labored with weak churches or the Sabbath School Union until appointed one of the travelling agents of the Baptist Home Missionary Society. He was severely injured in a railway accident near the end of his life and incapacitated for further effort. In 1861 he gladly passed to his reward. About 1828 his wife was violently thrown from a carriage and dreadfully hurt. Doctors could not diagnose the case, and relieved her sufferings with morphine. After her beautiful Christian death in 1874 a post mortem revealed the unaccountable condition which had lasted more than forty years. But one of their children lived to continue the line, namely, Augusta, who married D. Henry Sheldon, and had an only child, Verna Evangeline, who graduated from Wellesley College and married Professor Frederic Charles Hicks, Ph. D.

In 1831 Daniel Searle married Julia Lazelle (a descendant of Elder William Brewster, of the Mayflower). He joined his father in business until the old gentleman retired; then opened a clothing store. Later, he went back to the "hill farm," where his father David Searle died in 1854 and his most estimable mother in 1859. His very excellent wife died in 1866, and he in 1875. Their children of the seventh generation were: Francis, Milton McCall, James Lazelle, Harriett, who married Haskins; David, William and John. Milton McCall Searle was born in Rushford, April 8, 1834. There and in the vicinity he was engaged in mercantile pursuits until the Civil War. He

joined a N. Y. Vol. Reg't, served through, and was honorably discharged at the end of the year. He entered the Federal Post Office Service; was stationed at Petersburg, Va., where he married Sarah Connely, January 20, 1868. He died March 11, 1871, and was buried in the Petersburg National Cemetery. He left three children: William Daniel, Roscoe and Juliette McCall Searle. (The McCall name was in affectionate remembrance of Milton McCall, who married Lucy Searle, a grandaunt.) The family removed to Washington, D. C., where William D. Searle graduated from the Law Department of the George Washington University with the degree of LL.D., and later was admitted to the Bar of the District of Columbia.

Rev. Steadman Barrett Searle (married 1st Olive Lazelle who, and the infant John, died). He was ordained and appointed a Baptist Home Missionary in Indiana. He married, 2nd, Angeline Rice. Their children were Francis Wayland, Harriett, who married William Lentz; Edwin and Edward, twins. Eventually Steadman and Angeline (Rice) Searle, returned to Indiana and died.

Dolly married Packard Bruce. Their children were Sarah Augusta, who married Jerome Hill; Edwin Searle Bruce, Charles Malcolm, Mary A. Lucius Harrison and Harriet Bruce, twins. Edwin Searle Bruce was a Sheriff of Allegany County, N. Y., nine years; then was employed in the "Secret Service of the United States Treasury," also as Special Agent of the Department of the Interior, investigating "Land Claims," and "local Land offices."

Rev. Charles Malcolm Bruce was ordained in Cuba, N. Y., and ministered to Baptist Churches in Clarksville and Milo, N. Y. Was appointed Home Missionary to St. Ignace, north of the Straits of Mackinaw, where the climate and exposure very seriously injured his voice.

Harrison Bruce, in 1861, enlisted in the 3rd Illinois Cavalry, rendered three and a half years active service during the Civil War, and resigned as Lieutenant, March 12, 1865, because of failure of health. In February, 1881, was appointed Clerk of the Committee on Pensions in the United States Senate. In 1883 he was appointed Member of the Board of Pension Appeals in the Office of the Secretary of the Interior, and Chairman of that Board November, 20, 1897.

Allegany County, N. Y., justly claims Henry Moore Teller. He was born in Granger, prepared in Rushford Academy, and graduated from Alfred University. He read law in Angelica; in Cuba he married Harriet Bruce (his Rushford Classmate), and Alfred University conferred on him LL.D. In 1858 they removed to Illinois, and in 1861 made their home in Colorado. He took his seat in the U. S. Senate December 4, 1876, and served until April 17th, 1882, when he entered the Cabinet of President Arthur as Secretary of the Interior, until March, 1885. He was re-elected to the Senate in January, 1885, and his continuous term of service expires March 3, 1909. A rare record—three years in the Cabinet and thirty years in the U. S. Senate. In 1903 the State University of Colorado conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. Most people designate Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Teller as "Pure Gold." They have three children—Emma A., who graduated from Wellesley College and married George E. Tyler; Harrison J., and Henry Bruce Teller, both graduates of Yale College and its Law Department. All reside in Colorado.

Sophronia Searle married Rufus Adams. They had three children: Alfred, Sophronia, who married Fordyce Gordon; and Salome Searle, who married Justus Dayton, had two children, Jeremy and Sarah. Sarah Searle married Lawson Hoyt

and had Francis, Lawson Searle and Lucius. This family resided in Buffalo and New York City.

David B. Sill.

Coming to the county in his early boyhood, all true sons of Allegany like to regard David B. Sill as native born, and all consider him as a worthy example of the self-made business man and Christian gentleman, of which this country was so prolific during the middle period of the last century. Mr. Sill was born near the village of Franklinville, Cattaraugus County, New York, on the 26th of March, 1832, where his childhood and youth were spent.

In 1844 the family, consisting of the parents, three boys and one girl, Daniel being the eldest, removed to a farm on Rush Creek, in the town of Rushford, on which was a saw mill, of the old regulation style of flutter wheel and up and down saw variety. This new location was then in the midst of a wealth of pine, oak, chestnut, ash and other timber, for which it was justly noted. It followed naturally that lumbering was the chief employment of the people, a circumstance which made young Sill personally familiar with all the processes employed in the business, from inspecting the tree, felling it and skidding the logs, in which operation quite likely were employed old "Buck and Bright," the while using "haw" and "gee" as words of command and direction in hauling to the mill, sawing into lumber, "stub-shotting" the boards, "sticking up," caring for the mill generally, and lastly taking it to market in case buyers did not come for it.

The care of the mill sometimes involved seasons of cold, hard, disagreeable work, in cutting away ice from the pitman for instance, or in the

water, waist deep at times, in repairs to flume or dam, and when the sawing season was at its height, working half the day and half the night on "towers" as they called it.

Before the opening of the Genesee Valley Canal lumber and shingles were drawn "down north" to Batavia, Warsaw, Mt. Morris and other points, where markets were found; and in the winter, when good sleighing prevailed, the "Northerners" frequently came after the lumber, bringing various things to exchange. Mr. Sill has drawn lumber to Buffalo, a distance of nearly sixty miles, sometimes, and if the market was dull, storing it on a vacant lot near the corner of Main and Niagara Streets.

During his lumbering experience on Rush Creek he made the acquaintance of Miss Melinda L. Baker, who came to visit relatives in that neighborhood, and they were married February 25th, 1856. Just fifty years later, their golden wedding was appropriately celebrated in their beautiful home, in the village of Cuba, New York, by a large company of friends and neighbors.

About 1859 or 1860, another change was made and a large farm near Rushford village, on the Cuba road, was purchased, incurring a large indebtedness.

During Mr. Sill's patronage of the cheese factory he hauled cheese from Rushford to Cuba and Castile, as might be preferred by the buyers. The haul to Castile involved an early start and late return to make the round trip in a day. In those first years of the cheese factory, the buyers visited the factories and made personal inspection of the cheese. Mr. Sill took quite naturally to the business of cheese buying, and soon developed excellent judgment in the matter of inspection, as well as in market values.

During the years of Mr. Sill's lumbering and cheese-making activities two brothers, Andrew J.

and Hosea B. Ackerly, also of Rushford, were pursuing substantially the same line of business lower down the stream. These three men, from business intercourse and otherwise, became thoroughly acquainted and had great faith in each other's judgment and integrity, respecting each other's opinions.

Elmer M. Bond had established an extensive commission business, buying cheese and other commodities, which embraced a considerable part of the Western New York dairy region, and in a short time had these three men buying for him. Mr. Bond's operations began in Rushford, and then the center became Cuba, New York.

About 1871 Mr. Sill and Hosea B. Ackerly removed to Cuba. Not long after came Andrew J. Ackerly, purchasing for E. M. Bond in New York. Subsequently, they formed a partnership of Ackerly, Sill & Company, which is now the oldest of all the cheese-buying firms in Cuba.

They purchased the extensive saw, planing and wood-working mills of the Russell Smith estate, and enlarged and improved them. This, added to their other industry, making an extensive business. They were interested in some timber lands with the late Orrin T. Higgins. This enlarged business continued for a term of years, their operations extending into neighboring towns, in the line of dealing in timber lands in other States. All of these men have traversed with that pioneer of timber land men, O. T. Higgins, the pine regions of various States. He possessed, indeed, a rare combination of sound judgment, good business qualifications and executive ability, and was, of course, successful.

During these years of lumber manufacture in Cuba Mr. Sill's right hand one day became involved in some of the mill machinery, and amputation midway between the wrist and elbow was

the result. He suffered much, but endured it all with remarkable fortitude.

Ackerly, Sill & Company erected the first of the four cold storage plants in Cuba, and have helped to make the town the second largest cheese market in the State.

Mr. Sill's advice is considered valuable, and he is counseled in many matters of importance in the community.

A genuine Baptist ever since he was twenty-six years of age, he had been active and energetic in church work. Before leaving Rushford, and when that church was in the Cattaraugus Association, he, with the late Ancil M. Taylor and others, at Sandusky, about 1859 or 1860, organized the Cattaraugus Baptist Sunday School Convention, and was for the last five or six years of his stay in Rushford Superintendent of the Sunday School. After removing to Cuba he was fifteen years the Superintendent of the local Sunday School, helping to organize the Allegany Baptist Sunday School Convention, in connection with the Association, and was for ten years its president. Later, he helped in the organization of a County Sunday School Convention, which includes schools of all the churches, and was for several years its president. Recently, when a call for six thousand dollars at least was made for the purpose of enlarging and improving the church edifice, he headed the list with a pledge of one thousand dollars, and over seven thousand dollars was pledged in less than half an hour. It was indeed the crowning act of long years of church work and usefulness.

In 1882 the Cuba Temperance Camp Meeting Association was organized, and Mr. Sill found a new field for his activities. For six years he was its secretary, and for fourteen years its president. His associates in those early years of the Camp were such men as George H. Eldedge, E. D.

Loveridge, J. M. Barnes and A. C. Fisher, all earnest and active workers. This movement became popular, and it is believed to be of great use and benefit to the public. A large auditorium was erected, and from its platform speakers of national reputation have addressed the multitudes who have attended the sessions. Mr. Sill was a popular presiding officer, alert and resourceful, managing to gain and retain the good will of the people in the halcyon days of the Cuba Camp. He left an impress which will for long years be retained by the middle-aged and younger people of Allegany.

Mr. Sill is exceptionally well read for a man of such a busy life, particularly along temperance and kindred lines. His mind is clear and active, and he is a pleasant and instructive speaker when the occasion demands.

The Alfred Smith Family.

IRENE SMITH KIMBALL.

Alfred Smith, a son of Elihu Smith, was born February 4th, 1798. He married Polly Brandow at Windham, Greene County, N. Y., February 5th, 1821. On April 13th, 1824, a son, Cornelius Kimber Benham Smith, was born to them. About two years after this happy event they decided to move west, and started out with an ox-team and cart, containing a few necessities of life, with their pewter dishes, the set of pink and white dishes given them by her mother, Elizabeth Brandow, Polly's sampler, and other treasures.

They located a few miles east of Leroy, in the neighborhood where Alfred had two sisters living, and stayed there until the spring of 1828, when they again started out with the ox team and cart and located on a hundred acres of land in the western part of the town of Rushford. They built

a log house on the east side of the Rushford and Farmersville road, just east of the County line. Later he got out lumber and built a frame house on the West Branch and Hardy's Corners road. It is now owned and occupied by their grandson, Grant H. Smith.

Alfred was an industrious and thrifty farmer. He was always proud of a good ox-team, one of which he always owned. Some of his old neighbors tell the story of his winding a long log chain around his body, and walking three times in one day to Rushford village to have it welded together, feeling very proud that he owned an ox-team strong enough to break it so many times.

Alfred and Kimber, in clearing a certain piece of land, used to get up at three o'clock in the morning and eat breakfast; then taking a luncheon, they would go to work. Returning at twelve, they would eat dinner; then taking another luncheon, they would go back and work until nine at night. Polly milked the eight cows and did all the other chores.

Alfred died May 21st, 1873.

Polly Brandow Smith was a daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Brandow. Henry was born October 17th, 1771, and died February 4th, 1813. Elizabeth was born August 1st, 1763, and died May 9th, 1830.

Polly was born January 19th, 1803. She studied medicine for several years before her marriage, with their local physician, Dr. Benham, and became thoroughly familiar with all medicinal herbs, and the proper time and manner of gathering and preserving them. She also knew what each was used for, and how to prepare and administer them. In later life, she used one room of her house as an "Herb Chamber," and spent many days at different seasons of the year walking through the woods and pastures, with a basket on her arm, hunting for roots, barks and herbs.

People came from near and far to consult "Aunt Polly" and get her herbs. She boasted of having cured with her herbs and good nursing after the regular physician had given the patient up.

She loved the society of young people, and amused herself and them by telling fortunes and ghost stories, until even the young men of the neighborhood dared not go home alone. She would then escort them home, to her great delight. She was a very strong temperance woman, but did love her snuff. She died December 6th, 1880, and was buried beside her husband in the Rushford Cemetery.

C. Kimber B. Smith was an only child, a bright, studious boy. He obtained his education in the district school and the select school. He taught successfully several terms at Cream Ridge, "On the Grant," as Hardy's Corners was then called, and at Podonque in 1847, where he had fifty-two pupils, according to a register kept by him at that time, now in the possession of Grant H. Smith, in which we find the names of Frank Woods, Wilbur Woods, Clark Rice, Olive Rice, Henry Colburn, Warren and Wesley Persons, Milton Woods, Louisa Leavens, etc., etc.

November 6th, 1849, at the home of E. K. Howe, on the farm now owned by Evan James at Hardy's Corners, C. K. B. Smith was married to E. Maria Howe, second daughter of E. Kingsbury Howe and Matilda McCall Howe, a granddaughter of Judge James McCall. Maria was one of the "Belles" of the town. She was very pretty and a tailoress by trade. She did almost perfect work with her needle, and before her marriage she went around from house to house doing the annual sewing for the family.

They started keeping house in part of the house now occupied by Grant H., but in the spring of 1852 they built the frame house across the creek,

now known as the C. K. B. Smith house, and lived there until their death. Kimber died December 14th, 1900. Maria was born September 30th, 1827, and died May 22nd, 1907.

They added more land as they could until the home farm contained three hundred and sixty-eight acres, and owned several other farms—in all over one thousand acres of land in Allegany and Cattaraugus Counties. It was Kimber's ambition to leave a farm and home to each of his children. They had seven children: Elizabeth, dying at five years of age in 1857; Henry A., Lawrence King, Eliza (Mrs. D. E. Lewis), Arlounine (Mrs. Frank Kingsbury), Grant H. and Irene (Mrs. Emerson Kendall). Each one married.

Kimber was a strong temperance man. He voted the Republican ticket until the Prohibition party was started, and then he was Prohibition every time. He did not care for office, but was Assessor for several years, elected on a Republican ticket.

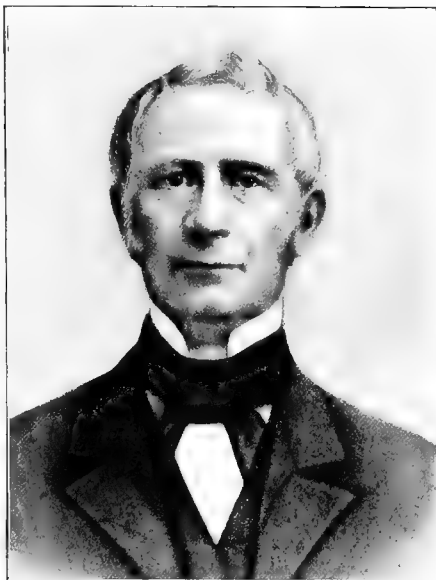
James and Abel Tarbell.

We are speaking of the good old times when T-a-r-b-e-l-l spelled Tarble.

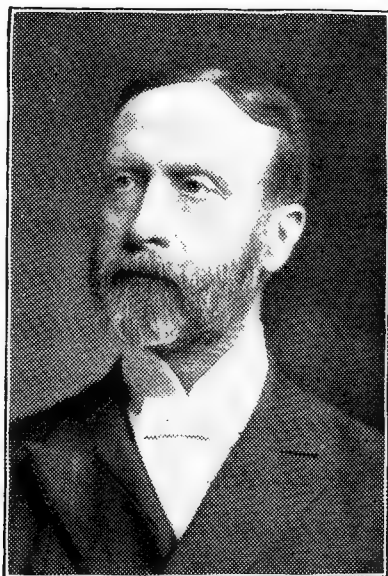
It was in 1821 that James and Abel Tarbell came into Rushford, with all their belongings on a wood-shod sled drawn by two pairs of steers. The journey had been long, coming from Mason, New Hampshire, and the steers were foot-sore, lying down whenever the boys, James and Abel, stopped to talk with people on the way.

They had only a shilling between them when they arrived; after spending that for refreshment they went to work. Abel bought of the Holland Land Company the farm now owned by Miles Tarbell for a dollar and a quarter per acre.

Abel took unto himself a wife, Julia Mills, and



OZIAL TAYLOR



REV. DR. E. O. TAYLOR

to them were born seven children: Nelson, Mary (Mrs. H. B. Persons), Emeline (Mrs. William Babbitt), Amelia (Mrs. Igel Peck), Myra (Mrs. Quincy Chamberlain), Louis and Miles.

Abel Tarbell used to tell about lumbering on the Gospel Lot in the Pine Woods during the day, and then cutting three-foot wood for the fireplace at night. He and his wife were members of the Methodist Church. His youngest descendant in town is Edith Marie Morrison.

James Tarbell, settled later in Farmersville. Mrs. W. W. Merrill is a grandchild.

Four sisters of James and Abel Tarbell settled in Rushford, Mrs. Newbury Eddy, Mrs. Naham Ames, Mrs. Asa Brooks and Mrs. Mathew P. Cady.

The Taylors.

COMPILED FROM THE TAYLOR GENEALOGY

The children of Silas were the first of the Taylor family to go West. He was the son of Jacob Taylor. Ebenezer² (John¹), married (1) Elizabeth Lane, born October, 1719; was descended from the Boston family of this name. He married (2) Ruth White Rood, widow of Daniel Rood, and daughter of John White, a descendant of the emigrant, John White, who came from England in the ship *Lyon*, arriving September 16, 1632. Mr. White settled in Cambridge, removed to Hartford, Conn., in 1636, of which town he was an original founder. In 1771 Jacob Taylor was among the eight men, according to Massachusetts history, who had the largest estates in Granby. He, with many others, lost much during the Revolutionary War.

Silas Taylor, son of Jacob² and Ruth, married in 1790, Lydia Towne. He died at Rushford in

1852, where he had lived with his eldest son, Ozial. Lydia died 1833, in Rushford. She belonged to the distinguished family of Townes.

Allen was the first of the Taylor pioneers. Can one ever forget his erect figure and fine eyes? He started for the Holland Purchase before 1820, where he acquired a tract of land from the Holland Land Company, known as Lot 40 in Rushford. Shortly after, he returned to Massachusetts, selling his interest to Mr. Hale, who built a house on the eastern part of the lot, occupying it, however, but a short time. In the spring of 1820, Ozial set out upon a similar journey for the same township. He was twenty-eight years of age; had but seven or eight dollars in his pocket. He made the journey on foot, except a few miles when he could "catch a ride," and had only seventy-five cents upon his arrival, which was about enough with which to buy an axe. With this he commenced clearing on the west half of lot 40, built a log house, living in it alone for several years, when one of his sisters came, who kept house for him until her marriage.

Zebina came in 1823. He lived with Ozial two or three years and then returned to Massachusetts.

Allen married, 1824, Theresa Chapin, who belonged to that family of Chapins which figured largely in the early history of Springfield, Massachusetts. She died May 12th, 1881. Zebina married, 1828, Melintha Taylor, daughter of Benoni Taylor. Allen and Zebina both returned to Rushford, with their wives in 1828, traveling with horses and wagons. Allen took back the land left by Mr. Hale, and Zebina located a little farther west. Ozial, the eldest son, returned to Massachusetts for his father and mother, Silas and Lydia.

These plucky pioneers cleared their lands,

raised young cattle and paid the Holland Land Company in installments for their homes. Ozial, Allen, Zebina, Justus and others, all lived at various times in one neighborhood, which came to be and is still known as Taylor Hill.

Roxanna and her husband, Laertus Fuller, came to Rushford about 1833. Their daughter, Emily Fuller, married Milton Woods, who has been mentioned elsewhere as having had a phenomenal tenor voice, which he retained in its fullness and sweetness until the last. He taught music in the days of the old-time singing school, and was prominently identified with all the musical interests of the town. Mrs. Woods was a generous and attractive woman. Their children were D. Will, Fred F., Elbert L. and Newman N.

D. Will Woods added very much to the interest of the Rushford Centennial by the important part he took in the music at that time. He married Ida White. His children are Fred K., Robert B., Merena and Harlan.

Elbert L. married Lizzie Myers. Newman N. married Minnie Sarsfield.

Ozial Taylor, an interesting man, m., June 26th, 1836, Laura Cowdery of Woodstock, Vermont. She died in Rushford, June 30th, 1873. The poem by Rev. E. O. Taylor, in his Centennial sermon, best describes her character.

Children: Ansel Miner Taylor was the eldest son. He married, October 1st, 1861, Sophia E. Benjamin, of Rushford, granddaughter of Levi Benjamin, and of Judge James McCall, both of whom were pioneers and leading men in western New York. She was in school at Rushford Academy and Alfred University, and has been prominent in church, Sunday-school and temperance work for many years. She made an interesting address on the McCall family, which was delivered during the Centennial Week. A. M.

Taylor was at the Rushford Academy. His conservatism and consistent Christian life have left a strong impress on the business and church affairs of the community. He was president of the Board of Trade, member of the School Board, and superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school for nearly thirty-two years. Frank Lyman Taylor, their son, married (1), 1892, Florence H. Doty at Olean, New York, who died, 1900; married (2), 1901, Alice V. Smith, of Geneva. He graduated from Cook Academy, N. Y., and was with O. T. Higgins until his death in Olean. He engaged in business in Geneva for several years, and now is a merchant at Rushford. Children: Helen M., born March, 1894; Miner McCall, born February, 1896.

Elbert Ozial Taylor, D. D., of Boston, Mass., has become well known throughout the country as a lecturer and man of science. He was born in Rushford, and was in school there and at Belfast Academy; graduated from the University of Chicago in 1868, and from the Union Theological Seminary in Chicago in 1871. He became Student Pastor of the Church in Richmond, Illinois, in 1863, at twenty years of age, and was ordained in 1866. He has served as Pastor in Kenosha, Wis., at two different periods, the Church of Topeka, Kansas, First Church of Ionia, Mich., and the Belden Avenue Church of Chicago, Ill., the latter being founded by him. His pastorate continued through a period of nine years in the heart of the residence portion of the Lincoln Park district. While in Topeka he was Chaplain of the House during three successive terms. He founded and edited the *Kansas Evangel*, and was president of the interdenominational Sunday-School Convention. He received the degree of A. M. from the University of Chicago, and D. D. from Ewing College, Illinois. He is the author of a text book



SOPHIA E. BENJAMIN
(MRS. A. M. TAYLOR)



ANSEL MINER TAYLOR

entitled "Short Studies in Scientific Temperance," which has passed through its third edition. He has written much on various subjects, and lectured in this country and in England and Scotland, with marked success. His charming wife, a woman of great energy, and exceptionally efficient, not only as Pastor's wife, but in other positions, was Elizabeth A. Winegar, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, whom he married May 17th, 1871, after she had graduated from the High School and spent some years in teaching in the Chicago Schools. Elvira S. Taylor was the daughter of Ozial and Laura Taylor.

TO ELVIRA SAREPTA TAYLOR.

(Extract from poem written by Rev. Dr. E. O. Taylor presented to his sister on the birthday before her death.)

* * * For she,
 The sole survivor of the sisterhood,
 In whose blest honor is this tribute paid,
 Had other mission, exceptional indeed,
 Nor less divine than that of motherhood;
 Called of God as truly as a priest,
 To live in noble self-abnegation,
 Not by compulsion of so-called "iron fate,"
 But of holy choice in light of providence;
 To spend, be spent, to cheer, to love and serve,
 To soothe and comfort, guide with gentle hand
 Adown the steeps of closing years, at last,
 To close the eyes, and lay to final rest
 Those who gave her birth. Such was her calling,
 Such her devotion—born out of heaven.

* . * * * * *

Nor of all her good is this the end.
 Brotherhood must yet be touched and thrilled,
 Yea, held and moulded, as the ready clay
 In potter's hand, by that unpretentious,
 Gentle, all-prevailing, yet patient way,
 Which comes to one at first, not second-hand,
 Not foreign, but "indigenous to the soil;"
 A plant—cultured and made most beautiful,
 Roseate, indeed, with tints of grace, perfumed
 With incense sweet as all-prevailing prayer.

Such a sister have we—we two brothers;
 Proud? Aye, blessed indeed, above most mortals,
 For such the record is if read aright.

* * * * *

In body weak, but strong in mind and faith;
 Hopeful, self-forgetting, unoffending,
 Dropping sweetness all along life's way,
 Beautiful example of "wayside service."

In extremity, seeing opportunity;
 In sickness time to cheer and pray and soothe;
 In battle, with odds against the brotherhood,
 A prayer of faith, and messages to thrill;
 In defeat, not cast down nor destroyed;
 In victory, as proud as though 'twere hers.
 Unconscious of her worth in either field,
 Suspecting rather, in her want of strength,
 A burden she must be, instead of help,
 She binds our wounds, fills up our cup with joy,
 And makes her very self a grand necessity.

* * * * *

Enough for us that each the other knows
 And enters in, with heart and soul sincere
 To what the other does or feels, or hears,
 While in the race of life we speed along;
 And then content to hear Him say at last,
 Well done, my friends, ye did whate'er ye could.

Plin Allen Taylor, son of Allen Taylor⁵ (Silas⁴, Jacob³), married, January 26th, 1870, Agnes George, in Rushford. Their children are Roy A., Grace C., and Earl G. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have always lived in the original homestead, located in Rushford in 1818, known as Hill Crest Farm. He served as a soldier in the Civil War, in the Army of the Shenandoah, under General Phil Sheridan, enlisting September, 1864, in Captain Wheeler Hakes' Company E, 1st N. Y. Dragoons. He was mustered out June 30th, 1865. His son, Roy, married, 1896, Grace Claus. Their children are Zella T. and Allen C. Grace C., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Plin Taylor, graduated from the State Normal School at Geneseo, N. Y., with high honors. She married, 1900, Tracey White Brooks, of Berlin, N. Y.



HILL CREST FARM
(HOME OF MR. AND MRS. ELIN A. TAYLOR)

Roland L. Taylor, son of Allen Taylor⁵, married, January 25th, 1866, Marian Jackson. He passed away in Rushford in 1901, leaving a widow and two children, Edwin R. and Carl P. Taylor.

The Thirds Family.

N. E. DE KAY.

Our father, James Thirds, was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, December 27th, 1806, of English and American parents. His ancestors on his father's side lived in London, England; on his mother's side, Boston, Massachusetts. Owing to the death of his father, which occurred when he was six years old, his mother with her two children, James, and a younger son, William, went to Rushford, traveling all the way by stage, the only mode of conveyance in those days. She made her home with her brother, the Rev. Thomas Pratt.

Father was a tailor by trade, but followed that business only the first few years of his life.

Our mother, Parthenia G. Thirds, *nee* Gilman, was born in Cambridge, New York, August 16th, 1807, of Scotch and American parents. She was a descendant of an old and distinguished Virginia family by the name of Randolph, descendants of John Randolph of Roanoke. She went to Rushford as a guest of Dr. and Mrs. Horatio Smith, who persuaded her to remain. She there followed her occupation which was millinery and dressmaking. As the days passed by, she and the young tailor "met by chance the usual way." Their acquaintance ripened and resulted in a happy marriage, which occurred on the 28th of May, 1828, the ceremony being performed by Samuel White, Esq., at that time Justice of the Peace.

They immediately went to housekeeping in a very modest way on the Upper street, in the

house now occupied by Will Van Dusen. We have heard our mother relate with some little sense of pride and merriment that they moved, settled and had company to tea, all in one day.

There were born to them four children, two of them dying in infancy. The two living are Nancy Electa Thirds De Kay, born August 28th, 1832, and Zeruah Isabel Thirds, born February 11th, 1835, remaining to hear the interesting and thrilling events of their parents' life in a new country. The following is one of many: When a boy, father was often sent to the mill with grist. One day he was detained there unusually long, and it was dark before he left for home. After going some distance, he was chased by a panther. Whipping up his horse, he ran into Uncle Luther Woodworth's barn. At his house he was kindly protected and sheltered until the next morning.

In looking backward over the cherished lives of our beloved parents, it gives us great joy and comfort in remembering their earnest Christian faith—a rich legacy left to us. They were faithful members of the Baptist Church, and took great interest in all the events pertaining to the welfare of the town.

Our father was very quiet, and a man of few words. The following incident will give an illustration. In our early childhood we used to sleep in a trundle bed, a bed much used for children in those days. My sister and I fell into the habit of contending about which of us had the "most room," our mother often bidding us be quiet. One winter evening after being put to bed, she and father sitting by the table reading, we began our song of contention for the "most room," as usual. After a time, father came to our bedside, gently removed the covering and left the room. He presently returned with a four foot log, well decorated with snow, ice and moss, which he carefully laid between us. He then replaced the bedding,

and resumed his reading. Of course, quiet prevailed in that little bed immediately. After a time father asked us if we thought we could cease from further contention. We quickly and meekly replied, "Yes, sir." He then removed the log, and our dear mother appeared on the scene and tenderly removed the wet night-dresses, replacing them with dry ones, placing us in her own bed until she could make ours dry and comfortable again. No words were exchanged during the episode, or any allusion made to it afterward. In later years sister and I have referred to it with considerable amusement. Perhaps it is needless to say that the punishment had a lasting effect. It was the only one our father ever administered to us.

We are still holding the fragrant memories of our happy childhood days in the beautiful village of dear old Rushford.

William G. Thomas.

JOHN J. THOMAS.

William G. Thomas was born in Pembrokeshire South Wales, in 1790. When eighteen years old he began to learn the carpenter's trade. In 1820 he married Miss Phœbe Reese, who was born in Fishguard, Pembrokeshire, in 1806. He was a member of the Baptist Church at Fishguard, and led the choir there for fifteen years.

In 1849 he came to America, having been thirty-eight days coming in a sailing vessel from Liverpool to New York. He arrived at Utica July 4th, 1849, where he worked at his trade. He loved America, because here he received two dollars a day, while in Wales he could get only two shillings for the same time. He worked for a railroad contractor two years, and helped build the first depot and freight house at Watertown, New York.

In 1850 he sent to Wales for his wife and chil-

dren. They lived at Rome until December, 1852, when he rented the Oramel Osborn farm in Centerville, Allegany County, New York. When they left Rome the people there said they were going "out west." The nearest railroad station was at Attica, a distance of thirty miles, so a team and wagon were hired to carry the goods to Center-ville. The mother and youngest child rode, while the father and two oldest children walked.

When the first snow came in October his wife said, "If this is America, I want to go back to my native land." He said, "Don't be discouraged, Phœbe; we'll have summer by and by." The ground was not seen again until the next April.

In 1854 he bought and moved on to the Warren McKinney farm, in the town of Rushford, where he lived until the time of his death in July, 1878. Phœbe, his wife, died in August, 1882. The old homestead is now owned by his son, John J., the only surviving member of his father's family.

He was proud of his citizenship in "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave." He was a staunch Republican, casting his first vote for Millard Fillmore.

He was a man of few words and direct to the point. If he had any grievance or praise he went straight to the person with it.

Seven children were born to them. Mary P., born in 1825, married George P. Thomas in 1852; lived in Rushford; died in 1897. Their children were William W., John, David G., Benjamin F., George H., Luther J. and Edward R.

David W. married Elizabeth Lumley, and lived at Shelby, Orleans Co., New York.

Benjamin married Eliza Hancock; lived in New York City. Their children were George, William H., Clarence B. and Grace E.

Elizabeth,

Ann,

John J., born December 2nd, 1842, married

Margaret Roberts, who was born in Freedom, Cattaraugus County, New York, in 1849. Their children were William G., Carrie M., Mary R., John R., Minnie E. and Homer H.

Margaret, born in 1844, married John D. Charles in 1870, and lived at Woodstock, Illinois.

The George P. Thomas Family.

W. W. THOMAS.

George P. Thomas was born in Wales, in the year 1819, and came to America in 1851. He first located in Rome, N. Y., from this place went to Cleveland, Ohio, where he spent about two years.

He married Mary P. Thomas, a daughter of Wm. G. Thomas, in the year 1854. They rented a small farm in the town of Cuba, N. Y., where they lived six and one-half years, from which they moved to what is now known as the Squire White farm, located on Taylor Hill, in the town of Rushford, where they lived one year, moving from there to the John Lamberson farm, three miles north of Rushford village, on the Centerville road. On this place they lived five years, during which time he purchased the old Eneas Gearey farm of his father-in-law, Wm. G. Thomas, the most historic farm in the town. The place is now owned and occupied by Benjamin F. Thomas, their fourth son. Here they lived for many years, afterward going to the village of Rushford, where he died in June, 1891. His widow went to live with their eldest son, Wm. W. Thomas, where she died in the year 1896, aged 72 years. There are seven sons: William W., John P., David J., Benjamin F., George H., Luther J. and Edward R. Thomas.

George P. Thomas and his wife were people of integrity; this they thoroughly instilled into their

children, teaching them that square dealing was the true policy and that a verbal agreement should be as binding as a signed contract. Their motto, "Pay as you go," was adhered to all through life.

Wm. W. Thomas, the oldest son, was born in the town of Centerville, N. Y., April 27, 1853; on November 15, 1876, married Luella C. Hovey, of Holland, Ohio. Mr. Thomas was raised a farmer, but early in life entered into the mercantile business, first at Farmersville Station, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., afterward opened a clothing and gents' furnishing store in Rushford. In this he continued for about sixteen years; a portion of this time he and his brother, Luther, were partners. He was Manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company's office at the same time for a period of about sixteen years. Mr. Thomas was the founder of the Rushford Telephone Company, of which he is still Manager, bringing in the first telephone used in the town. In the spring of 1907 he built a warehouse at Rushford Station, on the line of the B. & S. Railway, and engaged in the sale of cement, stone and brick. Dr. C. H. Thomas, his son, was born in Rushford, July 8, 1878, graduating at the Rushford High School in 1897, afterwards entering the University of Buffalo, from which institution he graduated in 1903. As a dentist he began his practice at Rushford, for a short time, after which he permanently located at Silver Springs, N. Y., where he enjoys a large and growing practice. In 1903 he married J. Ednah Merrill, the second daughter of W. W. Merrill, of Rushford, N. Y. She was a graduate of Geneseo Normal School, and taught school until her marriage. They have one son, Merrill L. Thomas, b. December 27, 1904. Bessie E. Thomas, the daughter, was born at Rushford, August 5, 1881, grad-

uating at the Rushford High School in 1897. The following year she was graduated from the Training Class of the same school; after teaching one year, entered the office of her father, learned telegraphy, afterwards became Exchange Bookkeeper for the Rushford Telephone Company, also studying and teaching china decoration.

John P. Thomas, the second son of George P. Thomas, was born Oct. 17th, 1854; died Feb. 19th, 1888.

David G. Thomas, third son, was born May 23rd, 1856 at Cuba, N. Y.; married Lettie Post, of Batavia, N. Y., Nov. 21st, 1883. Mr. Thomas lived on the farm and before attaining his majority engaged in the manufacture of cheese, beginning at the cheese factory of C. J. Elmer at Rushford, N. Y. From there he went to Varysburg, Wyoming Co., where he made cheese for years. In 1886 he began the manufacture of cheese at Alexander, N. Y. This he continued for a short time, after which he engaged in the produce business, conducting a large, successful business for nearly twenty years. He was instantly killed on Oct. 15th, 1908, by a passenger train on the D., L. & W. Ry. while returning to his home from Batavia, N. Y. Oel Thomas, his son, was born at Alexander in 1886, received his education at the village High School and was associated with his father in the care of the produce business continually until his father's death. Bertha Thomas, the daughter, was also born at Alexander in 1888. She was graduated from the High School at Alexander and later from the Normal School at Geneseo, N. Y. At the time of her father's death she was teaching at Tarrytown, N. Y.

Benjamin F. Thomas, the fourth son, was born in the town of Cuba, N. Y., Dec. 26th,

1857. He also started out in life for himself as a cheesemaker at what was known as the North Star factory in the town of Alexander, Genesee Co., N. Y. It was here he married Mary Adell Hawley, of Batavia, N. Y., on Nov. 1st, 1883. Mr. Thomas moved to Batavia, purchased a home there and became an expert wood-maker, employed by the Batavia Wood Works Co. for seven years. In 1895 he moved to Rushford, purchased the furniture and undertaking business of W. S. Mulliken. In this he continued but a short time, selling out to W. F. Benjamin, the present owner. He then purchased the old homestead farm, taking his brothers' interests, moved there and is still the occupant and owner. Georgianna, his oldest daughter, was born in Batavia, in 1884; was educated at the Rushford High School, graduating from the Training Class in 1904, and afterwards became a school teacher. Mabel, the second daughter, was born in Batavia in the year 1887; completed her education at the Rushford High School, followed by instrumental and vocal musical training at Lima, N. Y. Howard H. Thomas, the son, was born at Rushford, in 1896, and at the present time is a student in Rushford High School.

George H. Thomas, the fifth son, was born at Cuba, N. Y., May 11th, 1859. He, too, became a cheesemaker when only a boy, following the business for a few years only, after which he went to the Pennsylvania oil fields, where he was a rig builder for several years. When the oil business developed in the Ohio fields, he was early on the ground and became a contractor, locating at Bowling Green, Ohio, where he still resides. He was married in 1896 to Miss Mertha Brown, to whom one daughter was born in 1897, named Mildred.



MRS. ISRAEL THOMPSON

Luther J. Thomas, the sixth son, was born in Cuba, N. Y., Dec. 28th, 1860, and came to Rushford with his parents when less than two years of age. His whole life since that time has been spent in Rushford, completing his education in the Rushford School. He was married February 6th, 1884, to Flora, the only daughter of Elijah Metcalf. In the year 1893 he and his brother William established the firm of Thomas Brothers, clothiers and furnishers, from which he retired in the year 1897. Mr. Thomas was a valuable member of the Centennial Executive Committee.

Edward R. Thomas, the youngest and seventh son, was born in the town of Rushford, Sept. 19th, 1862. He was educated at the Rushford Union School, and later taught school. He was married in 1884 to Nora, only daughter of Oliver E. Woods. Mr. Thomas moved to Batavia, where he was employed as a foreman in the Baker Gun Works for ten years, after which he moved to Syracuse, N. Y., where he was employed by the Syracuse Arms Co. until their dissolution, when he accepted a responsible position with the Smith Premier Typewriter Company, with whom he is at present. To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were born three children, one son and two daughters, named Earl, Irene and Lois.

Israel Thompson.

JULIA A. THOMPSON.

Israel Thompson was born in the town of Lansing, Tompkins Co., N. Y., in 1802. He was married in 1828 to Calista Holton Silsby, at the home of her uncle, Dr. Holton, in Brighton, N. Y. She was born in Chester, Vt., in 1803. After their marriage they lived a few years in Groton,

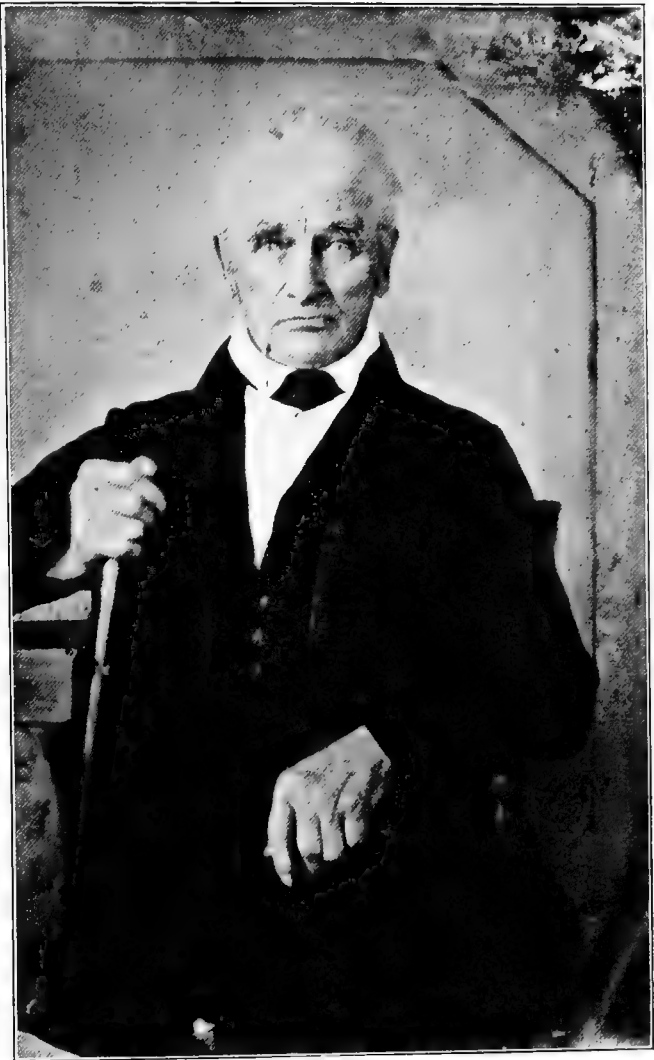
N. Y. About 1831 he started for Jamestown, N. Y., attracted by its unusual water power privileges, with the intention of putting up a triphammer shop for making edge tools. Owing to the long rough journey, when he got to New Hudson his horse was lame and to proceed did not seem practicable. A friend, Mr. Asaph Allen, formerly of Groton, living there, suggested he go to Rushford, a thriving village. He did so, liked the place and bought land. He returned to Groton, settled up his business and with his family moved to Rushford, where he identified himself with the religious and educational interests of the town, doing all he could to promote its best welfare. He had seven children. Three are now living—Mrs. Horace Greene, of New York, Edwin F. Thompson, of St. Louis, Mo., and Julia A. Thompson, who lives in the old home.

Mr. Thompson died at the age of eighty-nine years. Nearly sixty years of his life was spent in Rushford.

The Billings Walker Family.

JULIA TARBELL MERRILL.

Billings Walker, son of Gideon Walker and Hannah Billings, was born August 31st, 1767, at Brookfield, Mass. He married Hannah Proctor, daughter of Leonard Proctor and Mary Keep. Hannah Proctor was born at Westford, Mass., July 3rd, 1778, and moved to Proctorsville, Vt., with her parents. Billings Walker and wife moved to Rushford in 1828, but this was not his or her first visit. In December, 1820, James and Abel Tarbell came to Rushford from Vermont, each driving a yoke of cattle. September, 1821, Billings Walker drove through from Proctorsville, Vt., bringing his daughter, Hannah Billings Tarbell, wife of James Tarbell, and her two little boys; he



BILLINGS WALKER

then returned to his eastern home. Two or three years later Mrs. Hannah Tarbell, hearing some one in front of her cabin, went to the door, and there on horseback sat a woman, an old neighbor from Vermont. Mrs. Tarbell was delighted to see her, and said: "I do not believe I could ever be more surprised and glad to see any one." The lady replied: "Oh, yes, I think you could; there are those you would rather see," and, turning in her saddle, made a slight sign, when, to Mrs. Tarbell's surprise, her own mother, Hannah Proctor Walker, rode up also. In company with others she had made the long journey from Vermont on horseback to visit her daughter.

Billings and Hannah Walker had ten children, nine of whom came to Rushford to live. The children were: Hannah Billings Walker, married James Tarbell; Thomas B. Walker, John Wither-
spoon Walker, Leonard Proctor Walker, Mary Keep Walker, married John Adams; Gideon Dana Walker, Experience Paulina Walker, married Wilson Gordon; Artemas Barnard Walker, Jabez Proctor Walker, Solomon Cutler Walker.

After residing in Rushford for a time, Billings Walker moved to Farmersville, N. Y., where he died in 1852. In Vermont he was justice of the peace for many years, and always gave the wedding fee to the bride, which made him very popular in that capacity. He was a prominent member of the Masonic Order, being a Royal Arch Mason, a distinction enjoyed by a very few in this country at that early date. After the death of her husband Hannah Proctor Walker moved back to Rushford, N. Y., where she died in 1863, aged 85. Grandmother Walker, as she was always called, was a kind hearted, generous woman beloved by all who knew her; the esteem and respect which all had for her is indicated by the fact that for many years upon her birthday the Rushford Cornet Band serenaded her; she antici-

pated their coming and always invited them in to have refreshments and a piece of birthday cake. It was a common saying that no one could go into her home and get away without having something to eat. She was a very capable woman, full of fun and extremely witty. She was an aunt of the late Senator Redfield Proctor of Vermont, whose son, Fletcher Proctor, is the present Governor of that State. She was a lineal descendant of Mary Townley Lawrence, of England, who died at Townsend, Massachusetts.

Ellen White Hubbell, of Oklahoma, says of the family :

“ In Vermont they were neighbors of my father and mother. Mr. Walker being a Justice of the Peace, united them in marriage. After they all came to York State they remained fast friends and exchanged visits often. We were always delighted to see Grandmother Walker come as tho she had been one of our family—I have a card picture of her and always enjoy looking at it with the thought, ‘ You good woman!’ No better people ever lived in Rushford. Pauline and her mother lived in the house just north of Mrs. Ives ; everybody enjoyed calling upon them, I went often; she was like my father, seemingly afraid someone was hungry. I never remember of calling when she did not get something to eat and urge me to stay longer. Mr. Hubbell, living near her, thought just as much of her as the rest of the young people. The only time I remember of the Masons having a public meeting and inviting the ladies, Mr. Hubbell procured a horse and carriage and took her to the hall for supper and social time which she so much enjoyed, referring to it so often afterward. She loved everybody and they all loved her. The family were the cream of the country, able



HANNAH PROCTOR WALKER



to meet any demand upon them in a business point of view. Barnard was best fitted to entertain the public and did it nobly. Jabez married a Friendship girl from one of the best families. The rest revered and respected the teachings of their parents and were good citizens. For intelligence and uprightness the Walkers were beyond the ordinary."

Billings and Hannah Walker have ten grandchildren now living (1908); one of them, Dr. Hiram D. Walker of Buffalo, N. Y., has recently astonished the medical profession by disclosing his theory as to the origin of the cancer germ, based upon several years of research and experiment. The descendants of Billings Walker are numerous, there being fourteen of the sixth generation at the present time, Mrs. Hannah Tarbell Lines having ten great-grandchildren, Andrew J. Walker, one great-granddaughter, Dana O. Tarbell two great-grandsons, and Leonard P. Tarbell one great-granddaughter; the eldest of the fourteen is Norman L. Klas, of Spring Brook, N. Y., a great-grandson of Hannah Tarbell Lines, and the youngest, Merrill W. Grove, of Olean, N. Y., great-grandson of Dana O. Tarbell.

The only descendants of Billings Walker, now residing in Rushford or who have lived here recently are: Mrs. Julia Tarbell Merrill, wife of W. W. Merrill, and her daughters, Florine Merrill Grove, now of Olean, N. Y.; Ednah Merrill Thomas, now of Silver Springs, N. Y.; Frances M. Merrill, Anna M. Merrill, Winifred W. Merrill.

Michael Warren.

A. L. WARREN.

Michael Warren, with a wife and four children, Frank, Betsy, Michael and Nathan, came to Pike,

Wyoming County, from Ashfield, Massachusetts, about 1837. After remaining in Pike a year, where Elmira was born, he came to Rushford, and settled near Hardys Corners, on a farm bought of Oramel Griffin. A small frame house and a small barn had been built, and some chopping had been done, but not much clearing. There was not room enough between the stumps in the dooryard to turn a one-horse wagon around. The neighbors told him he would starve to death on that farm. He told them he guessed not; and, being a man of a strong constitution and an iron will, he took for his stunt to dig out one stump before breakfast. He must have gotten up early, or eaten his breakfast late, for some of the stumps were very large. So the work went on.

In 1843 he built a saw mill, which did good service twenty-one years. In 1864 the high water took out the dam. It was never rebuilt.

He had a family of seven children, three of whom are still living—Betsy (Mrs. Samuel Corn) in Oklahoma, Nathan in Texas, and Albert L. in Rushford, on the old homestead.

Elmira (Mrs. J. Chamberlain, Mrs. W. Griffith) passed her life in Rushford.

J. Frank Warren died in Portage City, Wisconsin, in 1907.

Michael Warren, the father, died in 1873, and was buried in Pleasant View Cemetery, near Hardys Corners.

James Thompson Wier.

James Thompson Wier was born in Goshen, Orange County, New York, in 1812, of Scotch-Irish parentage. He learned the wagon-makers' trade in Seneca Falls; afterward went to Franklinville, where he married Calista L. McCluer in 1836, daughter of the famous General McCluer of the American Revolution. They moved to Rush-



REV. ARTHUR L. WARREN



ford in 1842, and he was with Israel Thompson for a time. Afterward he went into business with Mr. Gage and later was in partnership with Mr. Bixby.

He was an ardent Republican, well read in political history. He had a remarkable memory for dates, so that he was often called upon to decide discussions as to time and place of certain events.

He moved to Iowa in 1865 to live with his most hospitable daughter, Mrs. J. W. Thomas, and died in 1874. He never accumulated of this world's goods, but was of a generous nature, who divided with his less fortunate neighbors, his home always the refuge for the homeless. A neighbor died, leaving a helpless family. The widow and a little blind daughter were invited to spend the winter with them and share the comforts of their small home.

Many other deeds of kindness might be recorded here that are doubtless written down in that larger account book of good deeds.

Roswell Wilmarth.

Roswell Wilmarth, son of Gresham Wilmarth, a Revolutionary soldier, was born in Victor, N. Y., in 1801. He married Catherine Lane, and to them were born seven children: Adoram Christiann, Lester, Sarah, Jennette, Orson, Roswell S. and Thomas R., twins. He moved to Rushford in 1838, bought a farm in Podonque of Eli Babcock, remained there two years, sold out to Alonzo and Lemuel Farewell and then bought the farm Mount Monroe, where his grandson, Russell Wilmarth, now lives. He was a shoemaker by trade, used to go from house to house and make boots and shoes for the family.

In politics he was a Whig until the formation of the Republican party, then he united with that party and ever remained loyal to the same.

He was a man with a good education for those days and a reader of history and current events.

He became blind in his last years and his wife used to read to him. In that way he retained a knowledge of current events and kept his faculties until his death, which occurred May 23, 1886.

Of his children two are living, Christiann Belknap and Orson, of Nebraska.

When the call for men was made in our Civil War Roswell and Thomas enlisted. Thomas was killed in the Battle of Chancellorsville and Roswell lost his right arm in the Battle of Fredericksburg. He was promoted and served through the war.

Obed T. Wilmot.

A TRIBUTE BY A LIFELONG FRIEND.

The subject of this sketch was born on the summit of Fairview Hills January 8th, 1859. He was one of two sons born at the same time. The parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilmot, came from England a few years before and settled on the farm, where they spent the remainder of their days, with the exception of three years spent in their native land. They were of sterling Christian character; the word and worship of God held first place in their family life; in such a home the boys were raised. Their opportunities for education were rather limited. A loving comradeship and tender sympathy always existed between the brothers; they shared each other's joys and sorrows, achievements and disappointments. Those who knew Obed best, thought him a Christian years before he judged himself worthy the name. He wanted a Pauline experience, a privilege accorded to but few believers. He united with the Baptist Church in May, 1897, and soon became a pillar in the Church. He was elected Deacon in 1902 and Sunday School Superintendent in 1904, which position he honorably filled until his death. He

taught school eleven successive winters, beginning when he was eighteen. September 28th, 1887, he married Miss Frona Gilbert, daughter of Hiram and Sophia Eddy Gilbert, making for themselves a home in part of their house. His neighbors trusted him; he sold the cheese and handled the money for the patrons of the Fairview cheese factory for nearly eighteen years. When Mr. Litchard died he was chosen to fill his place as director of the Farmers Co-Operative Insurance Co. When the observance of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the settlement of the town of Rushford was decided upon, he was chosen as one of the five members of the Executive Committee, which place he accepted though at great sacrifice on account of the distance from town; here he proved himself a very efficient and congenial helper, having the oversight of Farmers' Day parade, which was pronounced by those who were eye-witnesses as a great and grand success. He also presided over the meeting in the hall in the afternoon, with the ease and grace of a college-bred gentleman, greatly endearing himself to the members of the committee and the community at large. A few days after the Anniversary and Home Coming Week had passed he became seriously ill, occasioned by blood poisoning from an abscess. Many prayers were offered for his recovery, if it could be the Father's will, but it was otherwise determined: his work was done on earth, and on September 9th he was called to higher service, leaving a desolate home, a grief-stricken companion, an almost broken-hearted brother, a church in mourning, in fact the whole community in sadness. In silence we submit, rejoicing that our loss was his gain.

Joshua Wilson.

Joshua Wilson was a son of John and Mary Wilson, who emigrated from the County of An-

trim, Ireland, to America in 1754, and settled at Goffstown, New Hampshire. He was born in 1760. At the age of sixteen years he was in Captain Samuel Richards' Company, of Colonel Stark's regiment of New Hampshire Militia, to repel Baum's advance on Bennington, and fought in that battle August 16th, 1777. Afterwards he served as a part of the garrison of Fort Ann, and in the operations designed to cut off the retreat of Burgoyne's army to Canada. After the close of the war of the American Revolution the family removed to Windsor, Vermont. At the age of twenty-seven years he married Rebecca Spencer, of Windsor, Vermont, on the twenty-second day of March, 1787. In 1810, having sold several tracts of land at Windsor, he came to Rushford, where he continued to live during the remainder of his life.

Mr. Wilson was a quiet, conscientious man. When provisions were scarce he bought half-grown potatoes of Eneas Gary. His home was near the entrance of the Podonque Cemetery. In appearance he was a tall man, with a prominent Roman nose, blue eyes and a fair complexion. He was converted early in life, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Upon coming to Rushford, he was active with others in forming the Methodist Society at that place. His death occurred on the twenty-sixth day of February, 1848, and he was buried in the Podonque Cemetery at Rushford.

His children, Simeon, born December 15th, 1787; Freeman S., born November 15th, 1789; Laura, born October 18th, 1792, and Lewis, born March 9th, 1795, all came to Allegany County, where many of their descendants still reside. His only daughter, Laura, was engaged to be married to Daniel Woods, of Rushford, at the time of his removal to that place.

The Woods Families.

REV. F. E. G. WOODS.

These formed a numerous constituency of the township, furnishing for a long time the most voters at the polls of any one name, succeeding the Gordons in this respect, who, before migrating to Kansas, held the record of numerous voters.

The Woods people were children of Daniel and Ruhama Ely Woods, of Windsor, Vt. All of their ten children were for a while residents of Rushford. Eight of them, with one granddaughter, Mrs. O. D. Benjamin, occupied one continuous tract of six hundred acres in District No. 6, in the eastern part of the town. Edwin, a son by a second wife, remained in the ancestral home in Vermont. The father was a trooper, cavalryman, in the Union forces in the war of 1812. A carefully preserved pedigree of the ancestry is kept by most of these people, who date their lineage back for six generations to Nathaniel Woods, who came from Great Britain, and was one of the first settlers in Groton, Mass. The ten children who came from Vermont, some stopping temporarily at other places, were Daniel, who married Laura Wilson; Ely, who married Nancy Gary; Riley, who married Abigail Heald; William, who married Rose Farwell; Albert, who married Emily Lyman; Clarissa, wife of Thomas Richards; Lucy, wife of Calvin Leavens; Laura, who married David Board; Maila, single, school teacher, moved to Kalamazoo, Michigan; Eliza, single, who made her home with her sister, Mrs. Board.

The Woods and Bannister families of Rushford were cousins, their ancestral mothers in Vermont, Ruhama Ely Woods above mentioned and Thankful Ely Bannister being sisters. The Ely relatives moved to Ohio, and the city of Elyria, Ohio, was named for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Ely Woods had eight children, only two of whom survive, Mrs. Kate B. Shaw, of Roscoe, Illinois, and Rev. F. E. G. Woods, of Buffalo, New York.

Rev. F. E. G. Woods.

Rev. Franklin Enos Gary Woods, grandson of the first settler of Rushford and namesake of the same, was a graduate of Rushford Academy in 1860. Teacher in Springville Academy 1861-2.

In attendance at Genesee College, now Syracuse University, 1862-6. He graduated from this college June, 1866, as A. B. and received degree of A. M. in 1869.

He was pastor M. E. Church at Wiscoy, N. Y., 1866-7; at Attica, N. Y., 1867-8.

Failing health requiring out-of-door life he has been agent of American Auxiliaries for thirty-seven years.

Mr. Woods resides in Buffalo, N. Y., and is active and alert in mind and body.

His cultured manners remind one of the real old-time gentlemen in America, and his gracious mien is at once an inspiration and a blessing.

He made one of the interesting addresses on Centennial day at the Rushford Home Coming, and has been indefatigable in his work to help on the preservation of old records and the relation of experiences which have added so much to the interest of this book.

Extracts from the Paper on the Woods Family.

WRITTEN FOR THE CENTENNIAL, BY MRS.

I. F. CALKINS.

Daniel² Woods was a host spiritually. He married Laura Wilson. Children: Lucia, Myra, Leverett, Rebecca, Sarah, Lucy, Clark, Cordelia, Milton and Jane. Lucia married (1st) Oliver



REV. FRANKLIN E. GARY WOODS

Benjamin. Children: Sylvia and Rhoda, deceased. Married (2nd) Galusha Leavens. Myra married Rev. Thomas Eaton. Leverett married Ann Hill. Children: Oliver, Myra and Daniel. Rebecca married Randolph Heald. Children: (Rev.) Nathan, Laura and John. Sarah married John Knaggs; settled in Michigan. Lucy married E. Hill. Children: Mary, Daniel, William and Cornelia. Clark married (1st) Tryphena Peck. Children: Ella, Charles, Jennie, Jason, Grant, Laura and Wilson. Clark later married Augusta Ames. Cornelia married Edwin Weaver. Children: Mary, Charles and Florence. Milton married Emily Fuller. Children: D. W., Frederick, Elbert and Newman. Jane married Rev. Frank Warren. Children: Eva, Nathan and Jacob.

Ely married Nancy Gary, with whom he lived in peace and harmony for over fifty years. He was class leader, and held prayer meeting in the schoolhouse Sunday evenings for many years. He was eloquent in prayer, and sang the good old-time hymns with earnestness. His wife was always present, singing high soprano. Children: W. Watson, Caroline, Maila, Percy, Esther, Catherine, Wilbur and Franklin Enos Gary. William Watson married (1st) Harriet Drury. Children: Rev. Henry C. and Clarissa. After his wife's death he married Eleanor Blanchard, by whom he had a daughter, Harriet. Caroline married John Persons. Child: C. Wesley. Percy married Asa Worden. Children: Alton, Nancy, Ida, William, Lillian, Grace and Katherine. Esther married Gilbert Richardson; after his death she married John Eldridge. Maila married John DuBell. Katherine married Rev. William Shaw. Children: Caroline and Clarence. Wilbur married (1st) Elizabeth Claus. Children: Rose, Byron, Carleton, Grover and Edna. He afterwards married Emma Claus.

Rev. Franklin E. Gary married Mary Huff. Children: Ely Marshall, mechanical draftsman; Esther Leonora, a teacher in the public schools of Buffalo.

Lucy married Calvin Leavens.

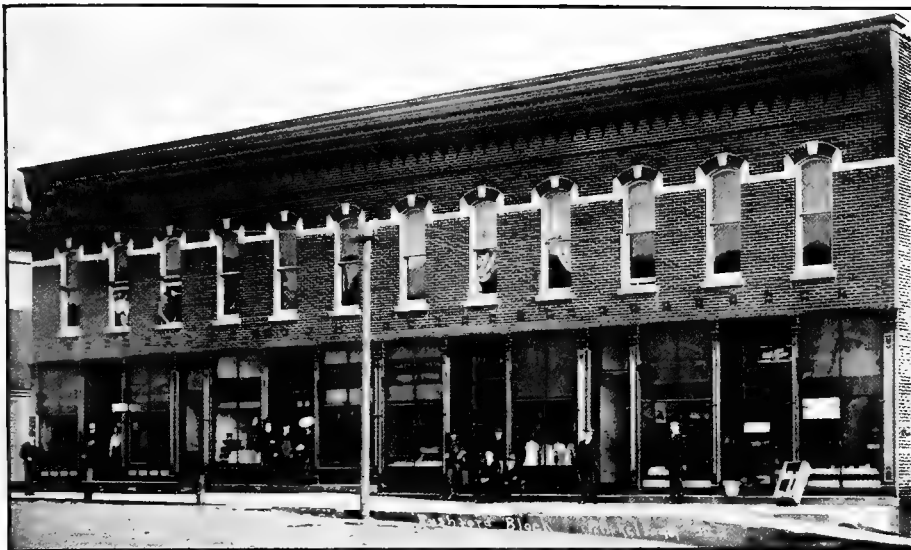
Laura married David Board.

Riley married Abigail Heald. Children: Daniel, Albert, William, Mary, Edwin, Ann and George. Daniel married Alvira Lamberson. Albert married Polly Lamberson. Child: Frank. William married Mary Champlin.

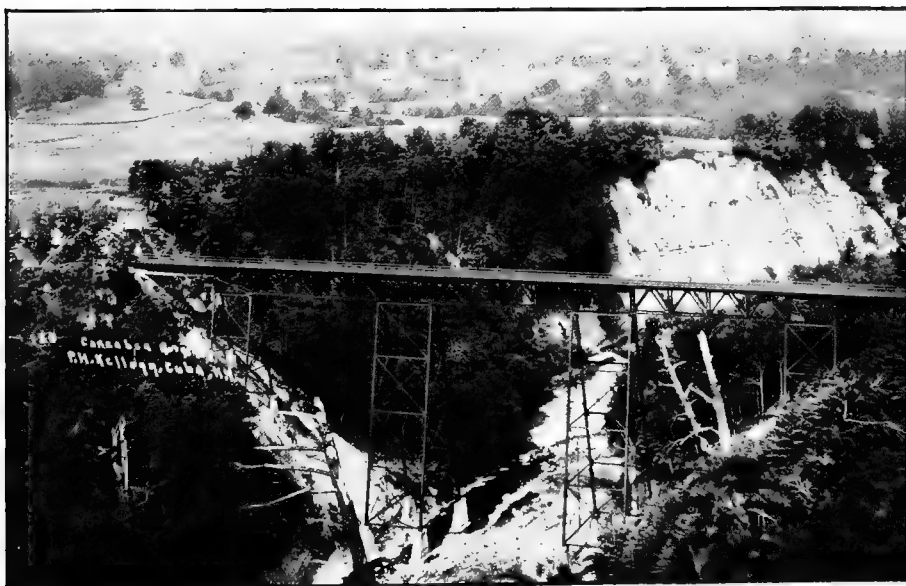
William married Rose Farwell. Children: Marcia, Marian, Richard, William and Maria. He married (2nd) Phyla Peck, of Rushford.

Albert married Emily Lyman, sister of the late Alonzo Lyman, of Rushford. Child: Albert.

Clarissa, the oldest child, was the last to settle in Rushford. She married Thomas Richards, and reared a family of seven children in Lisle, Broome County, N. Y. After her husband's death they all came to Rushford.



BUSINESS BLOCK RUSHFORD 1908



THE RUSHFORD GORGE

Now God bless you with the One Light
That goes shining night and day;
May the flowers that grow in sunlight
Shed their fragrance on your way.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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